THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUL 2 1945
Order Number
1923 D
Copy

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY — HOLY BIBLE — KORAN — ZEND-AVESTA — SHASTER

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE. — DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

BAKER-ENG-CHICAGO

$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. } CHICAGO, OCOTBER 7, 1865. VOL. 1.—NO. 2.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Soul Pictures.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Oh, the soul hath many pictures,
Hung around upon its walls—
Some are traced with heavenly beauty,
Some with tints of burning gall;
Tints of bitter, burning gall.

Some are painted by the angels,
Bending from their homes above,
Striving thus to give to mortals
Glimpses of the charms of love;
Yes, for God himself is love.

But we, in impatient blindness,
Snatch the pencil from their hands;
Then some hideous distortion,
Emblem of our folly, stands;
Aye, a lasting emblem stands.

Vainly strive we to erase it,
Vain to cover up the whole,
For, indelibly transparent
Are the pictures of the soul;
All transparent in the soul.

And to-day, I have been gazing
On a thus distorted scene,
Through the many-colored paintings,
That have since been hung between;
By the angels hung between.

Pitying angels, spare your efforts,
For ye cannot hide the past;
'Tis my picture, I must keep it,
Long as memory's power shall last;
Long as I myself shall last.

'Tis my picture, but the future,
With its still ungarnished walls,
Meets me, with a look beseeching,
As I go to walk its halls;
Go to walk its untrod halls.

Sent by Him who lives to love us,
Your protection I would claim,
That on what there is reflected,
I may never look with shame.
Guardian angels,
Help me trust in Love's great name.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS
Experiences in the Inner Life.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
No. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

INTRODUCTION.

The writer of the following pages was almost entirely unacquainted with the life and character of De Soto, when the latter first appeared to him. This was on an occasion during the reception of a narrative of another spirit, which has been recently published in the *Banner of Light*. Some one remarked that this was a terrible hell, when De Soto stepped forth and said: "I am to give you a description of a hell far more terrible than this." On another occasion he requested the writer to procure and peruse an account of his life on earth, in order to write the brief notice for this narrative, remarking, at the same time, that he could give a more correct history of his life and times now than any of the historians, either of that time or later periods, had compiled; and the time had been when he felt very strong desires to do this, "for," said he, "there are few things that are more trying to an irritable man than the misrepresentations of biographers, but I have outgrown many things, and this among others, and I do not care at this time to attempt the task of correcting the errors of history. My object in this narrative is to present some of the facts and philosophy of life, as I now understand them, after more than three hundred and fifty years' experience.

"Few have descended to deeper hells than I have passed through, and the very traits of character which my biographers have painted as elevating me above the depths of vice and crime which many of my compeers and associates fell into, were the means of plunging me into deeper depths of anguish and suffering; but I will not anticipate my story. I have long been seeking a person through whom I could thus communicate the thoughts and feelings which now throb within me and prompt me to action, and it is one of the happiest triumphs of my life—which I call *one*, here and on earth—to have found the means, which I now enjoy, of transmitting these facts to earth."

Note.—The conditions, above alluded to, are these: The writer, for some time past, is enabled at times to pass into a state in which he is conscious—by seeing, hearing and impression—of the presence of spirits, and also of their feelings and desires, and in this condition they relate to him such facts as they desire to have written. In doing this a band or circle of spirits is always present, to aid both the spirit communicating and the writer as a medium. The impressions and communications are as real and distinct as any intercourse can be; and the facts given are merely narrated as by an amanuensis, being given, both in substance and language, just as it is received.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIFE ON EARTH.

I was born in the year 1500, in Spain—a country which has the unenviable distinction of having produced the most cruel and fiend-like specimens of humanity that have marked any portion of the history of the race on our globe, and in the annals of this nation will be found more revolting scenes of cruelty and barbarity than anywhere else. The period of my earth-life—the beginning of the sixteenth century—was peculiarly marked by the most atrocious acts of violence and blood-thirsty wickedness, not only in Spain, but in all the provinces, and many other countries, into which her sons went forth with ruthless hands to conquer and despoil weaker nations and people.

My parents belonged to a noble family, who had been reduced to poverty. They both died before I was six years old, and I have no earthly recollection of them. My father was a stern and decided man; but broken down by dissipation and the crushing weight of many misfortunes, he died at an early age. My mother was one of those sweet-tempered beings who are only refined and made more pure by the severest misfortunes. Her influence over me was very great, and although the outward memory of this is lost, I perceive it now. She tells me that under the circumstances of her life, death was a most welcome visitor to her, with the single exception of leaving me, her only child, to the cold and unfeeling condition of the world; that on this account she clung to life with an earnestness that for a time seemed to ward off disease and death itself. At length the pale messenger came and claimed his victim, and I was left alone on the troubled ocean of time. I was brought up under the kind and fostering care of some relatives, and have no complaint to make of their treatment, though I am deeply sensible of the loss I sustained in the want of a mother's ardent love. In my childhood there was an especial need of the fostering sympathy and love which a mother alone can give to such a nature.

At the age of thirteen—not fifteen, as history states—a distant relative, Don Pedro De Avila, a man of wealth and position, seeing that I was a bright and promising lad, took me under his charge, and sent me to the university in my native town *Yerrmes*. Here I was noted for the excellence of my conduct, and for the ability and ease with which I acquired knowledge. I passed on rapidly through the various classes, and was everywhere distinguished for my proficiency. At the age of nineteen, having graduated with distinguished honors, I felt fully conscious of my ability as a *student* and a manly pride in my physical power, which was very great; so much so that I excelled most of my associates in the games and feats of the gymnasium and in horsemanship. Under these circumstances my boyish ambition led me to think that I was equal to any position in life.

I was also much flattered and caressed by my companions, especially those of the other sex, towards whom I had strong attractions. Among the latter was Donna Isabella, the second daughter of my friend and protector, Don Pedro. Perceiving a strong affection for this young lady, and finding that it was mutual, I had not the least hesitation in asking her father's consent to our union. When I made the proposal to him with all the youthful fervor of my young love, I was both astonished and indignant at his reception of it. Had I proposed placing a bomb shell under his castle, and blowing him and his family to atoms, he could not have manifested more surprise and indignation. It was evident he had never noticed anything of the relation that existed between us, nor could he realize such a feeling on the part of either of us. At first he was so enraged, that he could not say anything. The coolness and earnest simplicity of my proposal was incomprehensible to him. After the first impulse of his rage had somewhat subsided, he told me that I must never for a moment cherish the idea or hope of such a union, and I soon afterwards learned that he had been making arrangements for the marriage of Donna Isabella with a rich nobleman about his own age. I knew that this proposal would be extremely repulsive to her, and I felt chagrined and disappointed. Then for the first time came that strong yearning for power to accomplish the object of my wishes. I knew my position was equal to that of my rival in everything, except wealth, and I determined to have that.

I sought an interview with Isabella, and though many obstacles were thrown in the way, it was obtained, and we pledged ourselves to each other, and to this hour, through good and through evil, we have maintained that pledge, with this understanding. I at first stated to her my plans, which were to go to America to seek my fortune, and return only when I could rightly demand her hand, as I now had her affections.

It is not true as stated in history, that Don Pedro made the proposal for me to go. I offered it, and he was glad to accept it. He had learned from his daughter, whom he never understood, that her affections were centred upon me, and that any other proposal of marriage would be rejected. Still he hoped that a few years' absence would cool the ardor on both sides, and that his daughter would then accept an arrangement in accordance with his inclinations. The preparations for my departure were hastened by these circumstances, and I was eager to enter upon a career which, I hoped, would soon enable me to gratify my intentions.

The associations of my early life had been far better than those of most persons at that time. I had an instinctive repugnance to crime in all its forms, and I resolved—not from a mere chivalric feeling, but from a deep conviction—that I would always act honorably, and respect the rights of all with whom I came in contact. Strong and vigorous in my physical powers, clear and distinct in my mental perceptions, and with no clouds over my moral nature, I was happy. In common with all others I believed that the discoverer of any country had a right to it, especially when he belonged to a superior and more enlightened race; a doctrine which I now perceive belongs to a low and selfish plane of humanity. Man is at first purely selfish, knows no interest save that which centres within himself, one step higher, and he begins to respect the rights and feelings of those immediately around him, his own family. Another step expands his feelings to comprehend his own peculiar nation. Still onward he moves and he feels that other men on the same plane of civilization, are entitled to his respect. Step by step man advances, until the world of humanity—the poorest, the weakest, and the most ignorant and undeveloped of the human family—are admitted within the broad and comprehensive circle of his brotherhood. One step further and his soul expands to receive within its loving embrace the spirits of all who have ever lived upon the earth; then in the beautiful unfolding of the divine nature in man, he realizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as the great central truth, around which true humanity can revolve, as stars around a central sun, receiving from it that heat and light which are essential in order that there may be perfect harmony, beauty and symmetry in all their movements.

It was a long and toilsome road from the point I then occupied to this condition, and yet I had glimpses of it even at that early day. I thought it was the duty of good Christians to do all they could to spread their religion, especially among those whom we consider as heathen, and after taking possession of a part of the new world, and driving the Aborigines into narrower limits, if we introduced the principles of our holy religion, we should be conferring upon them a great blessing. These were the feelings with which I embarked on this journey. The idea that some part of the New World abounded in gold, was very general in the mother country, and as the natives had no appreciation of its value, there could be no wrong in obtaining from them all that we could.

In the last interview with Donna Isabella, before leaving the country, there was a free interchange of sentiments between us, and I promised her that I would never be guilty of any act that would cause her pain or regret, and that wherever I went, I should ever keep her before me as an image of purity and love, by which I should be enabled to maintain my own purity. Under these feelings I left my native land.

We arrived safely in America, where I soon found myself surrounded by the most corrupt and brutal men that have ever disgraced humanity. Scowling, hypocritical priests, whose sole aim was plunder, who not only pretended to forgive, but even encouraged the foulest crimes, for a paltry sum of gold; men in power who had never known any of the restraints of justice or religion, or the refinements of civilization, were committing all sorts of crime with the most reckless and fiendlike indifference. I was thrown among these, and as I recoiled alike from the men and their deeds of violence and blood, my first impulse was to leave this scene, return and seek a fortune amid more genial surroundings; but there were many difficulties in the way, and I determined after a severe conflict to remain, having resolved, however, not only not to participate in any of these revolting crimes, but also to show these men that the course they were pursuing was wrong and would soon bring curses upon themselves, and ruin upon the country; that the only safe course was to make friends of the natives, for ignorant as they were, they had a very keen sense, not only of kindness, but also of justice, and that sooner or later the revenge of such a people would be felt by those who were doing all they could to arouse it.

But this was an illusion of my youth. Never was a man more sincerely desirous to do a good work than I was, but I soon found it was much easier to swim with the current, than to stem it, and contend with those who were moving along with it. I was very unhappy on account of the repeated wrongs and outrages which were committed around me, and in which I was more or less implicated. My natural impetuosity and energy of character made me a very desirable aid in carrying out the designs of these men, and when they saw that I hesitated, they deceived me until they drew me into many of their dark and treacherous schemes. I can recur now to those terrible scenes in which my conscience goaded me almost to madness, and I resolved again and again to abandon the course I was pursuing, but the combination of circumstances was more than my will, strong as it was, could overcome. In these conditions I was led to act as criminal as the most desperate of these men, and I could not break myself away from the net work in which I had become entangled. Under these circumstances, I went on adding crime to crime, fully aware at the same time of the nature of these acts. My ideal, Donna Isabella, was often before me, and the purity and nobleness of her character, though it goaded and stung me with deeper remorse, always sustained me in my good resolves. Thus for fifteen years, almost always in the midst of revolting crimes, many of them too dark for recital, I found myself possessed of sufficient wealth to return to Spain, and consummate the object of my life—my marriage. My intention was now to remain at home and lead a new life.

I hastened home and was received with kindness and courtesy by all. No obstacles were now in the way of my marriage, the wealth and position I now occupied gave me ready access to the society of the nobility. I was received with favor by the king, and as the historians quaintly observe, he even condescended to borrow a sum of me.

For a time I enjoyed more happiness than I had ever before realized. I endeavored to banish from memory the scenes through which I had passed, and hoped never to repeat them; but recklessness and extravagance made rapid inroads upon my fortune, and I found that something must be done to replenish my coffers, as I had neither capacity nor inclination for any pursuit at home.

There seemed to be no opening but to return to the New World. A restless, uneasy feeling, at the restraints of home, began to come over me; there was a conflict between my present happy social relations and a return to the reckless fields of adventure in which I had so long been engaged. I was fully conscious that the beautiful and loving restraint of a pure woman over my strong and impetuous nature was of the greatest importance to me; that it would enable me, not only to accomplish more good for my fellow men, but to realize more happiness than I could under any other circumstances. Notwithstanding, I felt this to be so, the loose and unrestrained habits that I had been accustomed to, had already thrown their chains around me, and I felt at times that the gentle restraint which my loved companion threw around me, as a beautiful silken cord to hold me in the path of right, though pure and hallowed in its character, was irksome to me.

I now perceive—though I had no comprehension of such things at that time, and should not have believed it, had I then been informed of it—that there were influences in the interior life, strong and powerful in their character, acting, not only upon myself, but especially upon her whom I so fondly loved, urging her to a firm determination not to be separated from me.

In the arrangements which were made for my return to America, it was fixed that she should accompany me, at least as far as Havana, which was to be the base of my future operations. I desire in this account of my life, to select a few, only, of the incidents, which had a prominent and controlling influence over my destiny.

All the acts and incidents of life are important and significant, but it is interesting to look back over the meandering stream of life, and see how often a small and apparently insignificant event has turned the course of an individual and thrown him into an entirely different sphere of action. It will often be found that the events which are considered among mankind as great and important, very often have far less influence than those which have been apparently trifling and insignificant. Hence the wisdom of this advice to "despise not the day of small things," for it may be that some little event, may, like the soft and gentle movement of a summer's evening breeze, produce a ripple on the smooth surface of the ocean of time that shall turn your bark away from, or into some great maelstrom that shall overwhelm it for a time in apparent ruin.

We arrived safely at Havana in 1538, to which place I had been appointed governor, with ample power to extend my explorations and discoveries to the adjacent islands, and the continent. A band of brave but reckless and unprincipled adventurers, with a few females, had accompanied us to this place.

I found, as I approached the scenes of my former exploits, that feelings of uneasy restlessness came over me, and I have since learned that this was the result of the influence of spirits who were principally confined to these regions, and who could only influence me in their places; and had I gone to Peru and Montezuma, the land of the Incas, where Pizarro's bloody hand had left so many treacherous marks, I should have been still more strongly influenced by them. Even as it was, I felt a strong impulse to go into the same wild and reckless course. I have since observed that a roving life, especially one of military adventure, is very apt to place a man under such influences, mostly of the interior, that he can seldom rest satisfied and return to the quiet pursuits of civilized life. The reason is now obvious to me. It is this. A class of roving and adventurous spirits, strong in their physical influence, lay firm hold upon him, and will use all their power to maintain that influence. Sometimes, however, if he leaves the scene of these actions they are so low in their development as to be confined to a limited locality, and cannot follow. They then seek to influence other spirits to go after him, and impress him with desires to return within the sphere of their influence.

I desire here to note a fact which I have frequently observed, that there is no crime, however dark and revolting it may seem, that has been committed by a human being, but there is a disposition to repeat a similar act, and although the individual may shudder and shrink back from the contemplation of the act, the impulses to do it again, will come surging, one after another, until finally all the barriers of restraint are swept away, and the act is repeated, perhaps under aggravated circumstances. I shall have more to say on the subject of evil and reform, when I come to relate some later experiences.

The report that the country which now constitutes your Gulf States, and was then called Florida, was, in all probability, the long looked for and earnestly desired El Dorado, induced me to direct my attention to that country, and fit out an expedition to go there. It was not without a severe conflict of mind that I left my home and the loved and loving one in that the sequel proves this to be our final parting on earth. I knew full well that in leaving her and going forth on that perilous journey, among barbarous savages, made still more relentless and cruel by the fiendish and inhuman treachery of the Spanish adventurers, I was not only exposing myself to danger, but I would be very often placed in positions when the temptation to commit crime would be more than I should withstand. However, I resolved, knowing at the same time that I could not keep my resolution, that I would act justly and truly by these people. Alas! how often does man promise himself to do that which he knows to be right, while he feels certain that when the hour of trial comes he will do the very reverse. The error of my life, that for which I have suffered more intensely than for all else, was going forth into a field where I knew there would be temptation to crime which I could not withstand, crimes of the deepest and blackest dye. Near the close of the year 1538 our expedition was fitted out and set sail for Florida, and although more than three hundred years of earth's time has passed away since that event, still my memory pictures to me now, in lines as clear and distinct as ever, the strong and deep impressions of that separation, which we both felt was to be a final one on earth. I knew that on my own part there was a strong effort to banish this thought from my mind, and to look upon it as a mere delusion, and had the sequel proved different I should probably have never again referred to this impression. To the clearer intuition of my loved one these feelings were still more strong, and when she spoke to me of them the conviction for a time overwhelmed me. The apparent necessities of the case, aided by a strong and manly resolve, enabled me to overcome all obstacles, and we set forth.

(To be continued.)

A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AND HIS "PARTNER."—He saw the medical superintendent and said, "I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were a—an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing, I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity."

"With pleasure," said the doctor, "it is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve."

"Would it be objectionable if I—a—danced with them?" asked the official.

"Not at all," was the reply.

The official walked into the ball-room, and, selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor, "Do you know that girl in the white dress, with blue spots in it, is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I cannot, for the life and soul of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I could not, she was too artful."

"Very like," answered the doctor; "you see she is not a patient, she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are."

Meantime, the pretty housemaid went to her fellow-servants and said, "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine tall man, and beautiful whiskers! but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England; if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune; and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity—such a fine young man?"

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—We have now the official announcement that the attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable will be renewed next year. Both the Cable Company and the Cable Construction Company feel sanguine as to the ultimate success of the enterprise. The Cable Construction Company have offered to commence at once the manufacture of a new cable, and the Directors of the Cable Company have unanimously accepted this proposal. The old cable is at the same time to be completed, so as to have next summer two perfect cables. The manufacture of the new cable has already begun.

Capt. Anderson, of the Great Eastern, has received an offer from the Cable Construction Company, to command the Great Eastern for five years in laying cables, and he has accepted the offer. Capt. Anderson, as stated in his letter, which was published a few weeks ago in the *Tribune*, feels very hopeful as to the complete success of the next attempt. He regards the cable as perfect, with the only exception of penetration of the gutta percha core by pieces of wire, and this fault will be carefully guarded against in the manufacture of the new cable. He, moreover, expects to sail next year with a more efficient grappling gear, which, in case of any defect being discovered, will not expose the cable while being hauled in, to the same accident which this year proved fatal.

The unshaken hope and courage which the Telegraph Company have evinced in the great trial through which they have passed, will challenge universal admiration and raise the warmest sympathy everywhere for the success of their new attempt.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realm of some shadows sent out from windows in the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back, with an olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathing no secret of the etherial wilderness; the crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message, and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life is a great fixed gulf, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in her last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthraled her.

When there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Lines Written by My Sister's Grave.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Oh could I look down through the dust of her tomb
To the house where my darling reposes,
Her sweet eyes would only be violets dead,
And her mouth only ashes of roses.
Her silken brown hair would not darken and flash
As when it coiled round her white finger.
Nothing is unchanged, but her unending sleep,
And my love for her—they always linger.

She never will turn—precious one—on her bed;
Her dainty hands crossed on her bosom,
Can never reach up to the bush at her head
And gather the white rose's first blossom.
She loved them so well, and she wore them so much,
The roses, and fuschias, and many
Besides, but I thought when they hung on her head:
Oh, she is the sweetest of any.

Her eyes were so bright and her brow was so white,
And her heart was so warm and so glowing,
That I ought to have known, had I opened my eyes,
That away from our midst she was going.
I ought to have seen that the gay silken sails
Of her shallop too truly were swelling,
With a gale which swept down from the far away skies,
Where the spirits of light are dwelling.

But I did not see. When my heart beat high
At the thought of a joyous meeting,
And I went a long way through cold winter snows,
To clasp her in ardent greeting;
She did not come out when the sleigh reached the door,
With a laugh, and her pretty hands clapping,
But she lay all alone, cold and moveless as stone,
Her grave clothes her frozen form wrapping.

Oh, God, if I live till my hair all turns white,
And life on my pale hands shall languish,
The demons of hate, if they hunt the world round,
Can mete scarce a bitterer anguish!
She died with the sweetest of hopes in her breast
And jewels of thought yet unspoken;
Receive her, oh, God, of omnipotent power,
And pity the heart Thou hast broken!

If I could look up from the storm-beaten earth,
Where the wild winds of anguish are rushing;
If I could look up from this physical wreck—
Our rare flower which died in its flushing,
I know I should see, in the chambers of light,
Which my far-reaching spirit discloses,
An angel with eyes like the violets blue,
And lips like the freshest May roses.

But I cannot see far with these tears in my eyes,
And my physical senses all crying.
"Weep on, oh, bereft one, for life is made up
Of loving, and loosing, and dying!"
And I need not see far, for a beautiful faith
Declares that our spotless young angel,
Can come to our home, and can read all our heart,
And learn us love's holy evangel.

Concerning Spiritualism: Its Extent, its Value and its Work.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

(Concluded.)

But Spiritualism is not only the spirit of freedom instinctively liberalizing in its spontaneous effect on soul and on society, it is not only an *atmosphere* of genius and individualism, and therefore of real heroism; it has *ideas* within and a vast work before it, which it has already commenced. *It is the only logical protestantism in the world.* Even Unitarianism dare not be logically protestant, as the late national convention fully proves. Luther was instinctively a protestant as to Romanism, but his protestantism was never that of thought, of logic. The proof is, he himself, as soon as he obtained influence and support, set bounds to the liberty of thought in others. Nor was Melancthon, nor Calvin, nor Wesley, nor George Fox. All felt the stirring of the *instincts* of spiritual liberty, but none fully enunciated the central *idea* thereof, and guarded it against encroachment among their followers. In none of the sects these worthies left behind them, has the idea of protestantism gone into form and fact. There is not a single so-called protestant sect that is logically and really protestant. The idea of protestantism is the perfectly indefeasible right of private reason. Once join a church and your thought must range within the prescribed limits of a creed on pain of anathema. Not an orthodox christian sect believes in the indefeasibility of spiritual liberty within its pale. Spiritualism, on the contrary, asserts precisely this thing, and so careful is it lest it should unawares plant the germ of sectarianism, that it refused in its national convention to be organized under the name of Spiritualism and for the purposes of "propagandism." No more must we recommit the old blunder of the old religious world. This spirit pervades the great body of the Spiritualists of America; nor will they ever submit to any associate limitation of this spiritual liberty.

The great work then first to be done by the Spiritualists of America is to organize for associate action on the basis of the *great central idea of the indefeasibility of the private reason.* If association be desirable (and I do not deny it) its future must be secured forever by such form of co-operative action as shall lay this great right down as the chief corner-stone thereof, and extend to *all*, irrespective of views, sect, sex, color, or cast, the invitation to avail themselves of the privileges of such association, and the world may rest assured that Spiritualists can organize on no smaller or more limited an idea. At the coming National Spiritual Convention effort will be made for association on the platform of free thought and free speech forever. On this idea, as a basis, we can organize for any humanitarian work whatever, but no schemes must be allowed to contravene this idea, nor must it be left ambiguous; the future of this movement, as logical free thought and speech, must be definitely and thoroughly secured. After that, all else is safe. Until then, nothing is safe. The association, as such, should have no doctrine but this to propagate, and even this should be allowed to be disputed in debate from its rostrum. Indeed, how can a society believing logically in free thought and speech have any other doctrine? As a society, at least, it can have none other to contravene this one. But it will be objected that no united reformatory effort could be got from an association of persons of such divergent views as this principal would call together. I answer, persons large enough and good enough to join an association of such character, are large enough and good enough to aid any wise and beneficent movement to aid mankind. And beside, it would compel all schemes for reform to first undergo the most searching examination and criticism before going into operation. Here would be a great gain. Plenty of plans to ameliorate the race, with a truth behind them and a need before them, have failed for want of the expansion, correction and consolidation which such an ordeal as here proposed would furnish. Miss Emma Hardinge's scheme for "abandoned women" failed for want of that expansion and correction which such association would furnish. And another consideration is, that any scheme that might be offered would be compelled to rely on its *intrinsic excellence* and innate moral power for countenance and support. No favoritism could avail here, no ambition could master the consciences of the members into compliance. You must *convince* them if you would succeed. Such an association would become in time a vast congress of thinkers, philosophers, scientists and reformers. It would become in time a vast spiritual republic, bearing down upon the creeds of christendom in solid mass with all the fresh truth and inspiration of the age. All the live souls of the century would ultimately rally around its banner of freedom and progress with all the fresh thought of the times. Could prejudice resist this movement? And is not such unity of action desirable? And is not this sufficient for all the demands of society? If we attempt definitions of doctrines, and require subscriptions thereto, tyranny will grow out of the society unless, indeed, indisputable axioms alone constituted those doctrines, and there are no such axioms except those of mathematics. There are, I grant, great moral truths which are indisputable to you or to me, but not to all, and hence could not be made tests of admission to a society. And moreover, in such an intellectual republic as the world just now needs, every doctrine, even the axioms of mathematics should be allowed to be disputed. *No truth should be put beyond the reach of debate* in such a society. To attempt it is to assume infallibility. Any plan of reform which could not be carried through such association by pure, moral and spiritual power, could not be carried through the world outside of it. If it could not stand the test of free debate, how would it stand the test of the prejudices and sins of the world around it? And all reforms need just such an initial ordeal to test and to correct them.

But it may be said "such a society would not be a 'spiritual' association." I answer, it would be a perfect embodiment of the great spiritual idea that each person in his inmost is a spirit, and so entitled to full freedom to render his version of truth to his fellows in thought, in speech and in life, so long as he do not infringe the same right in others. This is the very centre of the Spiritual Philosophy, for how can we receive spiritual inspirations, or spiritual communications, if we ourselves be not spiritual beings *per se?* Can we do better than begin our associative work at the very centre of our philosophy? The very sanctions of the right of private judgment, that which makes it sacred and imperative, are found only in the idea of the spiritual unity of humanity. Our unity is neither geneological nor physiological, neither personal nor material, but it is the unity of essence of ideas, of life, of consciousness, of spirit, and all the heroisms of centuries displayed in action against despotism of all kinds has been inspired by the idea of the sacredness, the divinity of the soul. Can anything be more spiritual than this idea, and that logical associative effort based thereon? In fact you can build a spiritual society no otherwise.

What are the signs of the times? Are they not clearly indicative of a rapidly approaching crisis in the religious world? They surely are. The contest is already begun. The sectarian protestant "evangelical" churches are already aiming at a State religion. But what is the proof? I answer, it is found in the fact that the Christian Commission has succeeded in getting nearly all the chaplaincies in the army filled by ministers of the "evangelical" stripe; and also in the late attempt to get "God, and Christ as the Savior of the world," into the Constitution of the United States. Add to this the fact that just now in eastern cities "meetings for christian unity" are springing up, into which none but "evangelicals" are admitted, and the purposes of which are to obtain secular power, ostensibly against Romanists, but really against all but evangelical denominations. Again, Romanism itself aims ultimately at power, everywhere it succeeds, her past career being ample proof. Every spiritualist in the land has had to pay for the preaching of theology to our soldiers, which to him is actually hateful. Freedom lovers must be up and doing in one solid mass unless they wish to be overcome unawares by these stealthy encroachments of "evangelical theology" on the domain of secular sovereignty.

And does it seem unlikely that such efforts should be made in this enlightened age of the world? Ten years ago there was no more likelihood that slavery would attempt to destroy the republic, than there is now that evangelical theology, if it can get power, will attempt to blot out constitutional guarantees of religious liberty. This rebellion is the practical logic of slavery in the State. But what is "evangelical theology" but slavery in religion? It begins by condemning the natural reason as "unregenerate" and untrustworthy; it asserts the human heart to be "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" it affirms man's natural mind to "be enemity against God." Now, is it strange that sects thus arrogating to themselves divine judgments; thus claiming all the virtue in the world to themselves as "regenerate" children of God, should essay to control all the "unregenerate children of wrath?" Not at all. I do not accuse all "evangelical" christians of such intentional aims; but I do say that such purposes are legitimately and logically deducible from their theology; and each doctrine tends, in the run of opinion, to evolve itself into place, into power; and where the doctrine itself is intrinsically opposed to the liberty of thought in the church, it will, on acquiring power, stifle that liberty in the world around it. "Evangelical theology" is to the soul and reason of man under its power what the slave system of the South was to the African—a despotism. Nor will it avail to tell me that protestant churches can have no such aims, for protestants have burned heretics wherever they have had power. Within less than two hundred years they have hung men on this American soil for differing from them in matters of religious belief; nor is there any more reason for supposing that similar scenes may not recur on the advent of power to them than there was twenty years ago that this professedly free people should, in the face of the Declaration of Independence, pass the fugitive slave law—the one infamy of the republic. The fact is, the very spirit of orthodoxy is the pestiferous atmosphere of spiritual authoritarianism: and what is this but religious despotism? Give Calvinism the power and it would dictate your religious belief at the stake or the end of a rope. So with your Romanism, or with any other evangelicalism. It is the genius and nature of popular theology to be tyrannical and overbearing. Who was it that incited the riot which broke up the late Bible Convention in 1864 in Hartford, Conn.? It was such men as Rev. Dr. Haws, and such theology as those "divinity students" who did the dirty work, were in the habit of studying at Trinity College. The same spirit still exists. True, the opposite spirit exists also, but the latter needs to be marshalled into line and massed for one grand conflict, and that very soon. Our weapons must be moral and spiritual until theology takes the sword or the bludgeon of the mobocrat. In that case must we "fight the devil with fire." I am not a non-resistant; I believe in resistance to wrong in every shape which wrong can assume. Nor am I an alarmist, nor a bigot. Utter freedom of thought and speech, regulated by the law of social reciprocity is my resort. But in case this liberty should be invaded in religious matters as it has been in political matters in the Southern States, resistance to the death, revolution of the most tremendous type shall be my resort. Let all evangelicals and Romanists look into this latter volcano, if they entertain any intentions to unite the secular and temporal powers.

Nothing can save us from a revolution of blood but a full, free, candid and fraternal discussion of those great questions of moral interest which lay at the bottom of this issue. Had slave States consented to free discussion within their borders their present desolation would have been avoided. *Let the church profit by their example.*

And here Spiritualism has its work also. It must focalize all the liberal religious sentiment of the country; it must make its platform so broad and inviting that all unevangelical sects can find room, attraction, sympathy and life within its pale. Not one of the liberal Christian sects has power enough to start such a grand movement. Beside, they are half-way positions between Romanism and evangelicalism on the one side, and spiritualism on the other, and so must soon fall to pieces when the great contest opens. Let us open to them the new path to spiritual Eldorado through our next National Convention. Any half and-half position is not hearty or whole-souled. It cannot magnetize the masses; it cannot command whole-souled devotion; it cannot therefore succeed.

There are only two great nuclei of power in this contest, Romanism or absolute authoritarianism and spiritualism, or actual spiritual liberty. All that lays between these will be soonest disintegrated, and the dissolved elements will seek these two great centres by their affinities. The authoritarian elements of evangelicalism will go to Romanism, the freedom-loving elements must come to Spiritualism. And thus the whole religious contest will depend between these two great parties. This, to me, is as sure as fate. *It is the only conceivable path of events.* These two great tendencies exhaust the general drift of religious thought and life throughout the entire world. Brahminism has its Budhism, Judaism its Christianity, Mahometanism its heretics, and Romanism its red protestantism in Spiritualism. Everywhere these two great tendencies divide and agitate the world. But they are yet to come to a dead clinch, as slavery and liberty have done in our republic. Romanism and its congeners in other nations form one army of contestants, while spiritualism and its congeners form the other. Real protestantism has been long in defining itself, but once defined in thought and life, as it is in spiritualism, it soon enough takes to itself logical body and place in affairs. How sublime seems the great moral contest of ideas. Let spiritualists then prepare for this great issue by wise and timely action; let us beware of narrowness on the one side and of anarchy on the other. Let us get into the current of events, harmonize with the gulf stream of progress, work in unity with the logic of ideas, and our great work will be gloriously done.

P. S.—I shall have more to say about the positive work of the great spiritual movement by and by.

S. J. F.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Lovest Thou Me?"—JOHN.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

[Concluded.]

LOVE AS A MEANS OF REFORM.

Beautiful in effect is the medicine of love to the morally diseased. It works by an infinitude of methods, but always to redemptive ends. When fires, faggots, clanking chains, and gloomy penitentiaries had all failed to reform, the "still, small voice" of love and sympathy has touched the heart-strings, opened a new fountain, and redeemed the most obdurate. Says an European writer: "Love is the instrument that the Almighty reserved to conquer rebellious man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries. Fear he answers blow for blow. But love! that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand; that soft subduing slumber that wrestles down the giant; there is not one human being in a million, not a thousand in all earth's huge quintillion, whose stony hearts can withstand the power of love." This principle, wielded by William Penn, tamed the Indian's soul, and tuned his heart to throb alone in kindness. Wielded by the benignant Howard, it made prisons in Europe schools of reform. By the great hearted Oberlin, it transformed many by-corners of pollution in the old world into gardens of beauty; and, by and through Elizabeth Fry, it filled the inmates in houses of refuge, and "asylums of outcasts," with those higher thoughts and purer ideals, as sure to produce those elevating influences as are the lightnings to do their missioned work. Physical *force* may override, and powerful *nations* may conquer weaker ones, but love, as a motive power, combined with wisdom, can alone subdue, promoting that harmony so indispensable to spiritual growth. It is all the power ever employed by God, Christ, or Angels in the divine order of subjugating, being the deepest, divinest, and mightiest principle in the universe.

LOVE NOT SELFISH.

While Thomas Carlyle worships force—a king being to him the man that *can* and *does*; while John Stuart Mill continually scatters incense upon the altar of original ideas, be it mine to do homage at the shrine of *love*—a love pure, platonian, and universal. Such germinating from the soul's centre, summering eternal in the very arch of the brain, and looking tenderly towards the infinite incarnated in all humanity, is not selfish, not exacting, does not demand attention, talks not of duty, nor squints through key-holes; but trusts in *law, liberty*, and *God*. That drivelling, selfish motive-force miscalled *love*, that spirts tears to order, wags a suspicious head, and talks of loving because *duty* demands, custom expects, or law requires, is but the idle gibberish of such sickly souls as vegetate on the shady side of life. Tell the sun that it is its *duty* to shine upon the fields; tell the flower 'tis their duty to bloom in June mornings, and catch the dancing sunbeams; tell the stars 'tis their duty to nightly shed their vestal glories upon the lilies of the valley; or tell that little sportive playful boy, all brimming and dripping with warm affections, that 'tis his *duty* to lovingly twine his arms around his mother's neck, and he will laugh you into an infinitisimal insignificance! It requires no higher intuition than a common chemistry to distinguish between genuine *soul tears* and *water* gently falling from lachrymose brain just under the eye-lids. Revivalists school themselves to put in the well-timed "cry" just as do the organists put in swells for effect. The dying never weep, nor does *love* weep from fear or distrust. This fragmentary love, that settles like a vampyre upon a blood vein, or a parasite upon a living oaken branch, sapping its life-forces, and all in the name of law and the customs of society, is equivalent to a compulsory never-dying death on earth; while love, broadened and spiritualized, and flowing as spontaneous as needles turn northward, may be compared to tropical seeds, that spring up, spreading themselves in wide-twining vines and beautiful flower-clusters, filling all the air with most delicious perfumes. O, it is life evermore to breathe the electric atmosphere of love!

"For love is the theme that the seraph choirs
Are now hymning through the stars,
And we catch the strains from their golden lyres,
When our souls let down their bars."

Beecher says: "Love is God's loaf; and 'tis *that* feeding for which we are taught to pray 'give us this day our daily bread.'"

LOVE UNIVERSAL.

God ever works from *centres*, while man, reversing the process, almost universally commences upon the circumference, and with wrong beginings, is quite sure of impediments and failures. All life is of God, and primarily *cell-life*, which, under proper conditions, expands outward, attracting and approximating such elemental substances as are best adapted to its nature; so conscious *souls*, pre-existent, particled, and incarnated, grow or unfold through diverse experiences from the *inmost* towards the *outermost*. This is the divine order—and just in proportion to such growth, and the selfish loves of mortals widen, and their partial loves, become *universal*, seeing the divine image and angel possibility in every human organism. The Apostle John said he knew that he "had passed from death into life, because he loved the brethren." This love can never degenerate into license, nor such liberty into anarchy, for 'tis a *principle* disrobed of passion—a resurrection even, of the low or brain organs, on the plane of divine purity and use. All men are my brothers; all women my sisters; all children my children, and I am every mortal's child. I have an interest in every child born into earth-life. Its destiny is linked with mine.

"One family, we dwell in Him
One church above—beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The swelling stream of death."

My *country* is the universe, my *home* the world, my *religion* to do good, my *rest* wherever a human heart beats in harmony with mine, and my *desire* is to extend a brother's helping hand to earth's millions, speaking in tones as sweet as angels use, thus kindling in their breasts the fires of aspiration, and aiding them up the steeps of mount discipline, whose summit is bathed in the mellowed light of heaven. All the love that can be attracted from my inmost being belongs to the poor and the crushed—to you, the world, the whole universe. Some may not specially call this love out; neither can lead call fire from flint. The fault however is in the lead. Transmute it to steel, and see the bright firery effect. It takes some conservatives a lifetime to learn the folly of trying to twist ropes from sand, or of coaxing ice to kiss buds into May-blooms. Jesus said "all mine are thine, and thine are mine,"—and during that precious pentecostal hour, when the divine afflatus streamed from angelic abodes, not only "many believed," but they were so baptised into those unselfish influences that obtain in the spirit-world, that they resolved to have "all things in common." When these universal love principles are outlived, the soil will be as free to all to cultivate as is the air to breathe; gardens will bloom for the poor, highways be planted with fruit trees, and orphans find homes in all houses. Bigotry, too, will perish; superstition furl its crimson flag; prison walls crumble so dust; tyranny die on the lains of freedom, and the cannon's mouth be wreathed with white roses—symbols of perpetual peace.

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the promised age."

PLATONIC LOVE.

Make room for Plato, the mystic and prince of Grecian philosophers. The central idea ever welling up from his consciousness was that love, with all divine things, came from the spiritual fountains of infinite causation. Therefore, with him, love was subjective, philosophic, idealistic, and most out-putting from his cultured soul when standing highest on the mount of vision. "Platonic love," blended with the fraternal and enzoned by the universal, is grand beyond the power to express;—and yet you might as well talk metaphysics to mummies or gorrillas, as pure platonian love, disenthralled of all earthliness, to those men who "stay" wallowing and sweltering in the back-brain departments of their soul-houses. The inimitable Emerson, determined to preserve his wholeness; recognizing no being as so ablutely necessary to his happiness, says of those earlier selfishloves, sarcastically: "I know how delicious is this cup of love—I existing for you, you existing for me; but 'tis a child clinging to his toy, an attempt to eternize the fire-side and nuptial chamber; to keep the picture alphabet through which our first lessons are prettily conveyed. * * * Once abroad, we pity those who can forego the magnificence of nature's Eden for candle-light and cards." Say not that his nature is cold and icy, reflecting only the crystalline side of life. He is warm, fresh, glittering, and golden to those who rightly translate him. His soul ever feeds mine. I drink at his living font of ideas, and bathe in his dreamy mysticisms; feel the influx of eternal youth. How tenderly touching this sentence in his lecture on culture: "If traveling in the dreary wilderness of Arkansas or Texas, we should observe on the next seat a man reading Horace, or Martial, or Calderon, we should wish to hug him." In Emerson is a happy mixture of the affectional and intellectual, the poetic and the profoundly philosophic. Angels of renown stand ready with golden chisels to carve his name with other inspired geniuses of this age, marble immortal. Love, co-operating with wisdom, on is to be the world's savior. This dispensation is already inaugurated. The vials have been opened; the last plagues poured out; the seventh angel has sounded, and celestials are flying in the midst of heaven, preaching the gospel of "good will," and infilling the souls of multitudes with a tropical luxuriance of blessed platonic love, prophetic of a speedy realization of the poet's vision of inocence:

"We loved, and yet we knew it not,
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

And now abideth faith, hope, and *love*, these three; but the greatest of these is love said an Apostle.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.—There is a soldier now at a Philadelphia hospital who has not slept for a single moment for fourteen years and six months. He is forty-five years old, and in general good health; he is now suffering from rheumatism. In 1849, he had the cholera, and in the summer of 1850, sleep forsook him entirely. He has been in several raids and battles, but never became tired or sleepy; he has been watched days and nights at a time, but his eyes have never been closed in slumber. He simply takes physical rest. No amount of investigation has discovered the cause of this phenomenon.

We talk of the rewards of an approving conscience, but it seems a little hard to devote one's life to labors of love and receive no more palpable compensation. He who has a home, never so humble, if it be the garner of affection, may defy the changes and chances of the outer world.—*Alice Cary.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

True Sanctities.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

By our truth, however lowly,
We walk level with the angels,
Making not one fraction solely,
But all days and places holy,
And our common words evangels.

By the loves which mark us human,
We are verily divine;
True Messiah is every *true* man;
Pure Madonna each pure woman,
And their home the holiest shrine.

In *her* hands are all things plastic,
Serving food for body and soul;
Every loaf and cup are mystic,
Wine and life-bread eucharistic,
Crowning daily board and bowl.

Under *his* hard hand an altar
The red forge is, and the ring
Of loud hammer, axe, and coulter,
Chants the true fane's rhythmic Psalter
To the tune the angels sing.

God has taught but one religion,
One in every age and land;
To do well in what condition
Thou art born to, in what region
Waits the ministry of thy hand.

God has written but one Bible—
Love—compressed in one quick word;
Priests may preach their solemn libel,
But the true heart's least disciple
Is more great than all their herd.

Randolph's Letters.---No. 2.

Religio-Philosophy! What a touch-word! especially for those of us—and our name is legion—who have for long years been tempest-tossed on the breast of the surging sea of unrest.

How often in the wild agony that afflicts all earnest souls in their search for happiness, have we looked with longing eyes for some dim glimpse of land—some sure waif from a known shore that might convey to us a certainty that there was, indeed, a place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; but how often have we been deceived by dense cloud-banks of contradictory "philosophy," which looked so much like land as to deceive the oldest and most experienced among us, and which we sailed right through to an immense expanse of open waters (mere philosophy) right behind, after we had beat about here and there upon the sea, first touching on Catholic headland, and then running square on Methodist shoals, anon grazing the land of Baptists, and then lying to off Presbyterian promontory. How we longed to go ashore as we neared Cape Swedenborg, and to run aground on Panthea downs! With what thankful hearts we acknowledged and thanked God that we got through free-love straits, losing some adhering barnacles by the way, and sailed out upon the deeper waters of "Do Right," channel! While aboard the bark called "Uncertainty," whereof Captain "Don't Know" is master, how often have we wished to land in that blessed port, where the waters are deep and broad enough for all to safely moor, but whose whereabouts no one seemed to know, it not being laid down on any of the charts, nor spoken of by any of the pilots in their weekly disquisitions from church hatchways—or if they mentioned it at all spoke of it as being stormy, quick-sandy, rocky bottomed, no holding ground, and constantly exposed to danger from a volcano hard by, called Eternal Hell, and also to the constant prowlings of a monster—a fine-bastard—whose appetite could only be appeased by constant feasts on cooked souls—broiled—grilled—roasted, and even stewed—on the Canal street plan. Mercy on us! how it made our flesh crawl a long time ago, to hear these dainty descriptions of a port, which now that some of us have reached, we find to be the principal harbor of the richest, best, most salubrious and finest land in existence—a port where all the passengers and mariners can go ashore and not be exposed to robbery, insult or broiling—where we can all lay off under a large tree, called the tree of life, and eat our fill of the product of another one, called the tree of knowledge; drink our fill of the milk and honey that you get there, merely for the asking; and listen to the music (of thankful hearts,) singing:

"A country I have found, where true joys abound,
All mankind are blessed in that happy ground;
Oh, hallelujah, hallelujah, halle, O halle, hallelujah."

The way to this port—Religio-Philosophy—lies just across the sea of Experiment. When you cast loose from the wharf of "Old Theology," set your head-sails, trim sharp by the wind, so that your sails draw well; pretty soon you will clear the headlands of Suspicion, go around the cape of Double-trouble, giving the rock of Original Sin a wide berth, until you get hell-fire well astern, and keep it there until you sail it half down and out of sight. The smell of sulphur will offend you for sometime, but will soon disappear. Presently, night will come down, and you then light your binnacle lamp, and steer Common Sense by Justice, till you double the rocks of Hate Your Neighbor; then ease up your main sheet, and alter your course to self improvement, by Charity—three fourths Charity, and keep that course all night, and the next day. By this time you will have reached the archipelago of Temptation, and will be boarded by many boats, claiming to be pilots and offering to guide you in for a song. One of these is called P. Attraction, and if you don't keep a weather eye open, he'll come it over you slick and clean, and run you ashore on an oyster bank, sure as preaching. Then there's another named E. Affinity, who'll try to persuade you that your course is in a certain direction, but no sooner will you begin to believe it than you'll be boarded by a score more pilots *of the same name!* There are others, but I have no time to name them; you must keep your eye on the course, Common Sense, and you'll have need of none of these specious pilots, who all belong to the ancient family of Axe-grinders. Finally you'll sail close to Popularity Island, and will be hailed by a look-out on the shore with "Ahoy, there!" You reply "hallo!" "Whither bound?" "To Religio-Philosophy Continent!" "O, don't go there—come here, this is the spot for pleasure and all that sort o' thing! It 'll be bad for you if you do!" "Why?" "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Hereupon heave to at your peril. If you do you are stranded sure. Instead of this you must square away your sails, catch the breeze of Independence, and sail right across the bight of Public Opinion and into the port of Religio-Philosophy, cast your anchor in forty fathoms, good bottom, furl your sails, go ashore, pay your respects to God alone, who is captain of the post, and then entering your allotted mansion, get a light in your window for all other poor devils that are beating about, to be guided by.

NEW ORLEANS.

WELL DONE.—The Empress Eugenie, during her short regency, in the absence of the Emperor at Algiers, awarded the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, the admirable painter of animals and landscapes.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Found Drowned.

The body of a respectably clad girl was found in the river this morning, and up to this time has not been identified. A clue to the cause prompting the rash act was found upon an envelope, in the single word "BETRAYED."

Sleep! the ghostly winds are blowing,
No moon in the sky, no star is glowing;
Dark the waters, and deep, onward are flowing,
To the unknown, where you and I are going.
I will go afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the home where sinless angels are.

I bound my heart to a heartless chain,
It was burned away by looks of flame;
Forgot my God, and the coming pain,
Until treachery seared and crazed my brain.

But now, I will go
From life and my woe,
To quiet and rest; why, no one shall know.
The world is cruel; man to faith untrue;
Our trials are many, our joys are few,
False and bitter to taste, though fair to view
What then better is left for me to do
But to fly, fly
From this living lie?
Find calm and rest; at once to die!

CHICAGO, ILL. W. H. W.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Communication from the Inner Life.

[The following communication was given through a lady-medium, in answer to my inquiry, as to the claims of the Bible to be an inspired book, etc. The author was a friend and acquaintance of mine in his life time. P. O. JENKINS.

To Brother Jenkins and Friends: I will try and communicate a few truths, per request:

There *is* truth, holy, divine, inspiring truth, in the Bible; but it flows through the channels of human frailty and error, and there, as everywhere, the God of man calls upon him to exercise his *reason* in the separation of the one from the other. And he is no benefactor of his kind who fails to do it. Separate the *superstitious* from the *rational* reverence for this book, and Spiritualism will be found not to contradict a single truth recorded in it, but to cast light upon its every page, and remove the clouds of obscurity that enshroud its most clear and satisfying disclosures. All spiritual truth is the product of revelation. God reveals himself, and the revelation was light and life. The mission of Jesus is a proof of this statement. "The Spirit of the Lord giveth understanding. The word is in thy heart and mind." The stamp of divine revelation neither contradicts each other nor invalidates a single item of modern Spirit teachings. It will make the Spirit of Jesus the *standard* by which to judge of all the other teachings. The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications, made through human angels, extending over a history of thousands of years. Give all heed to the great and glorious illustrations of God's goodness and Spiritual illumination. Persevere in this God-like undertaking, and you shall be more than compensated with peace of conscience, and all that tends to make life pleasant. You may now go on with perfect confidence, as you shall be sustained in promulgating the truth to a misguided people. This is from one who has taught and preached in life what he but little understood. With your spiritual strength renewed, you may go on and have no fear, as one who speaks from the eternity of life will guide and direct you.

We get what we seek when we are prepared to receive it. Spiritual communication is a divine institution, or appointment, or the foundation of every religion on earth is *baseless*.

God, in his immutable justice, cannot and will not consign man to an eternal woe. As man violates the laws of nature, so does he violate the laws of God; and in proportion to his acts he must reap the reward he so justly merits. In *proportion* as he transgresses, he suffers. Spiritualism will correct the materialistic tendencies of human philosophy. It will make the spiritual life a reality to every inquiring mind; and thus save it from the lamentable gloom in which it has groped its way amid clouds of sorrow and mourning, and upon which was only seen a threatening sky and the frown of an angry God. It will open a powerful privilege of thought upon all that pertains to human happiness, such as the world has never received. It will present and promote a purer morality than has ever been received or practised by the religious or political organizations of the world.

The teachings from the spirit-spheres accord with the rational culture of the present age in an *unmistakable* view of the spirit-life that relieves it of this difficulty, viz: that it shows most uniformly, that every man commences that life in the precise state of development in which he leaves this—that it is an advancement upon the privileges of the present life in light, or the degree of knowledge; but does not change the *essential* nature and tendencies of the soul. It is not *love* that disregards the condition of the suffering, *because it is intense;* and the man who supposes that he would be perfectly happy in some glorified state of changeless felicity while any were suffering the tortures of an *endless* misery, only shows himself more an animal than a man, with a soul *yet* to be opened to the pure influences of the spirit of Christ! He has not partaken of the life of changeless love. The time has come for reason to mount her throne, and judge the religious world universally. It is the only *true* master. The experience of the past proves this, and the present enforces it. Truth cannot be crushed. It is "mighty, and will prevail." If we desire *progression*, no other should preside over investigations. The true reformer, while the world of minds about him dream not of eternal and spiritual realities—far more enduring than *visible* things—sees worlds in embryo—heaven in the soul undeveloped. The law of eternal development is his guide to *duty and action*. When he sees a germ, he knows it contains an undeveloped flower. When he sees a child, he knows it contains the qualities and essence of an undeveloped man. When he sees a man, he knows that man contains an undeveloped angel. Therefore the true reformer would associate men—advance their interests and develope their immortal attributes into harmony, *for harmony is the destiny of all*. He aspires to heaven. His heaven is not a *locality*. It is a *state*. If the elements and attributes of the soul are harmonized, the soul is in heaven. Those who believe in the authority of men and books, and base their teachings thereon, should understand that they cannot satisfy those who believe in the authority of nature and reason. I acknowledge and recommend no other. An infringement upon the operations of nature's laws cannot be forgiven, but must be settled by the individual suffering the *consequences* of the infringement. In other words, a sin against the Holy Ghost, or against natural laws, cannot be *forgiven*, cannot be *pardoned*, cannot be *mitigated*, cannot be *augmented*, but must be settled by a full and complete experience of consequences, *according* to the *nature* and *extent* of the sin. I want you to adorn the inner spirit with gems of scientific and philosophic knowledge. I want you to "wreathe every thought with the sweet flowers of virtue, and robe every impulse with the mantle of contentment."

When a spirit brother, or any spirit, desires to visit some dear one, over whom it lovingly watches, it is permitted the gratification of doing so, on the *condition* that *harmony* be established between it and the principle of spiritual gravitation. But there is *time* consumed, and *space* traversed, in the process of accomplishing such a visitation. When a person has earnestly interrogated his relative now residing in the upper spheres, through the prayers and aspirations of his soul—its thoughts reaching the listening spirit there—then, according to the principle of *spiritual affinity*, or gravitation, the angel from afar, lending attention, will answer the interrogator by discharging a current of *thought* upon the swift-winged elements which pervade the intermediate space, and the terrestrial beseecher will thereby receive a fresh inspiration of sentiment into his soul, and arise from his devotions refreshed and happy. Spirits particularly visit that world which was the cradle of their existence; thus to communicate with those who are dwelling where they once dwelt, and who have not yet passed through the process called death. Free religion develops its *true likeness*. Deep within reposes a sweet conception of the great Spirit-Father. This interior light refreshes the mind, and tints its every thought with celestial beauty, and inspires it with immortal aspirations. The difference between the wrong and right development of the religious sentiment consists in this—that one is the broad and *popular* road which leads to the destruction of harmony and desolation of mind; while the other is the straight and beautiful path which leads to all present and future happiness. *This* religion originated in the bosom of the divine Father. It was deposited by him in the human soul, and will live FOREVER. We are just as much in eternity now, this very moment, as we ever will be, and there is no other infinitude than the *present* time. The *infinite* and eternal *now* is all we have to call our own. The past is nothing, the future is *nothing*. If we would be good and temperate, and kind to ourselves and our neighbors, and *consequently* happy, *this is the time*. The religious soul is happy now. It is not *prospective;* it is *absolute*.

The earth's children eat too much and too often; are injudicious in their occupations; are mentally too inharmonious to permit that complete retirement of the mind for a proper reception of the inflowing of the principle of divine love and wisdom. Temperance in all things is the only strait and narrow way that leads to the haven of mental happiness.

Religious education, though it inspires our affections with a belief in God and in the soul's immortal existence, is, in this intellectual age, thoroughly dissected, and found wanting in its *constitutional soundness* and powers of expansion. Man requires a *demonstration* of the truth of immortality—a *sensuous* evidence that the soul *continues* to exist in a physical or *palpable* organization subsequent to the event of outer dissolution.

When a friend or relative departs from amongst us to some invisible world, then man flees to his religion for consolation and faith; but in addition to what solace he derives from this source, he *internally* desires some *substantial illustrations* and *evidence* of the continued existence of the departed spirit. There is scarcely a Christian who would refuse to receive some *material evidence* that the soul lives always—that friends and relatives shall meet and recognize and love each other again in the other world, as *on* earth. Indeed, *such* evidence would impart a *palpability* and an enthusiastic zeal to his conceptions of a future life *so absolute* and strong as to convert him to the joys and blessings of a new religious faith *based upon* a system of universal philosophy. God dwells in all things; but only the illuminated mind beholds him. *Self* knowledge is the knowledge of God in us. How few of us know ourselves! How impossible, without this knowledge, to know our God, and to know the sublime purposes and end of that God *in* us and in all! What evidence of a future hope do we bear? Our God is our end and destiny—and hence our God is our all. He blesses us with the gentle zephyrs of a morning promise; or withers every thought that is false to our nature. We cannot grasp eternity in one short hour. When we learn how to live, we are prepared to die. The freedom of man is a freedom of *degree*—and its degree ascends as *he* ascends *in purity*, in wisdom, in love—in a word, in spirituality. As he ascends he rejoices in the divine change, or resurrection, called death, by the earth's inhabitants. The spirit in man is the angel in man. The spirit *freed* from flesh, is the angel *in God*. Who can profess to believe the Bible, and deny the *nearness*, *appearance*, *interest* and *power* of invisible angels? "Are they not all ministering spirits," on which the *foundation* of the Bible stands? I have given you a small sketch of a few things, my brother. I could tell you much more, but the organ, or medium, is not easily impressed this morning. If you desire, I will communicate more, when a stronger impression is made on the mind of the medium. My home is in the fourth sphere, or supernatural habitation. I hope to meet you often, but cannot leave without saying something about this heavenly, happy world of angelic spirits.

Wisdom, in this supernatural sphere, is as a fount, that is constantly springing up and flowing over all the subordinates. It is like a great receptacle, in which are deposited the choicest thoughts and memories of the angels, who were once of the human race. It is like a treasury, whose contents are depositories for the lower angels who ascend to, and unlock it, and extract from its depths beautiful thoughts, and upon them ponder and meditate. They have contemplations so exceedingly immense, that the love and life of the universe appear open to their thoughts; and they drink of their depths and thirst no more! Again, those groves are presented, and appear in a more exalted degree of loveliness. They are as the trees of righteousness—budding and blossoming as the rose. They proclaim glory and honor even in their refreshing shade; and inspire the reposer therein with thoughts worthy of such a celestial home. And the inhabitants are of the most exquisite purity and loveliness; and they with one united voice—a voice that arises not from speech, but from *action*—proclaim glory, honor, immortality and eternal life! They are wending their way up to the city of the living God! They are illuminating the vestibule of truth, and the archway that leads to immortal life! They are pervading all below them with the holy influence of wisdom; and with the most simple love, they send forth a welcome to all below their exalted state; and with a kind, peaceful and inviting smile, they call all to come away and go with them to the fount on high! Thus this sphere is peopled, my brother. Oh! how we are all blessed. What joy, what unutterable joy, to be emancipated thus from earth!

Farewell for awhile,

JOSEPH CALLAHAN.

N. B.—The name of the medium, through whom this interesting communication came, I withhold for the present at her request; but I am assured that in due time, if I desire, her name shall be given to the public. The entire MSS. now in my possession—containing some three hundred pages, as I suppose—was written last year, in a small town in this State, by a lady then sixty-nine years of age! She is a *wonderful* medium—was only developed late year before last in a small circle of *three* persons, which circle was gotten up by myself for the purpose of more fully investigating and satisfying my mind on the subject of spirit intercourse. And to urge its claims, *if* true, was in my heart at the same time.

P. O. JENKINS.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies.---No. 1.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

Modern Spiritualism, as a tree of life, puts forth roots as well as branches. From a tree of knowledge for all to partake, they should know in what relationship they are rooted and grounded to the past, that understandingly "they should seek the Lord, if happily they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us,"—"the unknown God, in whom we live, move and have our being." Of course, the foolish claims of our dead churches that there was revelation in the past and none in the present, is hardly worth a passing notice, as it is plain enough that the law of Spiritual being is alike in all ages, and more or less manifest according to modifying influences and receptivity of influx. In some phases, there may have been more open vision to them of old time, adapted to the childhood of nations, when it was found convenient to supply the nursery with milk for babes. But now, to understand without miracle, in the knowledge of larger growth, to the measure of common sense and philosophy is the demand of Modern Spiritualism with its strong meat for men.

Every age has had its Spiritualism to the measure of its enlightenment of civilization—of course terribly contorted by ignorance, superstition and priestcraft. Let us hope in the better light to adjust the spiritual and outer world in harmonious accord of being. Physical health should be the first consideration, for without this the Temple of the Holy Ghost will be but a sorry dwelling place for its sojourner upon the earth. More heed should be given to the begetting of a sound soul in a sound body according to those ways of nature, of pleasantness and peace—for, to live the physical, moral, and spiritual truths, is to have joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

Sunlight, pure air, cleanliness, proper attention to food, exercise and temperance in all things are of those physical agents, without due measure of which there can be no health. Drugs and the laying on of hands may be of excellent use when false living has made them necessary as temporary expedients—but vain is this atonement for the ills of flesh and of spirit, if you do not seek to know the laws of health and to live them. God and Nature speak the same, and to live *him* or *her* in the highest righteousness, is to have an exceeding great reward. Equilibrium is health.

We grant to Spiritualism the most beautiful crowning of our labors, for without this light, our soul had dwelt in the thick darkness—nor could all of earth have lifted us from the dark valley and shadow of death—but now, on our way rejoicing, we shall take the "balloon" and "telescope" of the JOURNAL'S frontispiece for the more open vision of wider sweep of the soul-wings, so that we shall be at home, whether we take the Gentile Pegasus or Hebrew Cherub, or wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea—not unballasted, however, nor shall we lose sight of the landmarks or swing beyond the scope of cable tow or *umbilicus terræ*—the altar-cord which connects the earth to the heavens.

Of Spiritualism, in its simple phases, we have had considerable to say in "Glimpses," etc., in the *Banner of Light*, and *Herald of Progress*. We might go on multifold in the same direction, but as there are enough of that plane to bring forth of its treasures, new and old, we pass on to fresh fields and pastures new.

Old theologies, Heathen or Hebrew, have certain landmarks in common, by which we may be able to read them understandingly if we observe the first principles from the root of the matter, and follow them in all their bearings from whatever point of the compass—a *punctum vitæ*, or point of life, whereon was superinduced the riddle, dark saying and parable. Ancient Spiritualism was flanked by a personified symbolism, each the other's counterpart in the embrace of the nature worship—nor does the Bible offer any exception to this mode of finding out God. But so submerged has been Christendom in the dark surroundings of its pasteboard barriers, and the defences thereof by the priesthoods, that blind leaders of the blind, from the superficies of the letter that killeth, have with their harnessed groundlings all fallen into the ditch together—thus making the Bible a stone of stumbling and rock of offence with a squadron of pulpitry in the field, of sounding brass and tinkling cymbol.

To make our calling and election sure we have to flank the ancients from many points of view, as "the way of the Lord wherein you go." There are phases of Astronomy, of Anatomy and Physiology, vegetable and animal—Architecture, etc., all wrought synchronously into the GRAND MAN thousands of years before Swedenborg. It appears that Swedenborg was a Freemason, but he hides himself in much confusion worse confounded, with assumptions of infallible knowledge, and miswrought symbolisms, not to the measure, nor in accordance with the landmarks; and his followers are frightfully flanked and demented by "evil spirits," so as to be one of the narrowest and most bigoted sects of Christendom. We admit the spiritual mediumship of Swedenborg, but the spirit is very much deflected by the medium through which it passed in the way of the Lord, from the other side of Jordan.

The studious and philosophical Freemasons, not in the hazy reflexion of Swedenborg, if well posted in "the secrets which belong to God, and hidden from the foundation of the world," as per Bible, are far more apt in reading the Ancient Word according to the landmarks. We are not a regular initiate ourself, because we wish to be *free* to speak the Word "right out in meeting"—but we are a student of Freemasonry, which we find in root, trunk, and branches of all the ancient religions. It was the philosophy, wisdom or mysteries, whether in congregation of the Lord, or holy conclave of the gods. We acknowledge our indebtedness to Freemasonry for putting us somewhat in the way of the Ancient Word—for with the KEY of its nature worship, we can read through all its degrees, nor do we hesitate to say that, Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles are masonically inwrought with the ancient wisdom, whether by the God of Israel from the East, or from *Genesis* to *Revelations*, as we shall abundantly show before we reach the end of this beginning. Gen. Hitchcock's CHRIST THE SPIRIT, affords a glimpse in this direction, but there are other sources much beyond the sounding of his plummet, or even beyond the Masonic authors.

Men despise their ideas when they cease to fear them—when they behold the shams as fashioned in darkness by their own heart to the measure of which their God was made. Thus the Bible has been made a fetish and a scarecrow—so made by those who have engineered its Word. Nevertheless, it has many beauties blending the natural and spiritual in one—for the heart of humanity is everywhere and ever the same to beat responsive to the measure of itself—if in darkness, gloomy and sad enough—if in light, joy and peace. The ancient Lodges held the wisdom of God in a mystery to be imparted only by progression in degree to the initiate. As in the ancient congregation of the Lord, so in the modern Lodge.

Of course, there was much scope for the varying aspect of "God's Word" in the mysteries, or "Theocratic Philosophy" of "Sublime Masonry." Says Dalcho, quoted by Dr. Oliver, "if you visit the symbolic Lodges in the different countries of Europe, or even the different States of America, you will see in all some difference from each other. If the presiding officer is a man of talent, he adds such embellishments as his genius points out to him. Should he, on the contrary, be a man whose mental faculties do not rise above mediocrity, and who does not feel much enthusiasm in a system whose beauty he does not comprehend, he reduces the subject to a level with his own genius."

Now we have only to read the biblical Freemasonry, or "Theocratic Philosophy," by the like measure to have it at what it is rationally worth, as rationally understood instead of dementing ourselves and falling prostrate in biblialotry, to riddles, dark sayings, and parables not understood, but good and fitting in their symbolisms, though not infallible as the literal word of God. "The holy volume expanded invites us to peruse its sacred pages," but when narrowed to a literal six days of creation, with the making of Adam and Eve, and then hurdling them out of the garden of Eden, as the literal way of life, it is time for him who thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall, by not knowing how to read God's Word in a parable and the interpretation thereof, the words of the wise and their dark sayings—so that the Bible, instead of being the Philosopher's Stone, is little else than a stone of stumbling and rock of offence, and not according to the genius of its many sources, or expansion in the way that was said by them of old time. Thus we take a yoke upon our necks which no full man is able to bear. But if we walk in the perfect liberty whereunto truth has made us free to read freely the Word in its multifarious aspects according to all the colorings or media through which it flows, we may then feed on its strong meat, and talk face to face with God.

The Masonic Fraternity is somewhat ahead of the church in these matters. Says Jones, cited by Oliver—"It is the most absurd thing in nature (and the reason will be obvious to every Mason,) to believe that any part of the real arcana of masonry ever was or ever could be committed to writing." So, too Jacob Casanova—"no man knows all the secrets of masonry, but every man keeps in view the prospect of discovering them," and so also Paul—"for we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away, for now we see through a glass darkly." Thus, through every degree was symbolized the unfolding of the spirit, from sphere to sphere, through the six troubles of Job, to the seventh of rest.

One of the great sins of the antediluvians, for which the world was destroyed, was, according to the "Book of Enoch," that "they have discovered secrets, and they are those who have been judged." These secrets which belonged to God and were hidden from the foundation of the world, were discovered by becoming wise as the serpent, as noted on the scroll of ancient Freemasonry—"Behold the man has become as one of us to know good and evil," hence he was cast out of the Lodge, or Eden, the Temple of the Lord.

The secrets being thus discovered, it repented the Lord that he had made man, and so he opened the sluices of the flood to destroy him, while Noah and the Word were cast upon the waters to be found after many days—being six hundred years old when he thus moved upon the face of the waters.

On the boat he got afloat as clumsy as an elephant,
So young and gay to spend the day and make a splash—
Egad it's true, he did it too, for stepping in, he fell off on't,
And overboard there slid the Word, and made a crash.

But in mythological mysteries, Neptune, being the same as Noah, fished up the Word with his trident, so that we have received it.

"Through a successive title, long and dark, drawn from the musty scroll of Noah's Ark"—the trident being the symbolic flesh-hook of the trinity of three teeth, used in the days of Samuel to fish up the Lord's portion from the caldron pot.

Dr. Oliver and Dr. Mackay are very grave and decorous as well as pious in their mode of doing the Word, but among its many aspects, we are informed that there is "one secret worth knowing," and that is that "good humor" prevails after the labors of putting wisdom into the inward parts. We cannot doubt this, for we have been made to laugh most consumedly in growing wise unto salvation, and understanding how the name of Isaac, with its degree, signifies "laughter," as per Philo Judæus, on the allegories or esoteric Word.

It likewise appears that there are "five points in the history of our Saviour," which correspond with the Pentateuchal *five*, and the five of Pythagoras; hence Freemasonry in its theological character, has an essential basis, like all the ancient esoteric religions or mysteries, and though "it exists solely of itself," its relations are to all things from Alpha to Omega. If then, we would know how to read God's Word in full, of old time, from its inner status, we must know how to adjust its esoteric principles, its mystical numbers, its astrologies, and all the various aspects of its spiritualisms together, fetching a compass to the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters under the earth. On this wise theocratic Freemasonry "will occupy the sublime station of being received as a code of types which embody the great plan of human redemption, and identify the Shekinah of Sublime Masonry with Jehovah or the Tetragrammaton—Jehovah with the Jewish Messiah—and the Jewish Messiah with Jesus the founder of Christianity." On the same wise too, Jehovah, Jove or Lord, or any Jupiterian name, for the Most High in the Gentile esoterics, had a like significance of the Saviour. In the Essenian Lodge, or Christian mysteries, Jesus or Wisdom is represented as our High Priest, who "only made a way for us by the veil of his flesh into heaven. Hereby also are shadowed forth three degrees of the Church." The Redeemer was also "THE ANCIENT OF DAYS," or "as the Sun shineth in his strength," and "before Abraham was *I am*," so that "nothing can more clearly prove the distinct reference of Freemasonry to Christianity, than that the doctrine of the resurrection is so distinctly inculcated in the third degree." But this was done a thousand years before the Christian era by the Phœnician Freemasons who squared the Word to the Solomonic era. The way of life, death and resurrection were symbolised and identical in all the ancient religions. "Freemasonry is mysterious because it is an admitted anomaly in the history of the earth. Without territorial possessions," there always remained much land to be possessed. Its Holy Land being symbolically firmamental and physiological, the mountains and vales of Judæa stood in correspondence as typical and shadowy geography—hence the difficulty of Colenso and others in fixing the landmarks or boundaries in territorial possessions, or movable city, twelve miles square, with very much cattle on the bare rock of the Sinai, where Aaron had to cleanse the Augean stables daily by taking the dung and garbage six miles on his Atlatean shoulders—for which literal aspect of the Word, Mahan charges Colenso with being the perpetrator of vile jokes, because in the symbolism of the domestic economy among the hosts of heaven, Aaron was the main sewer for the Lord God of hosts.

"Masonry was originally patriarchal, and contains a legend of a cubical stone which was inscribed with a mystical diagram that represented the sacred name, and was possessed of many virtues. This stone was in possession of Adam in Paradise," and it was doubtless a chip of the old block that Jacob set up in Bethel, and anointed as the Lord, vowing to serve the Lord, if the Lord would serve him. When God appeared to Jacob in a dream to show him how to change very much cattle into "ring-streaked, speckled and gray," he assured Jacob that he was the same familiar God anointed at Bethel. In old time each familiar spirit was a God, or Lord, or *Genus loci*, and in natural functions, was "the way of the Lord wherein ye go"—the angel of the symbol whether in the stone of Israel, or in the holy one, and watcher come down from heaven. In these mysteries "are wrapt up the profoundest truths of religion, which to be fully comprehended by finite beings are obliged to be revealed through the medium of allegory and similitude, in the same manner as angels can only render themselves visible upon earth, and palpable to the senses of men by assuming a subtle body of refined matter. All the Patriarchs of the ancient world had their separate angels to instruct them in these mysterious arcana and Moses himself was initiated into them by the illustrious *Metatron*. The cabalistic knowledge, or *knowledge traditionally received*, was during a long revolution of ages, transmitted verbally down to all the great characters celebrated in Jewish antiquity, among whom both David and Solomon were deeply conversant in its most hidden mysteries. Nobody, however, had ventured to commit any thing of this kind to paper."

Thus it was that the ancient Word was cast upon the waters, which we are finding after many days—a manna which dried away the souls of those prone to the Egyptian flesh-pots, preferring these to the traditions of the elders, or the Word of "knowledge traditionally received." They refused to incline their ears to a parable, or to open their mouth for any dark sayings upon the harp, in preference to the leeks, garlics and onions, in the thought of which, they who had tears were prepared to shed them now. They refused to be edified with the "distinction between the legitimate symbols of the pious race of Seth and those of the apostate Cain," or Typhon, or whether this apostate race of "Sigus" which had lost their first estate in heaven by the procession of the equinoxes, were any worse than the same "Sigus" in the backsliding heifers of Israel; and as to the distinction between the scarlet symbol of Babylonia and the Virgin of Israel, they did not see it.

"In the trunk and limbs of a man
Shared on the allegorical plan
By the passions that mark humanity—"

It was this class most potent in putting that which constituted the "Spurious Freemasonry," both before and after the flood. It appears from Oliver, who is a D.D., that "the legitimate symbols of the pious race of Seth could not be perverted. Amongst our antediluvian brethren, they were at first but few in numbers, increasing as time advanced and occurrences took place which were esteemed worthy of preservation. The Shekinah—perhaps the cherubic forms—the serpent—the altar or cube—probably the point within a circle—the equilateral triangle to represent the sacred name, might be the most ancient symbols. These would be succeeded by the rainbow—the ladder, and still more recently by pillars, globes, the pot of manna, the bee-hive, the sword and human skull, the "tau cross, with all the symbolical devices painted on the banners of the twelve tribes."

Thus we may see how Adam and Eve as lively stones were built into the edifice of Freemasonry. They were the first "regular bricks" of the Word, Adam himself being instructed in the craft by old Shaddai before the change of name to Jehovah. As in this Jehovistic progress, or God newly up, so "in the Royal Arch degree, Christ is acknowledged to be the Architect or Creator of the universe"—being one with the antecedent principle of all being, in the soul of each and all, or in whom we live, move, and have our being, and enabling each one to say, "before Abraham was, I am." Hence, "Masons, universally adopting this method of inculcating the tenets of their order by typical figures and allegorical emblems prevent their mysteries from descending into the familiar reach of inattentive and unprepared novices, from whom they might not receive due veneration," as in the Mosaical mysteries the people were kept at the foot of the hill, "lest the Lord break through upon them and many of them perish."

Dr. Oliver finds Freemasonry coeval with the garden of Eden, and so do we. Who more apt than El-Shaddai the wise master builder to build the house not made with hands? or who more apt than the Eve-rib for plastic nature's purposes? What in more accordance with the music of the spheres than that Miriam should sing the horse and his rider, dumped into the sea? or that the morning stars with the Virgin of Israel should strike in bold numbers the Virgin-go-bragh? even though the bold numbers are stumbling-blocks to the good Bishop Colenso.

Freemasonry thus being coeval with creation, and the garden of Eden being the Lodge whose pattern was the visible heavens personified and transcripted upon the plane of humanity, was "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade." As soon as the lodge was tiled, the *Elohim* began to fix the landmarks for "the appropriate sphere of women." It would appear that she was voted to lie "outside of any healthy organization," nor is she permitted even unto this day, to be initiated into the Hebrew or Christian Lodge. But the serpent being rather partial to the sex, revealed "God's Word" to her. Then it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him to the heart, "for he deemed that if one woman knew the Word, all men were sure to know it. Besides the serpent, the sons of God also fell in love with the daughters of men and took them wives for the begetting of a race of giants, the *centum* race, "mighty men of renown." These bore some relation to the cherubim, while Nimrod Ovion was a host in himself, and a mighty hunter before the Lord. The bed of the giant Og will be found duly measured by Colenso—nor need we wonder that there were giants in those days when we have standing proof in Madame Lot, who still remains in salted monument forty feet in height, as witnessed by Captain Lynch.

The pious Dr. Oliver, like the New England *Lord* of "cursed be Canaan," after having the world de-

stroyed by the serpentine breach of the Word of the antediluvians, makes *Ham* the scapegoat for the postdiluvian "Spurious Freemasonry," so that after all the flood failed to squelch out "the revealers of secrets," who so grieved the heart of the Lord. That same *Ham* so potent in "cursing niggers" by the Word of the Lord, on the same wise succeeded in smuggling "Spurious Freemasonry" through the flood, so as to make it very difficult to decide the question of the original Jacob. No wonder that our church theologies, so far from the compass of the Word, should cause inextinguished laughter to rend the skies.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

☞ *For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page*

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each $3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each $1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

The Force of Spiritualism.

The great question which now agitates the minds, and divides the ranks of Spiritualists, is, Shall we have a *pure* Spiritualism, uncontaminated by contact with the world, or shall we have a Spiritualism ordering the action of our lives in all our relations, individual and social?

This discussion may seem of little consequence, but in reality it is fraught with results upon which depend the ultimate success of the whole system. If we are to have a *pure* Spiritualism, it is difficult to perceive the *good* we are to receive from it. It is no better than the "*pure religion*" we have already. The preacher abstains from thrusting religion into the affairs of the week. It is out of place in the counting-room, the factory, or the shop; out of place in our politics, out of place in our individual and social relations. It is for Sunday. A thing to die, not to live by. The church would be deeply slandered if religion entered into affairs of State—that would be contamination. Such is the blight of sects, and such will be the blight of Spiritualism if confined to what is considered by many to be its limits: *the simple belief in spirit-communion.* There is nothing new about that. It is older than the sphynx or the pyramids. What good can grow out of it that has not already?

This view robs it of all its splendor, all its attraction and power, leaving it a helpless babe—a thing to be *sought*, but impotent in its influences over us. This pure Spiritualism is an abstraction so refined that it leaves all the great minds of the past in helplessness, and denies them any influence in the affairs of this life.

But what is the truth? What do these same minds teach in their communications to us? What is their definition of this mighty philosophy, which is destined to overturn all existing systems, and on their wreck rear its blue dome to heaven?

You may take the sacred books of all nations: the SHASTOR of the Hindoo, the ZEND-AVESTA of the fire-worshipping Persians, the KORAN of the Mahommedans, the legends of the TALMUD, and on them all place our own sacred TESTAMENTS, the OLD and the NEW. You have brought together in one mass the spiritual history, emotions, ideas and superstitions of the early ages of man, but you have not Spiritualism—you have but a past.

You may take the sciences collectively, the terrestrial, connected with and treating of the organization and constitution of the globe, and the cosmical, treating of the infinite nomenclature of the stars—you have not Spiritualism, you have but a past.

What is it, then?

It is the complete understanding of man, and of spirit—of the universe. This understanding involves all science, all theology, all morals, all philosophy. It underlies and absorbs everything. It reaches back to the beginning of earth, when the first living being was created, for even then was man, the immortal, foreseen, and the forces of nature worked only in *one* direction—that of his evolution. It reaches into the mists of the future, and loses itself by the throne of Infinite Mind. Would you confine it to the tipping of tables, half audible raps, the trances of mediums? You might as well represent the vast Atlantic by a drop of water, the glorious sun by a spark of fire, as Spiritualism by these external phenomena. I do not in the least disparage them. They are necessary. They are the logic of positivism, and in their place invaluable. But let us not worship them. Let us not drive stakes on either side of them, nor erect a Chinese wall beyond them. Be assured we fail if we do.

These phenomena teach us of Spirit existence and identify that existence. Having done this their mission is fulfilled. The grand minds of the Spirit realm are brought before us, and we are prepared to bow to their sublime teachings. We learn that the departed have lost none of their faculties or emotions. They love us as fervently, they are drawn towards us as firmly, and have the same interest in our welfare, as when with us in earthly life.

Solon and Lycurgus have not forgotten their laws, Homer his lyre, Napoleon his France, Webster and Clay their State. All as they pass into the Beyond, love the path which led them upward to the gateway of immortal life, and in thought still linger in the scenes of their mortal existence. Would you say to the spirit of Webster: You must not speak of politics; you must not interfere in affairs of state? His noble spirit vibrated while here to every throb of the nation's heart; shall it less, when its sensitiveness is a thousand-fold increased by its freedom from the physical body?

Would you say to Clay, You can speak of anything but politics? Why that is of all things what we most desire he should teach; and could we summon from the shadow of the Beyond the spirits of departed greatness—the sages and the statesmen of ages—we should first ask them to direct the ship of state, with hands already learned by failure, with arms nerved with the firmness of successful trial. Would you say to Toussaint, You must not speak of slavery. You may come with the untold millions who have festered in the cesspool of vassalage, who have died by the canker of its chains, and the sting of its venom, but you must not speak of slavery. And should any of these great minds ask what is wanted of them, that they are called from the Elysian fields of the Summer Land, you will answer in littleness of soul: *To move a table, to give a rap, that a skeptic may be convinced!*

And then will the noble spirits cry out, "For shame," and tell you they come to mingle in the affairs of men, and that their power is more potent than when mortals.

We can have a state without religion, we can have religion without Spiritualism, but we can have no state, no morality, no intellectual greatness, without Spiritualism. Through all our being extends the influence of the departed, and we can no more escape from it than from the iron clutch of fate.

Do you believe that man *exists* individualized beyond the grave? That he retains his faculties and emotions? Then is it evident, from the logic of necessity, that spiritual influence extends into our lives, and what is their aggregation, the lives of nations.

It is said that if this be received, a bad use will be made of it by designing men; that the issues of the day will be decided by Spiritualists. It may be so; but who is to lead in such issues? Not men. Spiritualism has arisen from a single rap to numbering its advocates by millions, and yet it never has had a leader. Many have made the attempt, and organizations have been adroitly framed to direct, or be wafted by this movement, but they only struggled for a moment to disappear forever.

Leaderless, and, to mortal vision, without aim, in fifteen years, it has made a deeper impress on the moral and intellectual history of the world than the sword of Mahomet, or the precepts of Christ accomplished in five centuries. Its leaders are not mortal, but belong to spirit life. They are all united there, and working together, the history of human life becomes the record of waves upborne by their resistless breath.

We may content ourselves with the idea that we can prevent what have been expressively called "side issues" from disturbing the happy harmony of Spiritualism, and thereby make it more acceptable, but we shall find, in the end, that it has no side issues, simply because it is so universal it embraces all. While we seek to keep it from our social life, it will have educated all minds to a proper understanding of the laws of social harmony; while we are walling it out of the State, we shall find that it has already brought issues, on which our very national life depends, and thrown its irresistible power on the side of right.

We cannot direct this power, which, as the resistless force of gravitation underlies the realm of matter, underlies the domain of mind. All we can do is to feel the first breath of its desires, and run to do its work. Let us not go wavering, but strong in the assurance that the myriad hosts of the angel land work through us, and if we are carrying out their desires, no earthly power can resist us.

We go not blindly. We have drawn what may be considered an ideal definition of Spiritualism. The definition here given of a Spiritualist may be considered still more so. Is he one who believes in future existence, and that he can converse with the departed by means of tips and raps? Oh, no! He may begin here, but his knowledge must extend and deepen over the universe. His harmonious being must be sensitive to the thoughts of angels, and his feet swift to do their bidding.

There are no two worlds, a spiritual and a mortal. There is no gulf between. There is only one world and one life, and whether spirit in the body, or freed from it, the same influences extend through all, and as those who are free from the mortal frame ascend, those who remain must likewise be elevated. All are bound together by a chain of adamant, and the thoughts of each affect all.

H. T. C.

The National Convention.

The second national convention of Spiritualists, which will assemble in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 17th of October, will be an important meeting. It will call together some of the best minds and clearest thinkers of the age. With a liberality characterestic of our cause, while it is a convention of SPIRITUALISTS, it opens wide its doors for all reformers who are willing to work under our broad banner. There are but few prominent individuals in any of the liberal movements of the day, who do not perceive something attractive in the spiritual movement, although from peculiarities of organization and condition, they may not be ready to avow themselves as Spiritualists, still, if they are willing to be present, they will be welcomed, and their views on the different topics presented, will be heard.

Delegates are coming to this meeting from various parts of the land, and as they come together true to the high principles of Spiritualism, each will bring his ideas, and like the temple of old, in which the stones were brought together without the sound of a hammer, so will their thoughts be united together.

And from a harmonious gathering, there will go forth that which will promote not only the interests of Spiritualism, but of universal humanity.

It is only in a delegate convention, that all sections of the country can be properly and equally represented, and as we rise above all sectionalism and party feeling, and meet as a band of brothers and sisters, having no more personal objects to gratify or selfish motives to carry, our labors will be useful to ourselves, to our cause, and the world.

H. T. C.

Dr. Beecher.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was a staunch advocate of Total Depravity. "The sin of Adam damned the race," was in his creed, but not in the good man's heart. When a drunken man died, he said: "The man's *mother* was an habitual drinker, and he was nursed on milk punch, and the thirst was in his constitution." He hoped, therefore, "that God saw it was a constitutional infirmity, like any other disease."

Very likely God saw, as Dr. Beecher did, that Adam, with all his wickedness, was not the cause of this unfortunate fellow's sin of drunkenness.

It is hoped that not only God, but his servants, will learn the fact that other sins are handed down from mother to son. The Serpent and Eve are not responsible for the sins of this perverse generation.

Correction.

Our good brother Peebles, in speaking of his article on "Love," in No. 1 of the JOURNAL, says: "I did not say *love was a divine soul-motion, imprisoned*," etc., but a "divine soul-emotion in the God-principle." The whole gist of the article was against this selfish "imprisoned" propensity, miscalled love in the world. Love in the highest ideal is of God—knows nothing of sex, and flows as free to all as heaven's dews descend upon fens, fields and forests."

"De Soto."

We commence in this number the very wonderful story of "Ferdinand De Soto." It is from the pen of our gifted and inspired brother, H. T. Child, M.D. The story will be read with great interest, as it contains much useful information regarding the future life. It will go through twelve or fourteen numbers of the paper. Those wishing to read it, would do well to subscribe at once for the R. P. JOURNAL.

Local Organizations.

The National Executive Committee, soon after the adjournment of the Chicago National Convention, in accordance with the letter and spirit of the duties of their office, by a very large majority—eleven out of thirteen—agreed upon a form of Local Organizations (without creed or confession of faith,) to recommend to Spiritualists and other friends of Progress, as convenient for business purposes. While there is a diversity of opinion upon the subject of a National Organization, there is a general feeling that local societies are required for the maintenance of Sunday lectures, children's lyceums, charitable and benevolent objects, and the erection of public buildings for moral and educational purposes. The committee further, in the discharge of a duty they felt to be imposed upon them—endeavored to place this form of Local Organizations before the public; and to that end sent it to the *Banner of Light* for publication.

The editors of that journal refused to publish our organization papers. They have arrogated to themselves the right to gag the National Executive Committee, and to judge for the public what they may and what they may not read; and they have also criticized severely the Committee for calling a National Convention this year.

Now for the present we intend to leave our cotemporary, and call the attention of the public to the form of Local Organization recommended by the National Executive Committee, which will be found in another part of this paper; and if any of our readers think it dangerous for them to read and judge for themselves, and still desire the guardianship of the editors of the *Banner* over the doings of this committee, we beg of such not to read our form of organization. Such, if any there are, will only find safety in the bosom of the church, where the bread of life is dealt out by those qualified by a seat in an editorial sanctum or by men in choicest robes.

Would not a National Organization of Spiritualists, with creeds, confessions of faith, a Bishop or Pope, and an organ to publish just so much, and no more, than the Bishop or Pope should think it for the good of the people to read—be quite convenient just now? Might it not be well to forbid the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL publishing that which the editors of the *Banner* had decreed should not be published? Aye, might not such an institution, by its influence, suppress all new journals that are liable to create heart-burnings among those who have so long enjoyed the confidence of a "generous public?"—and who appear to candidly believe that what there is of Spiritualism that does not rest on their shoulders, is of no account?

That "heaven-born" National Organization the editor of the *Banner* is so patiently waiting for, may be just the thing to clip the wings of the presumptuous fledglings that cause so much grief!

Where Is Woman's Place?

"A few weeks since two ladies were hired and placed in the printing department of the *Central*, whereupon the gallant gentlemen left the office."—*Central Advocate, St. Louis.*

The rebels and assassins are disposed of. The question of negro suffrage will soon be settled, and Africa will find her appropriate place. Now, we suggest that the next question before the masculine nation, shall be, "what disposition can we make of woman?"

She is here, like the negro, her existence is inevitable, and, like Sambo, she has a place and a work, but where and what is it?

Unfortunately, the curse of the fall is visited upon her, and she must, like Adam, eat bread made by the sweat of the brow. She knows this fact and attempts to obey the ancient command; but, somehow, she is forever blundering into forbidden places. She wants to fit herself for a physician, but soon learns that the profession is not *her* sphere. She turns to the ministry. The gospel of health, temperance, and righteousness, waits to be dispensed to a wicked nation; but lo! St. Paul's edict meets her on the threshold of the temple, and she turns wonderingly away. Gentlemen crowd the mart where pins, tapes, hoops, laces and babies' toys are sold. They crowd law offices and bookstores, run sewing machines and engines. They make boots, pants, crinoline, hats, needle-books, and set type. Wherever deft fingers are needed and woman's brains demanded, there you find men. Let them remain at their post; but will they just take a little time to consider what place nature designed for woman? and when the matter is fully settled, will they please give a waiting world the benefit of the discovery?

Spiritualists—Reformers.

Just as we are going to press with this number of our paper the *Banner of Light* comes to hand with an editorial article urging "Spiritualists everywhere"—and saying that "all true reformers are Spiritualists,"—to attend our Second National Convention; and many other very good things in regard to the necessity for harmony and unity of action, which we cordially endorse, and would gladly copy into our paper if we had time or space.

We have just time to say that if the *Banner* had manifested the same spirit heretofore, instead of opening its columns to Uriah Clark, as correspondent and editor, to attack the National Executive Committee for doing just what they now endorse, and a very large majority of Spiritualists engaged alike in the various fields of reform, there would to-day have been much less unpleasant feeling toward the conductors of that journal than there is now. But we are glad to see the spirit now manifested, however late it may have come, and most cheerfully endorse the *Banner's* article above alluded to, and hope there will never be another unfriendly, or seemingly unpleasant remark from us towards our cotemporary.

The National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.

The unmanly and untruthful attacks upon the above named committee, recently published in the *Banner of Light*, were replied to by the chairman of that committee, also by Hon. Warren Chase, and M. F. Shuey, Esq., and perhaps by other members of the committee. These replies were forwarded to the same paper for publication, but the conductors of that journal, true to the unjust course adopted by them, in making the onslaught upon the committee generally, and the chairman and secretary personally, refused to publish these replies.

The committee have come to the same conclusion that Dr. H. T. Child did in his reply, *i. e.* the attack of Uriah Clark, as correspondent, and as the writer of the editorial articles, savored of "sour grapes." They request us to say to the public, that they fully agree with the expressions of a multitude of Spiritualists who have written them upon the subject, that "such treatment is unworthy the *Banner*, and an insult to the great mass of Spiritualists over the country."

Communications.

In our next number will be found, From the Spirit life—Invocations, Questions and Answers, and a communication from Harry Wilder, and others.

Excursion to Philadelphia, from Chicago.

Excursion tickets from Chicago to Philadelphia, and return, will be sold at the office of the Chicago and Great Eastern Railway, under the Matteson House, in Chicago, from the 9th to the 16th of October, inclusive, to be used going east any time between the 9th and 20th inst., and to return by the fifth of November, for twenty-five dollars each.

Route—via Chicago and Great Eastern, Ohio Central and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, making Richmond, Indiana, Columbus, Ohio, and Baltimore, Maryland, points en route. This route abounds with the most romantic scenery on the American continent, and that portion of the excursion over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, will be doubly attractive, by reason of the many noted points in the great rebellion on the line of that road through the State of Virginia.

All who desire to be benefited by the greatly reduced fare, (about one-half,) will be required to present their excursion tickets to the President or Secretary of the National Convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia, for endorsement, any time during the Convention, from the 17th to the 21st October, inclusive.

There will be ample time to attend the great national convention of Spiritualists, and visit Washington City, Baltimore, Mount Vernon, and many of the noted places in the late war.

Arrangements have also been made with the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad Company, by which those who attend the National Convention from any point on that road will receive return tickets over that road for one-fifth of the usual fare—that is to say they will pay full fare to Chicago going, and one-fifth fare returning, provided they return before the 10th of November. To insure this it will be necessary to receive a certificate of attendance at the National Convention.

The undersigned endeavored to make arrangements for excursion tickets over other lines, but was unable to do so.

Will the friends at once endeavor to make similar arrangements from other points on other roads, and especially from other points on the lines designated east of Chicago, as no such arrangements could be effected here for points on the line east of Chicago, unless tickets were bought from Chicago through to Philadelphia.

S. S. JONES,
Chairman Nat. Ex. Committee of Spiritualists.

P. S.—We have just heard from Wm. H. Holmes, G. P. Agent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, that excursion tickets will be issued anywhere between Pittsburg and Philadelphia for half of usual fare. Full fare will be required going to Philadelphia with a free ticket back. To insure a free ticket back, a certificate of attendance will be required from she Secretary of the Convention.

Spirit Communication Verified.

[Our first number contained a communication from the spirit of Henry E. White. By the following note it will be seen that the spirit has been identified.—EDITORS R. P. JOURNAL.]

"I knew Henry White. My brother found him in Marion, Ohio, as it appears now, when he was flying, a fugitive from justice, having attempted to burn the United States Pension office, for which purpose he, with some others, was hired, to hide the frauds upon government made through that office. They made a mistake, fired the Patent Office, which did no good. I think he staid with my brother near two years, during which time his conduct would bear a favorable comparison with other men's; but he finally got restless, and went to ranging the country; was taken up for his crime, and that was the last I ever heard of him. The time he was taken up was somewhere between the years 1830-40. The circumstance seemed so curious to me that I have written about it; but I am not a full believer in the reliability of the spirits; but I am a reformer, and what is more, I have not much to reform—for myself a Pharisee, you see—for I am perfectly aware that if all men were willing to do as well as I am, and perhaps as well as I do do, there would be no chance to get wars nor lawsuits.

"AUGUSTUS LAPHAM.

"Truro, Ill., Sept. 19, 1865."

The National Convention.

Let our friends everywhere improve the opportunity of the cheap rates of fare to attend the National Convention of Philadelphia. It will be a great and glorious gathering. We trust most of the lines of Railroads throughout the United States will give excursion tickets, now that several routes have engaged to do so. Let the friends along all the various lines of road, move in the matter at once. No pains have been spared to get the movement inaugurated by Mr. Jones, Chairman of the National Ex. Committee. If others will now follow the matter up, the work will be easily accomplished.

A. J. Fishback.

This gentleman who has been, for some years, a popular minister in the Universalist denomination, has relinquished his title and his creeds, and is now promulgating the Spiritual Philosophy. We welcome our brother to his new labor-field, hoping he will find among us true, earnest hearts and pleasant places. May we not, too, venture to hope that he will find no gags, no chains—nothing that will impede the soul in its search for truth?

A Good Move.

The progressive spirits in Vineland, N. J., are about building "a Male and Female Industrial College. It is designed to afford equal advantages to both sexes. The course of instruction will be eclectic, and adapted to the taste and capacity of the student. Both teachers and pupils will spend a portion of time in manual labor, for which a just compensation will be allowed." Blessings on the enterprise.

Peaches.

A basket of the finest peaches that ever grew, found their way into our office the other day. They were weighed, measured and eaten by a competent committee. The verdict is, that St. Joseph, Mich., grows fruit worthy its saintly name, and that D. N. Brown is prince of his tribe.

May Priapus watch over our friend Brown's trees, protecting them from frost and blight, from storms and from the devouring insects.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4, 1865.

We, the undersigned, being disposed to censure and repudiate all false and deceptive mediums, as well as to support and publicly approve those who are faithful and true, take much pleasure in stating that we have, on many occasions, witnessed the manifestations of spirit power and intelligence through the mediumship of Mr. Elbert Eddy, and we have no hesitation in stating that we think him a Spiritual Medium of a high order for physical manifestations, and that there is nothing false or deceptive connected in his manifestations.

WARWICK MARTIN,
THOS. H. MARSH,
E. C. VORE,
THO. RICHMOND,
CAPT. SWEET AND WIFE,
S. H. TODD,
H. F. M. BROWN.

By what Authority?

Several of our correspondents ask who empowered Mrs. Brown to perform the marriage ceremony. The law permits "any ordained minister of the gospel to unite persons in marriage." Mrs. Brown's credentials came from the Religio-Philosophical Society of St. Charles, Ill.

Belvidere Meeting.

We omit, for want of room, much of Mrs. A. C. Spalding's very excellent report of the Belvidere Convention. It will appear next week.

Editors.

The publishers of the JOURNAL have secured an able corps of editors, who will not fail to give a high tone to the paper.

Remember!

All persons sending us Drafts or Post Office orders, will please make them payable to GEORGE H. JONES, Secretary.

Editor Journal:

Repeated inquiries from the friends of our cause, in different portions of the country, are made, as to when they can visit New York or Philadelphia, and have the best opportunity of seeing the most, in the shortest space of time, into the working and exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Having just returned from New York, and a visit to our esteemed friend and brother, A. J. Davis, I find the same inquiries have been and are frequently made of him, and at his suggestion, I take the liberty of sending the annexed notice to you, for insertion in the JOURNAL.

Yours fraternally, M. B. DYOTT,
114 South Second st., Phil.

The Second National Convention will assemble at Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 17th of October, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Delegates will please report as early as convenient, to the chairman of the local committee, Dr. H. T. Child, or to M. B. Dyott.

Editorial Items.

Book notices next week.

Thanks for the very generous notices our journal has received from the press. We hope ever to be found worthy the estimation in which we are held.

W. H. JOHNSTON.—Nothing would give us more pleasure than a meeting of the true souls in your convention, but the printers refuse us the needed furlough.

L. N. R.—We cannot "send the medium." "We don't object to marriage;" we ask for the changing of marriage laws—that is all.

Will those writing to Mrs. Brown remember to give the number of the P. O. Drawer—6,325?

Our good brother E. V. Wilson is working faithfully for the circulation of the JOURNAL. A few more such agents would give us the hoped for forty thousand subscribers.

A second edition of "*The History of the Chicago Artesian Well:* a demonstration of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy; with an Essay on the Origin and Uses of Petroleum," has just been published, and is now for sale, by A. James, the medium through whom these revelations came. This is a very interesting little work, and should be widely circulated.

The Spiritualists of Springfield, Ill., meet at Concert Hall every Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock. Trance and normal speaking by home speakers. Friends from abroad are cordially invited to meet with us. Seats free.

Dr. I. Wilbur, magnetic physician, can be consulted, or addressed, No. 561 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis. Magnetized paper sent to invalids abroad, by remitting fifty cents, and two postage stamps for return mail. Numerous testimonials on hand, proving their efficacy to relieve suffering humanity.

Personal.

Miss Lewis, the colored sculptor, has gone to Europe, to make busts of Horace Mann and Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, is to be Professor of Astronomy, at the Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, which is to be opened in September. Miss Mitchell has a world-wide reputation among astronomers.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—The intellectual activity and vigor of this woman, now in her 64th year, is very remarkable. Though almost blind and deaf, she is one of the most constant, as she is certainly one of the ablest, editorial writers in the London *Daily News*. She is besides, a contributor to several literary periodicals, and has just put to press two volumes of her "History of England during the Great Peace."

MISS DOROTHEA DIX, who has gratuitously served the Government for more than four years as superintendent of women and nurses in the various army hospitals, has resigned the office, there being no further need of her labors in that capacity. The whole body of nurses are being rapidly mustered out, orders having been issued for the final closing, at an early day, of all the general army hospitals. Of the value of Miss Dix's services, and those of the nurses generally, it would be superfluous to speak. Their names will live forever in the memory of the thousands of soldiers whose lives were preserved by their assiduous and self-sacrificing devotion, and in the hearts of other thousands, whose husbands, sons, or brothers were blessed by their gentle ministry in the hour of death.

MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON is preaching Spiritualism to the spirits in Houlton, Maine.

MRS. ADA HOYT has gone to California to give tests of immortality.

J. M. PEEBLES is preaching and "eating clams" in Providence, R. I.

DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF TOM MOORE—On September 4th, at Sloperton Cottage, Mrs. Moore, widow of the late Thomas Moore, Esq., author of "Lalla Rookh," aged sixty-eight. This is an announcement that one of the last roses of a glorious summer has at length disappeared. Few are now left of the brilliant company who adorned the early part of the nineteenth century, and whose names are famous in our literature. Among these names none is or will be held in more kindly remembrance than that of the lady to whom the poet Moore gave his heart. Moore not only loved her—he was proud of her, and it is delightful to see in his letters and diaries with what eagerness he sounded her praises.

Delegates to the Convention.

The following delegates were elected Sunday evening, September 10th, to represent the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, at the Second National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., October 17th, and the herewith annexed resolutions were duly passed.

DELEGATES NOMINATED.

Judge Carter, Mrs. Judge Carter, Mr. I. H. Taylor, Mrs. I. H. Taylor, Mr. William Ward, Mrs. William Ward, Mr. Henry Beck, Mrs. Henry Beck.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in case of any vacancy in the delegation, the vacancy be filled by the remaining delegates.

Resolved, That we favor an organization of the Spiritualists of the United States for business and financial purposes, but not for the establishment of any creeds, dogmas or doctrines.

A. W. PUOH, *Secretary.*

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 18, 1865.

Thanks.

Thanks to agents for their efficient services in sending subscribers; and to contributors for valuable articles. Let us continue to hear from agents and writers, and they shall have *weekly* proof of our appreciation of their labors of love.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to *recommend*, believing that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful, to guard sacredly INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the *general laws* governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a *type of Religion*, based on *sound philosophy*, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and *all* progressive minds boldly contend.

S. S. JONES, *Chairman*, St. Charles, Ill.
WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.
W. F. SHINEY, Elkhart, Indiana.
MARY T. DAVIS, Orange, N. Y.
SELDEN J. FINNEY, Plato P. O., Ohio.
M. M. DANIELS, Independence, Iowa.
H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass.
MILO O. MOTT, Brandon, Vermont.
T. S. WADSWORTH,
Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.
Chicago, August 15, 1864.

PLAN RECOMMENDED — RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the First Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The *Religio*-Philosophical Society;"

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lecturers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel."—such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the *Religio-*Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our .... as a public Lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and recognize .... as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorize .... to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at ...., this .... day of .... A. D. 18

........PRESIDENT } Executive Board
........PRESIDENT } of the
........CLERK } *Religio*-Philosophical Society.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident,*" That we are all children of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be suspended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the *internal forces of his own being and external surroundings*; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action—thoughts, and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before provided.

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing articles of association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 18— and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz:

Business Matters.

[From the Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin of Sept. 12th.]

DR. J. P. BRYANT, "THE HEALER."—This eminent "Healer" of diseases, and world-renowned benefactor, has won for himself the admiration of all who know him. He is thronged everywhere by the lame, blind and deaf, and he heals them without medicine, or any appliances but his hand. His method of treatment consists mainly in manipulations, though he relies much upon his psychological power, together with Swedish movements. During three years' practice, the doctor has visited the principal cities of New York and Michigan, treating upwards of 70,000 cases, curing many, and giving relief to nearly all. His unassuming manner readily brings him *en rapport* with the patient. He sees with a glance what their difficulties are, and knows exactly *what* to do, and *how* to do it.

His impressions are very correct, and with a strong intuitive perception, points out and locates the disease, and in many instances telling the peculiar habits of the patient. He knows not—neither do *we*—how he does it. He claims that it is a gift peculiar to his organization, although many possess the same gift to a certain extent, and have not the ability to use it. Dr. Bryant is undoubtedly the best operator in the world—has succeeded in establishing the best reputation, and it is confidently asserted, by those who know him, that he can operate upon two hundred people per day, doing them justice, without the least fatigue. He does not pass them with a touch, but works faithfully to cast out the disease, and make it a permanent cure. He imposes upon no one, and will keep no patient's money, unless he is certain he can do them good. At Detroit, Dr. Bryant treated 12,000 persons in one hundred days, giving universal satisfaction. One instance (for which we have reliable testimony, in the person of Mr. C. Cowlam, of this city, who was an eye-witness to the fact, and acquainted with the lady cured,) will not be amiss at this time. Mrs. A. A. Fish, of Detroit, had for years been afflicted with a large ovarian tumor; applying to the best medical skill, was told that her case was incurable, and had given up all hope, till she applied to Dr. Bryant, and by an operation of two minutes the tumor entirely disappeared, and it is a complete and perfect cure. Such testimony is worth a column of advertisements. The lady is overjoyed at her sudden and almost miraculous cure, and her gratitude cannot be expressed. Two other cases in the same city, similarly wonderful, we will mention: Mrs. N. A. Forsyth, suffering from chronic inflammation of the knee joint, and thickened cartilage, unable to walk without crutches for one year, was cured permanently, in five minutes, and left her crutches with the doctor. Mr. John Tarbell, dyspepsia, three years, suffering terribly, was also cured in five minutes. These cases are but four of the many we could publish, if space would permit, and five minutes with the doctor himself is better than all we can say in his favor. We have taken pains to converse with some of our own citizens, who have been treated by Dr. Bryant since his arrival here, and are perfectly satisfied as to his ability to do what he claims. The case of Mr. George Kellogg, formerly of the Walker House, is not only a wonderful, but almost miraculous work; he had been for a long time afflicted with spinal difficulties and general debility, very lame knee and continued noises in the head, and unable to attend to his business therefrom. He applied to Dr. Bryant, and was almost instantly cured. He says he is a new man, and on his new strength has taken a lease of the Capital House, which he feels perfectly competent to manage, now that he has a new lease of life. He advises everybody to visit the doctor, if they desire to be *healed* of their infirmities.

Mr. Whittemore, the well known book merchant, says Dr. Bryant has done for him what no one else has ever done, for his asthma, and it seems too good to be true; his only fear being that he will not remain well. He has the utmost confidence in the doctor, and recommends him to everybody.

Mr. Bradley, of the well-known firm of Bradley & Metcalf, of this city, has also visited the doctor for his lameness, and was greatly relieved with one operation. He believes the doctor can cure him if anybody can. We could mention many cases among our best citizens, who have been treated by Dr. B., during the few days he has operated here, and all seemed highly pleased with the doctor and his peculiar practice, and we predict for him a continual crowd of patients during his stay among us. The doctor remains here, we understand, till November 15th, and opens rooms at Chicago, about the 1st of December, remaining there some months. Dr. Bryant is a young man, with a keen intellect, active, positive temperament, though small in stature, genial and modest, generous and kind to all who come to him to be healed. He will take no money from those who are unable to pay; he only charges those who have the means.

He treats eighty in every hundred free of charge, and in many instances gives away money to those who seem to need it more than he; in other words, he takes from the rich and gives to the poor. He turns no one away, without making some effort to relieve them, and he seems to exercise a great influence over *all* in his presence. Dr. B., to all appearance, is as modest and unassuming a man as we ever met, and yet a perfect human battery of immense power. All in his presence seemed bathing in an ocean of magnetism. The doctor, however, is too well known to require much flattery from us; therefore we are willing to let the public judge. Having given the result of our investigations, we would say to all afflicted with ills which flesh is heir to, go to Dr. Bryant and *be healed*. His rooms are at 119 Wisconsin street, opposite the post office, Milwaukee, Wis.

Since the above was written, a case of almost miraculous character has come to our knowledge. A Mr. S. P. Cook, of Fon du Lac county, who, for two years, has been unable to speak, except in a low whisper, and that with the greatest difficulty, was cured yesterday, by Dr. Bryant, in three or four minutes, and now speaks with perfect distinctness. He informs us that he took a severe cold some two years since, that it settled on his lungs, and deprived him of the power of speech, except as above stated. He has tried many and various remedies, but none did him any good, and when he came to Dr. Bryant he had little faith that he could be cured or even benefited.

Under these circumstances the cure seems little less than a miracle. Verily, the dumb are made to speak and the lame to walk. Mr. C. says that he now speaks with perfect freedom and ease, whereas the attempt to whisper before was attended with acute pain and a tendency to strangulation. Mr. Cook's story we have had from his own lips, and there is every reason to believe that he has told us the simple truth.

☞ The tenth yearly meeting of the Friends of Progress of Indiana will be held at Richmond, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of October.

Selden J. Finney and S. S. Jones will be present, to give of the bread of life to all who may come.

All friends are invited.

AGNES COOK, Richmond, Ind.,
SAMUEL MAXWELL, " " } Committee.
SETH HINSHAW, Greensboro, Ind.,

☞ The attention of speculators is called to the notice of stock in mines of Arizona.

CIRCULAR.—*To the friends of Industrial Education:* Your attention is invited to the establishment of "THE MALE AND FEMALE INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE AT VINELAND, N. J." It is designed to afford equal advantages to both sexes. The course of instruction will be Eclectic, and adapted to the taste and capacity of the student. Both Teachers and Pupils will spend a portion of time in manual labor, for which a just compensation will be allowed. Labor, Study and Amusement should be so combined as to aid each other, and any system of education that ignores or neglects the proper *physical training*, fails in a great measure to accomplish its work. As a vigorous, healthy body is of the first importance, all the conditions that can contribute to unfold and strengthen its inherent powers, should be supplied; that all the physical, mental, social and spiritual faculties should be unfolded and developed so as to be made available, wherever they may be needed in life. Regular habits of industry and economy are essential to the well-being of every one, and all should be taught the importance of sustaining themselves by their own efforts, and the immorality of living upon the avails of the labors of others. Physiology, Hygiene and the Laws of Life should be thoroughly inculcated, and practically illustrated, as essential to the well being of every individual. Freedom of thought and speech, and free discussion of all subjects will be tolerated, but no religious tenets will be taught. Give Truth a fair field for conflict with Error, and the result need not be feared. Truth will live; Error must die.

Locality.—VINELAND is a new and pleasant town, on the Philadelphia and Cape May Railroad, thirty-two miles south of Philadelphia, and has a population of more than four thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. Its founder, C. K. LANDIS, by untiring industry and a generous outlay of means, has introduced a class of settlers from the Northern, Middle and Western States, whose industry, thrift and intelligence are beyond precedent in the early history of any town or city on th's continent. A generous public sentiment prevails which patronizes progress in Art, Science and Agriculture. The climate is mild and genial, the water pure, and the soil well adapted to raising vegetables and fruits of all kinds, and Philadelphia and New York afford a good market for all surplus produce. One hundred acres of land on a beautiful, elevated site, in a central position, have been secured for College purposes.

Organization.—The COLLEGE is now organized under a general law of the State "for the promotion of learning," which provides for the election of not more than seven Trustees, and limits the capital stock to $30,000, which may be taken in shares of $50 each, and each share entitles the holder to one vote. But it is proposed to make application to the next Legislature for a *special charter*, allowing a capital of $300,000 with power to increase it to $1,000,000. More than one-third of the stock now allowed by law is already subscribed, and it is hoped that the friends of Humanity will evince a readiness to co-operate in inaugurating one of the best institutions in our country, or the world, by subscribing to the stock. Twenty per cent. of the stock will be expected to be paid on subscribing, and the balance in instalments of not more than twenty per cent. in six months, as it may be needed to make improvements and sustain the institution. The following named individuals have been elected Trustees:

John Gage, C. B. Campbell, Geo. Pearson, A. W. Jackson, Vineland, N. J.; Geo. Haskell, Rockford, Ill.; Warren Chase, Cobden, Ill.

The Trustees have elected John Gage, President; C. B. Campbell, Secretary; and George Pearson, Treasurer.

Any amount of less than $50 that may be donated to the cause, will be thankfully received and duly credited. The Trustees are all authorized agents to receive subscriptions and donations for the College, and will appoint other agents of known ability and integrity, as they may be needed.

The Trustees take great pleasure in thus offering to the friends of Education and Humanity an opportunity to aid in establishing the best institution in the nation, and thus meeting a demand which has long been felt by the lovers of reform and progress, and they hope for an early and cheerful response to this appeal. JOHN GAGE, President.

C. B. CAMPBELL, Secretary.
Vineland, N. J., May 20, 1865.

HEALING DISEASE BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.—To Spiritual Philosophy, the present age is indebted for the revival of this ancient and successful method of treatment, and beyond question is the prime agent in adding converts to the great truths connected with and underlying this new philosophy.

Lecturers and test mediums are necessary and do great good, but methinks it belongs to those who have the power to free humanity from their ills, to break down the prejudices and dogmatism belonging to old Theology and the drugging of the human system.

If my assertion be true, ought not those who have this power to be held responsible for the proper use of so great a gift?

What do we find in our examination of those who have become famous in the healing of disease?

Our journals herald forth to the world a gifted individual who says "*he has cured over* 3,000 *in one day.*" The statement itself should blast the reputation of the man and journal who would dare to utter so glaring a falsehood. The cry comes up continually all over the land, *Impostor! Humbug! Failed to do me any good!* The cause suffers, but the operator retires with a full purse, the price of the poor man's toil, the widow's and orphan's tears—if not in pay for treatment, for expenses incurred in going to see the *Great Healer*.

Again, we find others lending their name and *influence to Hybrid institutions*, even consorting and practising with them, where they give drugs, water cure, electricity, *or* animal magnetism. How accommodating! I ask if Animal Magnetism, by the laying on of hands, be the *ne plus ultra* of cure, then why this "turning to the pit from whence we have been digged, or like the sow that was washed, to wallowing in the mire"? If we are reformers, why not take a bold stand and raise our banners high, that we may be "living epistles, known and read of all men"? Again, there are those who profess to treat the poor without money and without price. The poor man comes to the great Healer. He is treated one or two minutes, and told if he is not cured to call again in two weeks. Alas! where is the means to stay far from home in an expensive city? He returns to his home a sad but wiser man. Next comes the paying man, with his five to fifty dollars. He is received by the operator with smiles, is treated a half hour, the operator does the best he can for him; without there may be a crowd waiting, when all are treated alike from one to two minutes, and in a thousand cases hardly a *bona fide* cure is heard of. I ask in all candor if the greed of mammon does not underlie and become the object of all such who practise as above stated? Then we read of *distinguished* (?) operators, "*who warrant all cures.*" Such are speculators in human health. Again, others who advertise to cure without medicine, at any distance, by sending the handwriting, for the pay of *two red stamps.* This is cheap, and the operator evidently is seeking notoriety. In conclusion, will any rational mind dare say that one out of a hundred cases of disease has ever been cured by those referred to? I trow not. This fact sustains itself, and is daily proven true, that *all* disease that is *curable* can be relieved, provided the operator will give the case proper attention, and ultimately cured, if the treatment be persisted in. What, then, is the remedy? First, for *all operators to be honest*; not to trifle with and swindle the community because they have reputation (not character). Lastly, we need healing institutions all over the land, permanent ones, with corps of operators, where the afflicted can be attended to at any time, and, if necessary, for a length of time. JUSTITIA.

WHAT SPIRITS ARE DOING FOR THE HEALTH OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The body and the mind are closely related to each other. The body is dependent upon the mind, and the mind is dependent upon the body; so intimate, indeed, is the relation and dependence of the one upon the other, that when we consider ourselves simply as *mundane* beings, it is, at times, difficult to say which is the most important part of us, the mind or the body; and hence it is equally difficult to say which (if either), should have our greatest care and attention. A healthy, vigorous and elastic body induces health, vigor and elasticity of mind. A sickly, feeble and dilapidated body causes the mind to partake of its own sickly, feeble and dilapidated condition.

In one sense, the body may be looked upon as the *foundation* of our whole being; and in this view of the case, its importance looms up and enlarges in our estimation; and when regarded in this light, we readily see the necessity of building that foundation strong, and of protecting it against the destroying influence of the elements which tend constantly to corrode, undermine and consume it. I believe that this may be regarded as one of the cardinal doctrines of Spiritualism; or rather, I should say, it is one of the cardinal inferences which we are compelled to draw from the actual *works* and dealings of spirits with us. Spirits began to look after the health of our bodies at the very dawn of their coming among us as workers and reformers. Mediums for healing, and mediums who prescribed for the sick, were developed in great numbers, simultaneously all over the country, at a time when, as yet, but few had been called to minister to the mind as public teachers of new doctrines and new philosophy. And we have often been forcibly struck with the patience and perseverance of spirits, as they labored for months, and often for years, to restore some sickly, diseased body to health, or to prolong the existence of some decaying form, which, if left to itself, would speedily have fallen apart, and ceased to shelter, protect and gestate the indwelling soul to its full time.

Do we need, then, that spirits should tell us, in any plainer language, that they know the full value of the body in all of its relations? Their labors in its behalf not only began with the very dawn of Spiritualism, but, with its progress, spirits have increased the number of their workers in behalf of the body, and endowed many of them, (such as Newton, Bryant, Wm. Judkins, Clark, Wm. Pettis, Neal, and a host of others of equal magnetic power, if not of equal notoriety,) with healing and curative powers which surpass anything that we find recorded in the reliable annals of history. The public printed records of Spiritualism attest the truth of this statement, with hundreds of well authenticated cases of wonderful and remarkable cures.

Besides the public and acknowledged mediumistic workers for the restoration of the health of the human body, there are, of course, a multitude of others, who prefer to labor in greater privacy and retirement from public talk and speculation, but who, nevertheless, do heal the sick, as if by magic.

In this connection, however, we wish more especially to call public attention to one of the most important as well as remarkable interpositions of spirits in behalf of the human body and human health. We now refer to their projection, through the mediumship of Mrs. Spence, of a formula for the impartation of Positive and Negative magnetism to a medical substance, thus making it a vehicle or carrier of Nature's true healer (magnetism), into the very blood itself, and through the blood, to every organ and fibre of the entire body. The two preparations, so well known under the name of "Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders," are made according to the spiritual formula above referred to.

Like everything else which has really emanated from the interior, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders go to the very foundation of things, not only in eradicating disease, but also in the science of their preparation, and in those immutable principles of disease and of medicine which they embody. Moreover, like every thing else which has emanated from the interior, the principles involved in the preparation and administration of the Positive and Negative Powders, are *revolutionary and reformatory*, striking at the very root of all the errors and evils in past and present systems of medicine, overturning the whole theory of medical science, and wiping out all the approved formulas and all settled routine of medical practice. These principles, like all truths, are plain, simple and easily understood; and hence the medical practice based upon them is equally plain, simple and intelligible.

There have already appeared in several numbers of the *Banner of Light*, well authenticated evidences of the remarkable and triumphant success of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders in the curing of disease. Similar evidences will be found in our Circular, which we send free to any address. Equally valuable and important testimony, in the shape of letters and certificates, is daily crowding in upon us from all parts of the United States; and it is our intention to publish, from time to time, in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and in the *Banner of Light*, such of those certificates as are best calculated to enable the public to form a just appreciation of the real merits of the Positive and Negative Powders.

In the mean time, with the confidence of one who knows that he possesses a great truth, and with the earnestness of one who desires that others shall partake of its benefits, we advise and entreat all who are suffering from disease of any kind, whether it be of recent origin or long standing, to give the Positive and Negative Powders a fair and impartial trial.

For further information, the reader is referred to the advertisement of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, in another column of this paper.

Large and liberal inducements are offered to agents, male and female, local and traveling; also, to Druggists and Physicians.

On the receipt of *one dollar*, a box of the Powders, together with a Circular, containing all the necessary directions how and when to use them, will be mailed, *postpaid*, to any address.

We consider it perfectly safe to send money by mail. *Money thus sent to us by mail, is at our risk.*

Office, 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

All letters and remittances should be addressed as follows:

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.,
General Delivery, New York City.

Railroad Time-Table.

	Depart.	Arrive.
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINZIE STS.		
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Night Express	*4.30 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*6.00 p. m.	*2.15 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	*3.00 p. m.	*10.00 a. m.
GALENA DIVISION.		
Fulton and Cedar Rapids	8.20 a. m.	7.10 p. m.
Fulton and Iowa	†8.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith	9.00 a. m.	4.40 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith	10.20 p. m.	3.45 p. m.
Rockford and Fox River	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Dixon	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin	5.30 p. m.	9.40 a. m.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.		
Detroit Express	*6.00 a. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Detroit Express	†5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
Detroit Express	†*10.00 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Morning Express	*9.00 a. m.	*3.30 p. m.
Night Express	†5.30 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN—DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.		
Day Express	*6.00 a. m.	*11.00 p. m.
Evening Express	†5.30 p. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Night Express	*†10.05 p. m.	‡12.30 p. m.
DETROIT TRAINS.		
Express, via Adrian	*6.00 a. m.	*12.30 p. m.
Night Express, via Adrian	†5.30 p. m.	*‡11.00 p. m.
PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.		
Day Express	†6.00 a. m.	*8.20 p. m.
Evening Express, daily	5.30 p. m.	11.00 a. m.
Night Express	*†10.10 p. m.	*†12.30 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	†6.00 a. m.	†8.20 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
(CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.)		

Leave Pittsburg	3.00 a. m.	4.35 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg	1.30 p. m.	2.45 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
Arrive at Philadelphia	5.45 p. m.	7.05 a. m.	12.50 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Allenton	10.20 p. m.	10.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Philadel.	10.27 p. m.	12.00 m.	5.42 p. m.
Arrive at Baltimore	6.45 p. m.	7.00 a. m.	12.20 p. m.
Arrive at Washington	10.10 p. m.	10.35 a. m.	3.15 p. m.

	Depart.	Arrive.
CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)		
Day Express	*6.00 a. m.	*9.40 p. m.
Night Express	†8.45 p. m.	‡7.30 a. m.
(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Mail Express	*6.00 a. m.	9.40 p. m.
Mail Express	†8.45 p. m.	7.30 a. m.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.		
Day Passenger	*9.30 a. m.	*9.55 p. m.
Night Passenger	†10.10 p. m.	*7.00 a. m.
Kankakee Accommodation	*4.45 p. m.	
Hyde Park Train	*6.25 a. m.	*7.45 a. m.
do do	*12.10 p. m.	*1.45 p. m.
do do	*4.00 p. m.	*5.25 p. m.
do do	*5.50 p. m.	*7.10 p. m.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.		
Day Express and Mail	8.20 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express	12.00 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Mendota Accommodation	4.30 p. m.	9.15 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.		
Eastern Mail	8.10 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Night Express	7.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet and Wilmington Accomodat'n	4.00 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.		
Day Express and Mail	8.10 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express	12.00 m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet Accommodation	4.45 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.		
St. Paul Express	*9.05 a. m.	*8.30 p. m.
Express	*4.20 p. m.	*11.30 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation	5.40 p. m.	8.45 a. m.
Night Accommodation	11.30 p. m.	1.00 a. m.
Evanston	2.50 p. m.	4.00 p. m.

*Sundays except'd. †Saturdays except'd. ‡Mondays except'd.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

M. C. BUSH will speak in East Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 22d; in Moriah, N. Y., Nov. 5th; Ludlow, Vt.

MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. COONLEY, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1st and 8th; in Rochester, Oct. 15th; will attend the National Convention at Philadelphia, in October, and lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

J. G. FISH will speak in Hammonton and Vineland, N. J., during October; in Cincinnati, O., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Alton, Ill., during September; in Elkhart, Ind., during October; in Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 5th and 12th; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape street, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during November.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. T. ROUSE may be addressed P. O. Box 303, Elkhart, Ind.

BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further notice.

A. B. WHITING, of Michigan, will lecture in Washington, D. C., during October. Address as above (care G. A. Bacon, Box 205,) till November 1st.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

E. V. WILSON may be addressed till Nov. 1st at No. 15 Water street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. A. WILHELM, M.D. Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern Illinois and Missouri, during September and October. Southern Missouri and Kansas during the winter. Iowa in the spring. Address in care of Jas. Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until October.

Marriages.

By marriage we mean the union of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea.

In this city, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, in accordance with the rites of the Religio-Philosophical Society, Mr. WM. BROMLEY to Mrs. FRANCIS H. VON.

At St. Charles, August 22d, 1865, by Hon. S. S. Jones, in accordance with the rites of the Religo-Philosophical Society, LORENZO HAVELOM, Esq., and Miss AMELIA ARNDT, of Wayne, Illinois.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn Sandals, and give the weary rest.

Passed on to the inner life. Gone as a bud to blossom and flower in the Summer Land, EDWARD RAFAEL MCMURROW.

Never was the declaration that "in the midst of life we are in death," more fully exemplified than in the removal of this bright and promising child, who had only seen twenty months of earthly existence, and yet in whom the germs of a bright intellect manifested themselves, in a thousand little mimicing acts that give a charm to this attractive and interesting period of child-life.

But a very few hours before all that was left to our mortal gaze was the cold but beautiful and marble-like form that lies in the pallor of death, this little child came to the writer and, though unable to speak, told that the "cow said moo;" and throwing his little form on the floor, showed "how the old woman fell upon the pavement."

It is hard, very hard, when these little tendrils of affection, which grow in so pure a soil, and twine themselves around our hearts, are thus rudely torn away. We all feel the loss deeply, but no one can tell what a mother feels—no language can portray the deep, unutterable yearnings of a mother for her child when it is

"Not lost, but gone before."

We know too that

"There is not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew and loved of thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality."

An incident related by a modern traveler among the Alps, may afford some consolation to the bereaved.

In the winter season when the mountains are covered with snow and ice, the shepherds feed their flocks in the valleys, where the warm climate furnishes them with pastures, but on the return of summer these become short and the springs fail. Then the shepherd finds it necessary to go up the side of the mountains to obtain new pastures and flowing streams. To remove the flocks thither he takes up a lamb in his arms, and carrying it up the mountain side, lays it down amid the "green pastures and by the side of still waters," and the mother and all the flock follow.

So when the Great Shepherd would have us find better pastures, He takes a lamb from our midst and carries it up the mountain, so that we may be led up higher.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept., 1865. H. T. CHILD.

THE EASTERN STOVE, RANGE AND FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE BEST BARSTOW COOKING RANGE.
THE BEST POND'S MAGIC HEATING FURNACE.
THE BEST CRUSADE COOKING STOVE.
THE BEST FIRESIDE PARLOR.
THE BEST OFFICE AND STORE STOVE IN THE CITY.
THE BEST LAUNDRY STOVE.
THE BEST FARMERS' BOILERS OR LARD KETTLES.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF KITCHEN FURNITURE IN CHICAGO.
THE BEST TINWARE.

And in short the best place to trade is at BARRY'S, No. 82 Monroe Street, Chicago. 2-tf

MR. E. H. EDDY.

PHYSICAL TEST MEDIUM,

Will hold a series of Circles, for the development of Physical Manifestations, similar to those produced through the agency of the Davenports. Will also sit during the day for communications.

Circles convene at Room 51, Reynold's Block, cor. Madison and Dearborn streets. Doors closed at a quarter to eight.

Admission to evening seances, 25 cts.

G. C. HOWARD, Manager.
2-3t

A NEW MANUAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THIS VOLUME, recently prepared by Mr. Davis, contains complete details and all necessary instructions for the

ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It is comprised in a volume of 316 pages, 32mo., is printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth.

Price per copy, 80 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail; do. for 12 copies, $8.40; do. for 100 copies, $63.00.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2-tf

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

A MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS will be held at *MUSIC HALL*, in Corry, Erie Co., Pa., commencing on Friday, October 27th, 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and closing Sunday evening, October 29th.

SPEAKERS ENGAGED.—Frederick Douglass, Cora L. V. Scott, Selden J. Finney, C. C. Burleigh, Lyman C. Howe, Geo. W. Taylor. Others of talent are expected.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will be provided for, free of expense, as far as possible.

Corry is at junction of Philadelphia and Erie with Atlantic and Great Western Railroads.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—E. Wright, H. Lang, L. J. Tibbals, Olive H. Fraser, Mrs. R. A. Northrup, Mrs. M. Lang, Mrs. E. S. Tibbals.

FARM FOR SALE.

A pleasantly located farm is for sale, one mile west of the CITY of BELOIT, WIS. It contains 124 acres: 20 timber—oak and hickory—23 of natural meadow, and 81 good prairie plough land. There is a young orchard and a large quantity of small fruit on the farm. There are two good barns, and a dwelling with seven rooms; a cistern and two wells of excellent water. The stock, farming implements, and Household Furniture are also for sale. The proprietor, wishing to change his business, will sell very cheap for cash. For further particulars inquire at the office of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, or address P. O. Box 598, Beloit, Wis. 1-tf

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

August 6.

INVOCATION.

Thou Spirit of light, life, purity and love; Thou that watchest over all Thy beautiful works! Thou who dwellest in the valley and on the mountain top; Thou who art manifest in all nature, we again turn our thoughts and our aspirations unto Thee, feeling that in so doing we shall be blessed; and that as we turn unto Thee, others may, in like manner turn unto Thee, and feel that they are trebly blessed. To-day, our Father, though the beautiful rays of the sun are hid from our view, and all looks dark and gloomy without, we seek to turn within that we may find light and wisdom, that alone comes from Thee.

So, Father, as thy light dispels the darkness, may we look with compassion upon each and every one of Thy children, who may be in like darkness and gloom. May our light shine forth and brighten the pathway of all the oppressed and down-trodden of Thy children; for we feel, however dark their condition, they are our brothers and our sisters, and Thy children also. And as it seemeth good unto Thee, bless the oppressed. Let them feel that, although surrounded by gloom, there is a bright and glorious future that awaits them. For Thou, oh God, art Love.

And as we feel that Thou art all goodness, may we ever feel to bless, and to ever praise, and remember that it is from Thee alone that we are blessed.

Let us all love, praise and bless Thee, forever, aye and forever.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—Is it generally known in that part of the Spirit Land, where the presiding spirits of this circle are, that Spirits can come here and find means to communicate with their friends who are yet in earth life?

A.—It is known—not only known there, but it is generally known in the Spirit Land. Those who inhabit the Spirit Land seek every opportunity to communicate to friends on earth. Persons on the earth plane can judge of the anxiety of Spirits to communicate by their own feelings. Some are anxious to communicate to friends, and some are restless, and want to come back on that account; and some, who have been in Spirit Life a long time, want to come back and visit friends, as you do in earth life, want to visit friends you have long been absent from.

A gentleman in the circle asked, "Is there any hell?"

A.—In your experience did you ever find anything that came near your idea of hell?

Gentleman replied—"I never did."

Spirit—As every one carries his own hell and heaven with him, you have seen just as much of a hell as you ever will see. If you were to see a person in your imaginary hell, you would experience as much hell as you ever will, by not being able to help get him out of it.

Another gentleman said—The doctrine, then, is not true that the torments of the damned in hell increases the happiness of the saints in heaven, is it?

A.—No, it is not true, unless they are so cold that they need the heat of hell to warm them up.

Q.—Your statements will have a damaging effect upon Theology, if you are believed, will they not?

A.—No. The believing of such a doctrine is as great a damage as they can receive. If they do not want to be damaged, they must not send out damaged goods.

Q.—Has not the belief in the doctrine of hell torments been necessary in past ages, and is it not yet necessary for certain weak-minded people?

A.—That it has been necessary is very true; and that it is necessary still is also true; but it is not necessary because the minds of the individuals are weak, but for their standing in society—to get the good opinion of A, B and C.

It is necessary in another point of view. For instance: there are many individuals that would not be as good as they are, were it not through fear of the penalty, that is affixed by theology, for the wrong-doer.

When people learn to do good for good's sake, and not through fear, then you can dispense with theology.

Q.—Ought not the fallacies of theology to be exposed by all who are capable of seeing them?

A.—Most assuredly they had. Did they not do so, they would not be acting their part, for every one should live up to the highest light they have within them.

Q.—Are not the fallacies of theology apparent to a very large portion of its devotees?

A.—Certainly. As the child learns to run alone, it learns to depend upon itself. As they advance in intellect, they see the errors of theology.

A lady said—If spirits know all that transpires here, I should not want them to come back. I do not think it would add to their happiness.

Spirit replied—If spirits knew all that transpires here, you would not want them to come back. Aye! If they were here with you they would know in part what transpired concerning you. They would pass with you through the lights and shades of life, and as they would enjoy the light, they would also feel sad in the shade; but if they could see ahead, and see the light that was to come out of the shade, they would then enjoy the shade.

Q.—Can spirits look beyond all such shades and always see a light beyond?

A.—When a lady plants a flower garden, she does not mourn over the darkness that surrounds the seed planted, but looks beyond to the beautiful flower. And as they can look beyond and see the beautiful flower, so we can look beyond the shade and see the light.

Q.—Do spirits who die with a long, lingering disease feel as strong, on entering the spirit world, as one who dies in full health and strength?

A.—The condition of the one who dies with a lingering fit of sickness is better than that of one who dies suddenly.

Q.—Please assign the reasons.

A.—It is like sending a person to school. The person who is sick a long time is better prepared for the change.

Q.—Wherein is he better prepared by sickness?

A.—Because when we are prepared for a journey before starting, all is right; when not, all is confusion.

Sunday Evening, August 6, 1865.

ELISHA BINGHAM, of Concord, N. H.

"A man that is born of woman is of few days and of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and cut down. He fleeth like a shadow, and where he?"

That he is born of woman—that he cometh forth like a flower—that he is cut down—that he fleeth like a shadow—is of but little moment, but where is he? That is something that every mind always has been, is, and always will be, anxious to know. Clergy can leave them in the hands of a just God. Friends can console themselves that they are in some far off heaven, or that they are sleeping that last, long sleep that knows no waking until the resurrection morn, when all mankind shall come forth. When an individual has been thus educated, and he too flees like a shadow, and is to travel that dark and dismal road alone, he has not one ray of light, nor a thought of meeting one kind friend—neither knowing whither he shall go, or whether he in reality is to find an existence beyond or not.

And in the anguish of his soul he cries, Why, oh why, is not the road made plainer?

He passes on; before his journey is half ended, he meets kind and dear friends.

Passes on—finds not the heaven, neither the long sleep, but a beautiful plain, where there are millions of human beings, all having perfect use of every faculty of their being; the plain whereon he is to dwell corresponding in every particular with the one he has just left. And, as time passes on, he finds that it is no idle dream, but all a reality.

"After death the judgment;" and am I judged, and if so, by whom am I judged?

Finding theology is false, and that they have but a faint conception of duty, then it is that he is anxious to come back and let it be known that there is no such heaven as they had pictured—no such hell as they imagined—no dark road they had to travel alone. That death was but a simple change; that we did not have to go alone, and that instead of going far, far away, we were still near those we loved. And when they were mourning for us, that we should have thus early in life passed from earth—that they should see us no more till they, too, passed or crossed the river of death—we were still near trying to impress them with our presence. At times we could seem to relieve them; at others their grief seemed greater because they could feel that we were near, but could not see us. Had they been properly educated, we should be able to talk to them as freely as before death, and they would have been spared their grief.

I felt while on earth my mission was to prepare people for heaven, and that heaven was beyond the grave. But now, instead of preparing for a heaven beyond, I would warn them to prepare for a heaven for the *present;* and as they find a heaven on the plane where they now exist, they will likewise find a heaven in the spirit world. I am anxious to have my friends visit mediums, and give me an opportunity to converse with them.

I have a father and mother, one sister and two brothers, all now living in Concord, N. H. Have been in the spirit world three months; died the 2d day of May last, of lung fever. Was a Methodist clergyman; twenty-eight years of age on the 7th of last November. My father's name is George Bingham, and he is a member of the Methodist Church.

Sunday, August 27, 1865.

They say first come, first served, you know. I am first on hand, so I am first served. I don't like this rig, though. [Looking at the medium's dress.] If I could have on a different rig I should feel more like I was at home. Have you not got something different? [Lady present said, "Yes, I have; would you like to have me get it?"] [Handling medium's hoops.] This is the first time I was ever in such things as these. What do you call this? [Lady said, "Crinoline; don't you have such in your country?"] The women may, but I don't. [Rolling up medium's sleeves.] Do you call this a medium—a between? [Yes.] I should think so. I am neither a man nor a woman.

Do you want my name? [Yes.] It is Ashton Clark. I was fifteen years old when I died. Died in New York city, with the measles, last winter—in December. My mother is living; she binds shoes. Her name is Elizabeth Clark. I have got a sister, Louisa; she is nine years old. Mother is forty-seven. I am where children are who don't behave. I did not do anything but run round. They said I might come here if I would behave. Have I not behaved? [Yes.] Thank you.

Sunday, September 25.

The medium was entranced, but did not speak. Returned to semi-consciousness, and complained of feeling like being crushed and severely injured.

Was again entranced, when the controlling spirit said the spirit attempting to control just before was a female, who was crushed to death in a factory, which fell; said the spirit's feelings at the time of death returned with such vividness that she could not control to speak; and said, further, that when a medium is feeling unpleasantly, by reason of disease, and a spirit attempts to control at such time, who died from violence or some painful disease, the medium feels that condition much more sensitively than if in good health. And the spirit attempting to control at such time cannot help feeling the condition which surrounded it at death; nor withdraw such feelings so but what the medium feels it to an unpleasant degree on returning to a normal state.

The spirit also said the medium was in sympathy with that spirit attempting to control, before being unconsciously entranced, to an extent that she felt sad. The medium had complained just before she was entranced, of feeling very sad, and yet knew of no cause for it. The controlling spirit said this manifestation of spirit law of control was a new phase to him, as well as to the persons composing the circle. That truths new to the inhabitants of the spirit world were being developed to them as well as to us.

Sunday, September 25.

MARY E. LEONARD.

After having lived fifty-seven years in a world where there were so many isms, by which the human family were all to find either a heaven or a hell, it is no wonder that those who think for themselves should become infidel to the whole, and neither believe there was a heaven nor a hell, if there were an existence beyond death; which I very much doubted during the last fifteen years of my life on earth. The reason why I doubted it was because I tried nearly all of the "isms," except spiritualism. Of course I thought if there was any devil that ism must be his works. Well, there were none of the believers in the "isms" I tried, but believed that there was but just one heaven; and another thing, there was but just one road that led to that heaven; and they were in that road, and I, too, as long as I staid with them. As far as happiness was concerned, I was just as happy in one as the other, but was really happier without any of them.

It came round after a while that I was not a sister of any of them, but instead I was nothing but that *old infidel* that did not believe in anything, when in fact, I had just began to believe in something, for I believed that which I saw, heard and found, and no more. I told them if they would show me a God I would believe there was one; or if they would show me a devil, I would believe there was one. The nearest thing they could come to a God was to show me some *reverend divine*, which, of course, was nothing but a man; and for the devil, it would be some low, debased creature of humanity, either man or woman, it made no difference which, only so they were "nobody" in society. At last I became to be "nobody" in society, so, of course, I was the devil! But not being able to do all they attributed the devil to have the power to do, I, of course, was not deserving of all the credit they gave me.

Now, to let the "isms" rest, for I think they had better rest, I will tell you what I think. (It is very seldom that a woman dares tell what she thinks.) Taking society as we find it, and calling it very good, you will all admit there is a chance for a good many improvements, and, in fact, there is nothing but what will stand up and acknowledge their improvement, except theology! She would hold the minds of her victims down, and give them no chance for any thought for themselves. If they question the scriptures beyond their ability to answer, they reply that "It is one of the mysteries of God!" "Something that is beyond our conception, and that it is not best for us to know; that God is good, and so let the matter rest."

Not being allowed to think for themselves, their reason becomes, as it were, almost dead. And, in fact, they are in a miserable condition either to live or die. Everything that is, is either the work of God or the devil. Their power to reason from cause to effect is gone, if they ever had any. And when they enter upon another plane of existence, they have to commence at the lower round, and learn their way in the a, b, c's of nature. That is the condition of the victims of most all of the various "isms."

Infidelity, you know, has no "isms." But I would have them to understand that being infidel to their mode of obtaining eternal salvation, is not being infidel to the laws of God!

The thinking mind calls for something that will bear reasoning upon. That which will bear reason, will generally bear being kept! For fifteen years I treasured up all those things that would bear reason, not because I expected to have any use for them in the future, but because they were nice to have to refer to in life. After an illness of three months I passed that change in nature, which all must pass. Although my care was not the best, yet I suppose they did the best they could. I awoke to find myself on what I call another plane. I found that my reasoning was of use to me then, for all was the work of nature. My condition was a happy one. And I would say to all, use your reason.

Your paper will go to St. Louis, and there are more than one that will read and recognize me by simply what I have given. I thank you very much for taking down what I have said for publication.

GEORGE MORRIS.

I am not contented that my folks should think I am asleep.

I am told to never mind, you know; to be patient and they will learn better; but I can't be patient, for I think it is they that are asleep. I am going to try and tell them something that will wake them up. I was shot right square through the knee. My limb was amputated just above the knee. It was either not properly done up or properly cared for, for I lost my life from the effects of it. The idea that I am asleep, or gone to rest, is so absurd in itself that I wish to inform them that we are no more at rest than we were before or after our enlistment. I say we, because Henry and I are together, both brothers.

Henry died with fever in the hospital at St. Joseph, Missouri.

My name was George Morris. I belonged to company K, 42d regiment New York infantry. My father lives in Sandusky, Huron county, Ohio. His name is Mortimer Morris. I guess this will set him to thinking. I am obliged to you.

Please, sir, say that Hattie M. Brown, daughter of C. and E. Brown, departed this life one year ago the 19th of July, aged ten years and five months. Tell my mamma that Aunt Jennie takes care of me, and brings me often to see you and papa. I want you to go to one of those folks they call mediums, and let me tell you about my pretty home, and how happy I be, and how nice it will be when you come here.

Now do go, won't you, to please your little daughter?

Direct a paper to C. and E. Brown, No. 181 Seventh street, New York.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Effect of Religion on Character.

This is a subject on which the difference of opinion is perhaps as great as the diversity of individual minds. The basis for judgment is observation, and the ability for judgment is the freedom from that prejudice which would prevent one from giving to facts their proper significance.

Religion is that element of man's nature, which causes him to aspire toward something superior to himself, or to worship a superior being.

It is quite common to hear the adherents of different forms of religion, claim for themselves the performance of peculiar virtues, and charge against each other the commission of peculiar sins. Few will dispute that persons may be found adhering to widely different forms of religion, whose worship is sincere and whose conduct is exemplary. It is also unnecessary to prove that among the adherents to every form of religion there may be found persons whose character is not exemplary. In like manner, persons may be found adhering to no particular form and apparently nearly destitute of religious feeling, with characters corresponding to every possible grade. Persons are frequently seen enthusiastic in the performance of certain acts, which their religious teachings enjoin, and these acts may be of such a nature as to be considered moral obligations, or they may be simply acts of ceremony, affecting only the person who performs them, or of an immoral character, calculated to injure unjustly those who take no part in their performance.

It is not a sufficient explanation of all these facts, to say, that true religion sincerely believed will accomplish all that is needful; and it is a sufficient answer to this remark, to say that however sincere a person's belief, he can never know exactly what truth is. A conscientious person will do what he believes to be his duty, and refrain from an act which he believes to be wrong. Religion can never usurp the function of conscience. It may cause one to regard certain acts differently, to consider as wrong what he otherwise might regard with indifference or approval, and to consider as duty what he otherwise might regard with indifference or disapproval.

My conclusion, based upon my own observation and the evidence of others, is, that the effect of religion upon character is to modify, but not to produce radical change. If instances should occur to the minds of any who may read this, where the entire character seemed to be changed by religious conviction, it might be well to consider, first, whether such cases were exceptional, and second, whether the change were as radical as it might appear. A man naturally honest, energetic and industrious, may, by the intemperate use of liquor, become idle and thriftless, and in the difficulties by which he is surrounded, may become dishonest. If through any influence he becomes temperate, he may seem like a new man, to one who only knew him after his evil habits were acquired. If this change is accompanied by what is known as conversion, it may all be ascribed to the man's newly found religion, yet it might have taken place without his experiencing religion, and he may relapse into his old habit, without losing his religion.

There is something of a parallel between the effect of religion and that of intellectual education. There can be no doubt that those who are really religious have a larger measure of virtue than those who are not, or that the proportion of crime is larger among the ignorant than among the learned; yet we find crime among scholars and devotees, and virtue among the illiterate and irreligious. The endeavor to find what particular form of religion was the most conducive to virtue, might be compared to a similar effort, to find what particular branch of study would produce the best moral effect. One who would attempt to answer it would need a large amount of private histories, and with all the information possible for him to get, even though his mind were impartial, his judgment must be very imperfect. The better way to judge of any form of religion is to candidly examine its doctrines, to consider what evidence there is to support them, and what tendency they will have, if honestly believed.

Jared D. Gage.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Letter from B. Todd.

Back to old Massachusetts once more, after fifteen years' absence. I am frank to acknowledge that I love Massachusetts, after all, in spite of her conservatism and aristocracy. It is my native State. It is here that I first looked upon the light of life, and in my infant hours, basked in the warm sunlight of a mother's loving heart. All the happy recollections of childhood cluster here. I love her rugged rocks and towering hills, her quiet vales, her cool, refreshing springs; her laughing rills, that sing and dance all the day. I admire the untiring industry, energy and enterprise that characterize her cities, towns and villages. What though she is somewhat old fogyish and bigoted in her religious ideas? What if she does believe in a hell-full and devil-full God, who gets into a pet every day of his life? What if she does believe in a miserable, totally-depraved, sin-cursed, eternally-hell-damned humanity? That does not make it so. What if she does keep her old treadmill of theology running, where she grinds out her ministers yearly, in small or large quantities, just to meet the demand of the religious market, and occasionally throws in a deacon, just to secure the sale, when the ministerial article is defective, either in workmanship or material? Such characters are powerless to harm to any great extent, simply from a lack of faith on the part of the people. There is but a small share of the people in Massachusetts at the present day, that believe the horrid tales that the advocates of popular theology have been wont to tell in years gone.

Lamentable as the fact is, so far as popular theology is concerned, it is nevertheless true. Nor is this the most fruitful source of anxiety to its votaries, for some of them have learned with horror, that many of the clergy begin to doubt it themselves. Else why that grand council that lately set in Boston, for the purpose of reiterating their faith in the old dogmas and re-establishing the old landmarks? The more bigoted part of them foolishly supposed that such a course would strengthen their rapidly-failing institutions. Whereas that very act confessed their weakness to the world. But let them go on with their grand councils, and the running of their theological mills, they will soon have to strike their colors before the onward march of General Progression and his aids, Science and Philosophy. The day is not far distant when the old hierarchy shall follow, unwept and unmourned, the footsteps of American slavery, down to the land of oblivion. Already the glorious sunlight of a true religious freedom begins to send his radiating beams over the golden horizon of future years, and soon its broad disc shall appear, and sweep with an omnipotent power up to the zenith of his glory—

"Dispelling the dark shadows that lie
In our path, with its magical glow."

A truce to popular theology. I want to talk a little about my old home. It has changed in reality very much since I saw it last; but in appearance still more. Distances from point to point have shortened remarkably in appearance; the hills are not as high, and the valleys are less deep and broad, than they were when measured by my young eye, or rambled o'er with the hop and skip of my childhood years. The old redschool house, where the little children of that time learned their a, b, c, while those of larger growth talked of geography, grammar and arithmetic, and learned but little of either; whose benches bore the evident marks of our juvenile efforts at mechanism, and the walls of which testify to our success in crayon sketching, also our stubborn contempt of some tyrannical pedagogue, as, with pine coal in hand, we endeavored to portray what we deemed his true traits of character. But alas! the old schoolhouse has gone the way of all the earth, and the spot where it once stood, is green with grass. A new structure is reared near by, of a more modern style of architecture, with white paint and green blinds. What though they called the old house unsightly and tore it down? It is not destroyed. That house will live for years in the memory of many, who spent a portion of their early life within its walls. Not a thing forgotten—every nail, every clapboard, everything from sill to roof-tree, will be remembered. But the thought strikes me, where are the children whose merry laughter caused its walls to echo and re-echo with the wildest glee? Where are the black eyes, the brown and the blue, that sparkled so brightly when the lessons were all said and the hours of play had come? Many have gone to the higher departments of learning, where winter with his icy chill never comes, but it is school all the year round. The pond where, in summer time, we sailed our tiny boats, and where we went in winter to skate, and slide our sweethearts, yea, and the stream that supplied the pond, is dry.

How often on the banks of that stream, we children used to sit, beneath the shade of the alders and willows, and tell stories and lay plans for the future. But the pond and stream were drained, and where they once were the green and broad grass proudly waves its tasseled head summer after summer, and whispers love to the blushing honeysuckle that nestles so lovingly down in its shadow.

Though many things had apparently decreased in size, there was one spot that had most unmistakably enlarged its borders. And that was the burying ground. Many, very many a deep furrow had the gray-haired old sexton plowed in that fallow field of death. And as I walked over this field of graves the marble slabs and monumental stones told to me what had become of many faces and forms that I once knew. And I became more than ever convinced that *Death* had not changed *his* character at all. For I know that in years ago he was not satisfied with the aged alone, they whose forms were bent, and whose brows were all frost-crowned, and anxiously waiting on the banks of the stream for some kind angel to hand them down; but he loved to dally with raven tresses, and sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and in spite of all our prayers and tears, and bitter groans, he would lure them into dying, and never a sigh of regret was known to escape him, while surveying the ruin he had wrought. As one beautiful song-writer hath expressed it:

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

Oh, Death! I once feared thee, and thought thee an enemy of my race. But now I know thou art beautiful and kind. For with a loving and gentle hand dost thou remove the time-worn and pain-enthraled outer covering of life, and in exchange therefor giveth unto us immortality. Thou dost gently bear us on thy turbid waters to that shining shore where our loved ones are waiting to crown us with a wreath of never-fading flowers, and clothe our new-born spirits with robes of spotless purity and enchanting loveliness. Hence I know that I shall meet those friends that I once knew in that land where graves are never hollowed and tears never flow.

Benjamin Todd.

Miss Cora L. V. Scott in Chicago.

Editors Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thinking a brief synopsis of a lecture upon Reconstruction, delivered at Metropolitan Hall on Sabbath evening, July 9, accompanied by a beautiful poem, improvised at the close of the lecture, would be an appropriate theme for your paper, I copy from memory some of the principal points urged upon the attention of the earnest listeners, as thoughts blossomed into life from the inspired lips of Miss Cora L. V. Scott.

The lecture opened with a brief reference to the cause of the recent rebellion which grew from the spirit of tyranny, injustice, aristocracy, and sympathized in by those of the North who are inimical to the cause of human rights. There could be no permanent reconstruction until a majority of the people of this nation, imbued with the spirit of absolute justice, should strike the fetters from all forms of slavery, and let the family of mankind into the full enjoyment of those inalienable rights which are justly theirs. That doubtless a reconstruction would be made which, for the hour, would be the best that could be for the present condition of affairs; but coming more from policy than principle, would contain the germ that would ere long ripen into a conflict even more terrible than the one through which we had just passed. The ways of infinite wisdom could no be thwarted, and the discipline through which we were passing was but clearing the way of everything less than principles, that they, "regardless of men and measures may become the central power of an enduring government under whose protecting wings our nation may rest in perfect peace." Men were transient, but Principles eternal, and the only permanent foundation upon which to build the Temple of Liberty.

This brief and imperfect abstract may give a faint idea of the eloquent and impressive manner in which the subject was handled.

Yours, "Holland."

ODE TO COLUMBIA.

Columbia, daughter of Morning,
Thou hast flown from the bosom of Night,—
As sprang forth the starry Minerva—
From Jove in his Temple of Light.

The nations have heard o'er the Ocean
The proud song of thy triumph, on high;
And Patriots in their devotion
Have blest thee, thou child of the sky.

But thy power has been sorely tested;
And the waves have engulfed thee awhile;
But the ark of thy safety has rested
On the Mountain of Liberty's smile.

Thou hast sent the white doves in thy proud ships
With a branch of the Olive once more;
And a voice has been heard from thy sweet lips
Like a joy-wave on Life's golden shore.

The rich folds of thy garments are sweeping,
From Ocean to Ocean again;
On thy radiant bosom are sleeping,
The Heroes who shared in thy pain;

And the valleys their heart drops have water'd
Are lovely with summer's bright bloom;
While their souls from the heavens have scatter'd
Star blossoms, to light sorrow's gloom.

Thro' the valley of dark tribulation,
Thou hast passed in triumphant pain;
Wiping out the deep sins of the nation,
Bringing joy to thy children again.

And the ages unborn shall behold thee,
All glowing in thy perfect youth;
And the arms of Jehovah enfold thee
In the glorious mantle of truth.

Columbia! Daughter of Morning,
All hail to the dawn of thy light,
Thy crown with rich love light adorning,
Thy sceptre of power is the Right.

A Spiritual Occurrence at Antwerp.

An article in the *Monde Musical* of Brussels, of January 22, 1865, by A. Malibran, says:—"A circumstance at Antwerp, regarded as one of the most intense centres of Catholicism, greatly surprised me. I encountered there a considerable number of Spiritualists. I am myself as little credulous as St. Thomas himself, but I am compelled to admit the truth of this fact on enquiring into it, and in the face of such facts it is rather ridiculous to attribute them to the devil. A few evenings ago several persons were at a *seance* at the house of one of the most distinguished inhabitants. Some of them seated at a small table waited gravely, and with confidence that an inmate of the other world would deign to come and communicate. That is what they technically call practising *typology*. All at once the table was agitated; there was a spirit. "My friends," said the invisible visitant to the attentive group, "I come to offer you the means of doing a good action and of comforting the unfortunate. In the street *la Cueller*, there is a narrow lane, terminating in a *cul de sac*. In this lane, on the first floor of a house, No. 12, you will find the family of Charles Sorels. Four children, of whom the oldest is but thirteen years, scarcely covered by some wretched rags, are lying in a corner, trembling with cold, on some straw. A fifth child, nearly naked, is pressed by its mother against her breast dried up by suffering and want,—such is the spectacle which I have witnessed. Hasten to relieve them, you have not a minute to lose! This is why I have come to you."

Every one was astounded by this message, and could scarcely credit it. Nevertheless, interest, curiosity, commiseration excited them to the highest degree. Some of them were quickly on the way. They soon found the narrow street, of which before they had scarcely suspected the existence, and then the blind alley, more squalid still. On enquiring for Charles Sorels, they were soon shown the house, where they found the family exactly in the miserable condition described by the spirit. Need we relate the rest? It does not require to be Spiritualists to be affected by such a scene, and to take measures for prompt relief: at the same time we must allow that Spiritualism that day did a great work. The family of Charles Sorels have blessed it with all their souls. At the moment that I write these lines, it is snatched from want, and relates its providential rescue to all who wish to hear it.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"The Religio-Philosophical Journal."

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Another altar will we raise to freedom of the mind,
Another beacon have we set to bless the human kind;
And fearless watchers must we be, to sound the tocsin call,
On this watch-tower of Progress, to light the way for all.

We greet from our Great Inland Mart, the cities where the roar
Of old ocean breaks along the line of their surf-beaten shore,
From the city where our "Banner" waves in halo in the dawn
To where "Religio-Philosophical" Truth heralds the morn.

The clouds of war roll back to show new footing we have gained,
No more by written name of slave our charter will be stained;
But much to erase of its dark code, for the toiler yet remains,
While human mind is cramped by sex, or bound by social chains.

See! far along our moving ranks the brave Reformers tread,
Keep time to Progress by the hosts of bright Celestials led.
The Workers gone before, return to speak brave words of cheer,
To fire anew, with Prophets' zeal, some Moral Pioneers.

With Religio-Philosophical faith comes the dawning of a day
When truth and freedom shines for all with more unclouded ray;
For shades of mental darkness the new light will dispel
The dogmas fed on demons, wrath, with hate, discord and hell.

A Messenger, to bring from the bright, resplendent spheres,
Tidings of joy, love, peace and hope, in place of doubt and fears;
No room for shades of darkness, with wailings of despair,
To rise through endless ages, lost to the Father's care.

Speak for the right, oh! workers! let action nerve thy arm,
Strike for the Truth, and dare all error's power to harm;
It strikes in darkness, for the light dispels the power of ill.
Shout! for the coming of the day when light the land shall fill.

And the work you feel the power to do ask no other guaranty,
Than God designed that part for you, though woman you may be;
Past ages glow with deeds set in their halo bright,
The future crowns with glory the cause of Truth and Right.

Sycamore, DeKalb Co., Illinois.

Letter from Warren Chase.

"Awake to noblest action from life's impassioned dream; let the world make no promise which they cannot redeem"—was the noble sentiment of one now over the western slope of the rocky ridge of America, and one who has nobly lived it out in her own case. Never in the history of our country, nor of any country has there been better opening and brighter prospects before the young, noble-hearted and ambitious aspirant for wealth, honor, fame, or the treasure worth more than all, the soul growth, which shall make one rich in the spirit world. Old institutions are fast ripening for dissolution, and the new are to be formed from the re-combined parts of the old and broken. Our new currency in great abundance will furnish the capital for all who have good character to base credit upon, and wish to use money they do not own, and on which they can, when combined with their industry and enterprise, make more than the interest. Our old colleges are ripe and gone to seed in theology and classics, and must soon give way to more practical and profitable schools of industry and science combined, instead of science and theology—living languages—living facts—living spirits, instead of the old and dead. The useless mummery of prayers so common in our schools, legislatures, and the rebel Congress and Jeff. Davis's house and cabinet, will soon be dispensed with and a true and practical reform instituted instead. The effort and effects of the churches in the rebellion, and its suppression, have opened the eyes to their rottenness—especially of the soldiers, both North and South—and of the loyal men, South and North. Well may the papers style Jeff. Davis the Christian President, for he was, and a good specimen too, of the sectarian Christian. Nobody could tell by his servants which side God was on, till the conflict was over. But now it is plain enough, He was a Union Man and never favored secession at all, even though for a while it seemed as if the rebels had His help. New and magnificent enterprises are about to be opened for labor, capital and skill, and equally new and important for the metaphysical, intellectual and spiritual efforts of all who desire to work in such fields. Equally great changes are being laid out for work in the religious and social fields. All who have an eye on the churches see decay and approaching death in them. Nothing but wealth and aristocratic society keeps them together now and after the terrible blow which aristocracy has felt in the fall of slavery and the rebellion; no institution is safe on such a foundation in this country. The Protestant churches, rest on the same foundation in the North, that slavery did in the South—the wealth of a few, and the ignorance of the many—and the Bible thrown in, as it is, in both cases. Pride and exclusiveness made up the social condition that sustained slavery in one section, and makes up what supports our popular churches North and South. There are great changes going on, even now, to wheel this petty aristocracy under at the North, as it has been at the South. Socially, too, we are in the convulsive throes of revolution; every neighborhood is convulsed by petty eruptions and domestic volcanoes, which, like the shocks that precede an eruption of a Vesuvius, shows that the fire cannot much longer be kept down. Politics are also gone to seed—old issues exist no more, over which we have had such heated conflicts and bitter contentions. Factions have gone up in balloons and come down with the gas blown off—empty bags of wind, no lighter than the common air, and can rise no more. What party shall the soldier join on his return? What party the young man of twenty-one? What church? What sect shall school our children? What field shall we labor in? are now the questions. Take hold of the plow and do not look back—there is plenty of most important labor for all. Materials are at hand for new churches—new colleges—new parties in politics and reform—new enterprises—new social organizations—great results are to grow out of the peace just established on the fall of slavery and southern aristocracy, and there is room for all who have heart for labor.

July, 1865. WARREN CHASE.

Fresh Air.

If there is one thing more than any other to which mankind have stopped their ears from hearing the voice of God, and have closed their eyes from seeing the coming of the glory of the Lord, it is in their want of appreciation of the value of pure, fresh air, God's sweetest, noblest gift to man. It is not so bad with you as with me. I have wept over the poor in our city—pent up in little apartments, often under ground, where the bright sunlight and free air never come, crowded together so that, even were they disposed, it would be impossible to be cleanly in their habits or pure in their surroundings. It is not surprising, then, that disease is a constant visitor in their miserable abodes, and that when it comes in a contagious form Death reaps a full harvest.

Let me impress this thought upon you, for your patients and yourself also. You will be compelled, as I am, to breathe the fetid and pestilential air from the dead and the dying. See to it that you go away from all these several times each day, and beneath the vault of heaven, standing erect, expand your chest to its utmost capacity, and take in the deepest inspirations you can of that blessed pure air. My favorite spot for this purpose is the place where I worship; and you may think me a little heretical here, for it is not in dim aisles and consecrated walls, with windows shaded and festooned with curtains to exclude the free light and air of heaven, but out in the wide, beautiful fields, and beneath the shade of some old, majestic tree, through whose branches the winds for centuries have chanted their hymns; here, breathing the pure air and sending forth living, loving aspirations, I worship and am carried into that interior condition which rests and thrills me with joy unspeakable.—*H. T. Child.*

Our City—Chicago.

So large and rapidly increasing population necessarily requires a vast amount of money for doing the unparalleled amount of business transacted in this city, as will hereafter be shown. We therefore call your attention to the subject of

MONEY AND BANKS.

We have now the following National Banks:

BANKS.	PRESIDENTS.
First National	E. Aiken.
Second National	J. A. Ellis.
Third National	J. H. Bowen.
Fourth National	B. Lombard.
Fifth National	Josiah Lombard.
Commercial National	P. R. Westfall.
City National	A. D. Reed.
Mechanics' National	J. Y. Scammon.
Northwestern National	B. Sturgis.
Merchants' National	C. B. Blair.
Union National	W. F. Coolbauck.
Manufacturers' National	W. H. Brown.
Traders' National	I. O. Rutter.

The amount of capital of National Banks in this city will exceed four millions of dollars. The amount handled by our bankers, daily, is ten millions of dollars.

THE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

The Insurance interests of Chicago, always large, have assumed proportions during the past year never reached before, and the magnitude of which can only be realized by aggregating the business of the various institutions doing business here. Fourteen agencies and firms are engaged in the fire business, whose combined premiums for the last year slightly exceeded $900,000. The Marine premiums approximate to $420,000, while the premiums taken by the different Life Insurance Agencies, including both general and local, reach $500,000 more.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

The grain trade of Chicago still continues to be one of the leading features of the Commerce of the Northwest. The receipts of flour and grain are equal to 45,952,741 bushels.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat during the year 1864, foot up 11,257,196 bushels.

RYE.

The receipts of rye during the year 1864, foot up 969,116 bushels.

OATS.

The receipts of oats during the year just closing, amount to 13,653,941 bushels.

BARLEY.

The receipts of barley during the year just closing, amount to 760,446 bushels.

FLOURING IN CHICAGO.

In addition to the large quantity of flour received in this city, there is a large amount manufactured here. There are nine milling establishments in this city, where are annually made some 250,000 barrels of flour, consuming some 1,250,000 bushels of wheat.

THE BEEF PACKING.

This being the largest cattle market in the United States, our packers have the pick of the beeves offered for sale, which opportunity they improve, as the quality of Chicago beef has always taken the lead in the markets of the world.

THE PORK PACKING.

The progress of the pork packing in Chicago is one of the best illustrations which can be given to show the rapid development of the Northwest. In the season of 1852-53, there were packed in this city only 48,156 hogs. In 1857-58, it had increased to 99,262; in 1861-62 to 514,118; and in 1862-63 the packers reached the enormous number of 970,264.

HOGS.

The receipts of hogs, live and dressed, during the year 1864, amount to 1,582,047.

BEEF CATTLE.

The receipts for the year 1864 amount to 336,627 head.

SHEEP.

The sheep trade of this city, and of the Northwest, is getting to be very large. Upwards of 100,000 stock sheep went westward on to the prairies during the last year.

We have no data to found a correct report upon.

HIGHWINES.

The shipments for the year 1864 foot up 133,145 barrels.

LUMBER TRADE.

The following table shows the receipts of lumber, shingles, lath, etc., for the year 1864, and also compare with the previous year, 1863:

	1864	1863.
Lumber, ft	480,165,000	392,800,000
Shingles, No	33,300,000	152,435,000
Lath, pcs	63,805,000	41,665,000
Square Timber, ft	4,940,000	5,060,000
Cedar Posts, pcs	576,971	558,520
Railroad Ties	447,825	369,282
Telegraph Poles	37,465	19,102
Shingle and stave bolts, cds	11,849	9,442

THE WHOLESALE DRY GOODS TRADE.

The sales of the entire trade cannot fall short of $35,000,000.

HATS, CAPS AND FURS—Five millions.

WHOLESALE CLOTHING TRADE—Twelve millions.

HIDES—19,524,409 lbs.

SEEDS—Grass and flax, 10,224,598 lbs.

COAL AND WOOD.

Receipts of coal in 1864, 279,425 tons; shipments of coal in 1864 estimated at 15,000 tons. Receipts of wood by lake, in 1864, 140,577 cords.

THE GROCERY TRADE.

By a careful estimate, the returns of our wholesale grocery trade for the past year, do not fall short of $40,000,000.

THE WHOLESALE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.

There are now sixteen large wholesale establishments in the city, which have done a business during the year 1864 of about $14,000,000.

DOMESTIC DRIED FRUIT TRADE.

Peaches, 75,000 bushels; dried apples, very large,—the staple of dried fruits—no estimate.

WAREHOUSES.

The warehouses of Chicago, and their perfect system of operations are as familiar as "household words," in fact, wherever the fame of Chicago's greatness has gone, the wonderful stories of her elevators have traveled with it. No European traveler, who visits the west, thinks his tour ended unless he has witnessed the *modus operandi* of their performances. Total capacity, 10,085,000 bushels.

LAKE TONNAGE.

	No.	Tonage.	Value.
Total	1,870	470,034	$16,720,800

GROWTH OF THE CITY.

It is absolutely impossible to describe or mention anything like the whole of the building operations of 1864; to give some idea of the magnitude of the work, we append a tabular statement which, if anything, will be found to be below the mark:

Buildings worth	$100,000	and upwards	4
" "	50,000	" "	35
" "	10,000	" "	53
" "	5,000	" "	200
" "	1,000	" "	780
Dwellings and Buildings of all kinds			8,006
Total value of erections			4,700,000
Churches			0
Schools			2
Halls and Public Buildings			4

The table might be extended to an indefinite length, as ingenuity might suggest, but it is already complete enough to give some idea of the magnitude of our extensions, and to impress upon the world that we Chicagoans "still live."

RAILROADS CENTERING AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.—W. B. Ogden, President; Geo. L. Dunlap, General Superintendent; James R. Young, Secretary. Total length of road, 889 miles. Trains leave on this road from the depot, corner of Kinzie and West Water streets and Kinzie and Wells streets. Generaloffice, Exchange Bank (second floor.)

CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.—C. W. Durant, President; W. L. St. John, General Superintendent; F. H. Towns, Secretary. Trains leave from depot, corner Sherman and Van Buren streets. General office, Dickey's building, corner Lake and Dearborn streets.

CHICAGO AND ALTON.—T. B. Blackstone, President; Robert Hale, General Superintendent; W. M. Larrabee, Secretary and Treasurer. Trains on this road leave the Union depot, South Canal, opposite West Monroe street. General office, east side Dearborn between Lake and Randolph streets.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.—Alexander Mitchel, President; H. W. Blodgett, Vice President; Geo. L. Dunlap, General Superintendent; A. S. Davis, Secretary and Treasurer. Trains leave from corner Kinzie and West Water streets; office Telegraph building.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.—J. M. Douglas, President; W. R. Arthur, General Superintendent; A. Mitchell Superintendent Chicago Division. Trains leave on this road from the Union Central depots, (passenger and freight) foot of South Water street. General office in depot.

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.—Geo. W. Cass, President; J. M. McCullogh Superintendent. Trains leave from depot, South Canal, corner West Madison streets. Office Northeast corner Clark and Randolph streets.

CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN.—W. D. Judson, President; A. N. Towne, General Superintendent; Amos Tenny, Secretary.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN INDIANA. A. Havemeyer, Vice President; H. H. Porter, General Superintendent; C. M. Gray, Superintendent Western Division; S. C. Hough, Western Passenger Agent. Depot, Sherman, corner Van Buren. Office, Sherman block, 56 Clark street.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.—J. W. Brooks, President; R. N. Rice, General Superintendent; H. E. Sargent, General Agent. Trains leave on this road from depot foot of Lake street. Office corner Lake and Dearborn streets, under Tremont House.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY R. R.—James F. Toy, President; Robert Harris, General Superintendent; A. T. Hall, Secretary and Treasurer; Henry Martin, Agent. Trains leave on this road from the Central Union depot, foot of Lake street. General office at the Michigan Central freight depot, foot of South Water street.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.—President, E. Watkyn, London, England; Secretary, Joseph Elliott, Montreal, C. E.; Western General agent, J. H. Whitman. Trains leave Michigan Central and Southern depots. Western General Agency, 48 Clark street.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF CANADA—DETROIT TO NIAGARA FALLS.—General Manager, Thos. Swinyard; Treasurer, Joseph Price; General Freight Agent, Geo. B. Springs; A. Wallingford, Western Agent, 91 Lake street.

ERIE RAILWAY.—President, Robert H. Burdell, New York; General Superintendent, Hugh Riddle, General Western Agent, E. S. Spencer Chicago. General Western office, 64 Clark street.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—President, Dean Richmond; Vice President, R. M. Blatchford; General Superintendent, H. Chittenden; Western Passenger Agent, A. A. Sample. Office, 53 Clark.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.— —— Thomson, President. H. W. Gwinner, General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia; W. H. Holmes, General Passenger Agent, Chicago; T. L. Kimball, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Office, Metropolitan block.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

EXAMINES AND PRESCRIBES IN SPECIAL CASES ONLY. Diseases affecting the nerves, brain, sight, memory, which arise from exhaustion of the vital powers, prematurely, from disease or excess, rendering the patient emasculent in mind, and powerless in body. *Such and such only!* The system of cure is an improvement on that acquired by Dr. R. in Turkey, Egypt, Syria and France. It is dynamic in operation, and therefore true. Terms, $5.00—Medicines extra. Address "New Orleans, Louisiana." 2-tf

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A RELIABLE, RESPONSIBLE, ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, of almost a lifetime business experience, going to Europe soon and returning next spring, wishes to execute some orders for first-class American houses, or private persons. Would not object to act as business agent for a superior Test Medium. Apply immediately to

J. LOEWENDAHL,
2-2t Williamsbridge, Westchester Co., N. Y.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS. Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, $5.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address 1179 Washington street, Boston. 2-tf

AN EXHIBITION

OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA, will be held at *Concert Hall*, on the evening of the 19th of October, during the session of the SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL CONVENTION in that city. The programme for the evening will be arranged with special reference to affording our friends and the delegates from distant sections of the country an opportunity of witnessing and becoming acquainted with the general working and exercises of the Spiritualists' Lyceum movement. It is therefore hoped, that the numerous associations of Spiritualists throughout the land will embrace this opportunity of sending delegates to this convention, not only for the objects stated in the call, but with a view of establishing these institutions in every section of the entire country.

M. B. DYOTT, Conductor of the Lyceum and member of the Local Committee.

NORTH-WESTERN PATENT AGENCY.

TUTTLE & CO.,
Solicitors of
AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS.
INVENTORS' GUIDE,
Containing important information, sent to applicants gratis.

UNION WASHING MACHINE
AND
Clothes Wringer Combined.

MACHINE—simple, durable. DOES THE WASHING PERFECTLY. WRINGER—Galvanized iron frame, cog wheels, drain board, and

SOLID WHITE RUBBER ROLLS.

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. All questions connected with the machine settled and fully disposed of in following the "Special Directions," which are very simple and easily learned.
☞ Local Agents wanted.
PRICE COMPLETE, $35.00. Terms Cash with order.
Send for descriptive circular, &c.
VAN NAME & CO., Western Agents,
No. 82 Madison st., Chicago. No. 231 Walnut st., Cincinnati, Ohio. No. 78 N. Sixth st., St. Louis, Mo. 1-1t

F. W. KRAUSE, Agent,
FRANKLIN IRON WORKS,
S. E. Corner Washington and Jefferson Sts.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
Manufacture Steam Engines, Sawmills, all kinds of Hoisting Machines, Derricks, Pulleys, Shafting, Hangers, Gearing, Mill Work, Tobacco Machinery, Lard Presses, and all kinds of Wood and Iron Machinery.
☞ All kinds of Machinery Repaired. 1-1t

LAMB'S
KNITTING MACHINE
Knits the Heel into the Stocking and Narrows off the Toe Complete,
LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTES HAND-KNITTING.

LAMB'S MACHINE
Is the only one in the World that can set up its Own Work.

IT KNITS ANY DESIRED SIZE without removing needles, from four loops forming a cord, up to its fullest capacity; widens and narrows by varying the number of loops, the same as by hand, and knits the web either tubular, double or flat, with selvidge, producing Shawls, Nubias, Breadfast Capes, Jackets, Hoods, Sacks, Wrappers, Drawers, Comforts, Leggings, Smoking and Skating Caps, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamp Wicks, Gloves, Mittons, &c.

All other machines knit merely a straight tube, into which the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability.

IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter" and the "Crowning Triumph."
☞ Wanted, Agents. For circulars address (enclosing stamp) to 148 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, or 128 Clark st., Chicago. [1-1t] S. BRANSON, Agent.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME,
ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN.
R. T. TRALL, M. D. } Proprietors.
M. NEVINS, M. D. }

THE INVIGORATING CLIMATE, clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, and charming scenery, render this region unrivalled as a resort for invalids affected with consumptive, dyspeptic, bronchial, rheumatic, and, indeed, all chronic diseases. The building is replete with all the appliances of the Hygienic System, and has accommodations for 500 or 600 persons.

Send stamps for circulars to the *Home*, or No. 15 Laight st., New York.

HYGEIO-THERAPEUTIC COLLEGES.—The lectures of the Summer terms will hereafter be given at "Western Hygeain Home," St. Anthony, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in June*. The winter terms will be held in New York, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in November*. Fees for the course, $100. Graduation $30. After the first term Students or Graduates are charged $10 for every subsequent term. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted on precisely equal terms.

☞ The Honorary Degree of the College is conferred on properly qualified persons, on payment of the Diploma fee of $30.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME PRIMARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—In this School *Physical Culture* is as much a part of the educational programme as is reading, writing, arithmetic, Geography, &c. A superior system of Light Gymnastics is taught; and the health and development of both body and mind are carefully and equally attended to. 1-1t

HEALING THE SICK
BY THE
LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the Dynamic Institute, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground overlooking the lake. Our past success is truely marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

TESTIMONIALS.

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee—three years totally deaf in one ear, and eye-sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eye-sight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee—rheumatism in heart, chest and one arm, cured in less than 10 minutes.

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau,)—white swelling and rheumatism in both limbs with bone disease—could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes was made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.—60 years old, very fleshy. Hip Ail and falling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis.—by falling from a building 15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in Aug., 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as twenty-five in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis.—dyptheria, a very bad case, cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.—ovarian tumor and falling of womb, cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.—white swelling and rheumatism, was unable to use her limbs since last May; made to walk in twenty minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.—typhoid fever for two weeks, cured in five minutes.

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.—by a fall from a load of hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine, drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm, suffered for six years, spent $700 dollars and received no benefit. Cured in three minutes.

The above cases we have certificates of which may be referred to.

Special References:—Col. Geo. H. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

Those who are absolutely poor are cordially invited to call on each Saturday afternoon. We will treat them free of charge. Personal cleanliness absolutely required in all cases. The institution is located on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, and within 100 feet of the Street Railroad. Post Office drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.
Milwaukee, August 1, 1865.—[1-1t

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TALLMADGE & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
GREAT WESTERN DEPOT
FOR ALL
Spiritual and Reformatory Books
AND PERIODICALS.

Also—Agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Banner of Light*.
☞ These Publications will be furnished to patrons in Chicago at Boston prices, at No. 109 Monroe Street, (Lombard Block), two doors west of the Post Office.
Catalogues of books and prices sent on application.
Address, TALLMADGE & CO.,
1-1t Box 2222, Chicago, Ill.

A. JAMES,
The MEDIUM ARTIST,

THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given, will send to any address, for 20 cents, a History of the CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of Spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send a Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPATION. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 52x88 inches—"Life Size;" said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this country.
☞ *It can be seen at the Artesian Well.*
Address A. JAMES,
1-tf Chicago, P. O. Box 2079.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,
FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.
BY MRS H. F. M. BROWN,

This is a Liberal Juvenile, made up of short stories—jams which are calculated to please and instruct Youth.
☞ Price, plain, 50 cents; half gilt, 65 cents. For sale at this office. 1-1t

FURST, BRADLEY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
No. 46, 48 and 50 West Lake St.,
CONRAD FURST, DAVID BRADLEY, JOHN SALISBURY, HENRY SHERMAN. } CHICAGO, ILL.
1-1t

C. H. WATERMAN,
CHICAGO UNION TOBACCO WORKS,
22 Market Street, Chicago.
Manufacturer of FINE CUT, SMOKING and PLUG TOBACCO. Also—CIGARS.
All orders promptly attended to. Address 22 Market st. [1-1t

E. S. HOLBROOK. C. C. POMEROY. J. CLOUGH HAINES
HOLBROOK, POMEROY & HAINES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
79 Dearborn Street. J. C. HAINES,
Room No. 3—P. O. Box 1442. [1-1t] Notary Public.

O. S. POSTON,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
SMITH & NIXSON BLOCK, No. 2. 1-1t

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
(Of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.)
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN
FOR
CHRONIC DISEASES,
HAS OPENED ROOMS AT
THE HEALING INSTITUTE,
No. 119 Wisconsin Street,
(OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE),
MILWAUKEE, - - - WISCONSIN,
Till November 15th, 1865.

CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS!

NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations Performed.

But five to thirty minutes are required for inveterate cases of almost any curable Chronic Diseases; and so certain is the effect, that many diseases require but few operations, excepting Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy and Consumption. Exception is also made to Broken Bones, Dislocations, Bad Curvatures of the Spine, and Suppurated Tumors. Even these will be much benefitted, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. Diseases which are most certain of being cured, with a few exceptions, are: Weak Spines, Internal Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Diseased Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Falling of the Womb, all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weakness of the Limbs, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Diabetes, Nervous Debility, &c.

Paralysis is the most slow and uncertain with this treatment; sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. So many thousand are already acquainted with the method of treatment, as practiced by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghampton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., and at Detroit Mich., that it seems unnecessary to say more than that by it the vital forces become equalized; and what seems more wonderful is, that diseases heretofore considered incurable—like the Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Weak Spines and Fever Sores—are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who come from a distance, to have a second.

TESTIMONIALS:

During three years practice I have performed 60,000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I give the names of a few who have been *cured* lately.

Miss Eilza A. Fleming, Port Hudson, St. Clair co., Mich., bedriden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficulty, Female Difficulty; (Retroversion) and Complete Nervous Prostration. Perfectly cured with a few operations. Will reply to inquiries.

Miss Gertrude Titus, 72 Shelby st., Detroit, Mich. Rheumatic Affection for three months. Elbow badly swollen and unbendable; unable to open or shut the hand. Perfectly cured with operation of five minutes.

Mrs. N. Y. Forsyth, 108 Farmer st., Detroit, Mich. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. One year unable to walk without crutches. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mrs. Sarah A. Mason, corner Cass st, and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Amaurosis, or Paralysis of the Optic Nerve. Cured instantly. Can now see to read fine print distinctly.

Miss Mary E. Bentham, Grand Rapids, Mich. Epilepsy, Female Weakness and Spinal Difficulty. Bed-ridden for upwards of a year. Brought into my operating room in arms. Made to walk, strong and active, as well as any one, in five minutes.

Mrs. A. A. Fish, Detroit, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Mr. John Tarbell, 45 Washington avenue, Detroit, Mich. Dyspepsia. Three years a great sufferer. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. J. T. Bloomfield, Conductor on Detroit and Toledo railroad. Deaf 15 years. Made to hear distinctly in five minutes.

Mrs. Margaret McCormick, Ypsilanti Mich. Chronic Rheumatism. Unable to move without assistance. Made to walk as well as any one in two minutes.

Vivalda White, Chelsea, Mich. Complete loss of voice. Perfectly restored in one minute.

Mr. W. L. Robson, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis, Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket shot wound at the battle of South Mountain, Md., 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Miss Eliza E. Richards, Bass Lake, Washtenaw county, Mich. Prolapsus Uteri, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Mr. Oliver Ruby, Macomb county, Mich. Paralysis—unable to stand or walk. Made to walk in ten minutes.

Mrs. Eliza Donaldson, Wyandotte, Wayne county, Mich. Epileptic Fits and Complete Nervous Prostration. Unable to stand alone. Perfectly cured in an instant.

Mrs. Philander Ewell, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Alonzo Briggs, New Baltimore, Macomb county, Mich. Fever Sore. A great sufferer for ten years. Perfectly cured with one operation.

Mrs. P. B. Sherwood, Newfield, Tompkins county, N. Y. Ovarian Tumor and Prolapsus Uteri. Perfectly cured, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss Jane A. Sheridan, 114 South Fitzhugh street, Rochester, N. Y. Hip Disease, eight years. Obliged to use crutches six years. Left crutches and walked away without assistance, after a single operation. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Eliza Vahue, Niles street, Rochester, N. Y. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. Very sensitive and painful; unable to move without crutches. Cured in five minutes. Left her crutches and resumed her usual vocations.

Mrs. Mary Pero, 37 South Washington street, Rochester, N. Y. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and General Debility. For several years a great sufferer. Fully cured with two operations, and may be referred to.

Mrs. Henry E. Spaulding, Elmira, N. Y. Complete Loss of Voice. Had not spoken above a whisper in ten months. Was made to talk loud and distinct with one operation of fifteen minutes.

Miss Martha N. White, Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bed ridden most of the time for two years; only able to sit up a few moments at a time. Cured by touch—instantly—and will reply to any inquiries.

Miss Maria Duel, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease and Spinal Affection. Obliged to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured and left her crutches.

Mr. Elmer Dimick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Epileptic Fits every five days for four years. Perfectly cured.

Mrs. Harriet Lincoln, Spencerport, Monroe county, N. Y. Asthma. Perfectly cured in one minute.

Mrs. Martin Edgerton, Orangeport, Niagara county, N. Y. Great Mental Depression—almost insanity. Instantly cured.

Mr. H. C. Clark, Kendall Mills, Orleans county, N. Y. Rheumatism. Cured instantly.

Miss A. Maria Wait, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. Sciatica, of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches, and walked away.

Miss Emma Lee, Dunkirk, N. Y. Hip Disease. Unable to walk without crutches. After one operation could walk with ease.

Mr. Edgar A. Gay, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism, seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly restored in four operations, and may be referred to.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Hayward, Clayton, Lenawee county, Mich. Sciatica, Spinal and Kidney Disease. Four months unable to walk without crutches, and (although pronounced incurable by three different physicians) was made to walk as well as any one in five minutes, and left his crutches.

Mr. Lewis Lobdell, Adrian, Mich. Dyspepsia and Nervous Rheumatism. Perfectly cured with two operations.

Prof. J. W. Hartal, Adrian, Mich. Complete Nervous Prostration, Night Sweats, &c. Confined to bed for five months, constantly. Almost instantly restored.

TERMS OF TREATMENT

Always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money or price. 1-1t

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

California Sketches---No. 2.

DEAR CHILDREN:—You might be disposed to laugh, could you see the Ragged Frenchman poking along the streets, his eyes fixed on the ground, ready to spy out any pile of dirt, and eager to seize on a mouldy crust that might be found therein. 'Tis there he gets his daily dinners. You may smile too, at his rags—the filthiest kind of rags too, that dangle about him. The remnants of an old coat torn to shreds, pants, once oil cloth, and hardly enough left to dignify them by the name of pants; an old slouchy hat, picked, no doubt, from a scavenger's pile; and his locks long and shaggy, straying over his face and shoulders, combed only by the wind, and powdered with sand.

I might laugh with you, did I not see in that once fine form, and through the dirty face, traces of beauty and intellect. How strangely abandoned now, are all the finer abilities of his nature, and how dead the soul that once was reflected from those bright black eyes! If his sad history were told us, I am sure we would weep, instead of laughing at the wreck of one of God's noble works.

'Tis a story of domestic love, crushed in its growth, of pride and ambition doing their work, and of his heart's idol won from his home of wealth, to that of his rival. He walks the streets in rags, a mild lunatic, *she* passes him in her carriage, drawn by a span of horses that proudly arch their necks, and daintily touch the paving stones, proud, perhaps, of their wealth of harness, silver mounted, and the handsomely clad lady they carry. He often hails her as she rides, but Sambo never stops, except at mistress' bidding, and so she goes on with a heart as cold as the curbstone and a sweet smile for her associates; he with a wild lustre in his eyes and with a quicker step.

Learn, dear children, while yet your hearts are pure, to value those domestic ties bound by love, and the family circle, which is the nursery of heaven. When you have passed the verdant spring and bright warm summer of life, and the frosts of autumn promise soon to turn to winter's snows, you will decide with me that the simple pleasures of home are more enduring and satisfying in their influence, than any that honor and ambition can bestow. So thinks

SAN FRANCISCO. F. M. K.

For the Little Ones of the Household.

WONDERS OF NATURE.

No. I.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is a shady hillside, a pleasant walk from my house, clothed with tall trees, shaking their brawny arms high up in the winds, and carpeted with fine grass, in which flowers form the pattern. During the early spring days, I take many a walk along this beautiful bluff, which overlooks the farm, and a great distance beyond, to meditate—for silence and solitude disturbed only by the voices of the murmuring winds, or waving branches, awake fresh thoughts, which lie asleep in the brain until thus aroused.

Often my daughter Rosa goes with me, gay as a kitten, and joyful as a lamb, asking a thousand questions, which I am obliged to answer as well as possible. Once, when her mother accompanied us, she was more gleesome than usual. We seated ourselves by the roots of a great chestnut, when, taking a bouquet I had gathered, she began weaving the flowers into her mother's hair. After a while she looked up into my face with a strange, eager expression, and exclaimed:

"Please tell me all about it?"

"All about what, Rosa?"

"I want to know all about the world; how it was made, and how beasts were made, and the birds that sing so sweetly, and the flowers I so love."

"Perhaps I cannot tell you."

"Ah, yes you can, for I must know; I think about it all the time."

"Well, as you are so determined, I will tell you, if you will tell me what you desire to know first. When I have to speak of such a countless variety of objects, how can I tell which will most please you?"

"I will be pleased with anything, papa, if you will only tell me a very, very long story."

Such, reader, is the beginning of my story, in which I shall strive to embody a description of the most wonderful objects of the natural world. Imagine that we are gathered in a dense group on the hillside, high trees chanting music above us, and birds singing around us, and I begin my story.

"We live in a very beautiful world; so beautiful that your heart almost bursts with joy when you come out in the dewy morn and hear the birds, the thousand-tongued musicians of nature, chanting a matin song to the rising sun."

"There is a great deal of misery in the world, papa."

"Yes, but the happiness is vastly greater. We are more conscious of pain than happiness. If you get a fall or a scratch, you think you are very unfortunate, for you do not consider the amount of happiness afforded by the sunshine. How dreary and lonely you would be in perpetual darkness. The kissing winds, the gentle showers, refreshing the parched earth, come so naturally, you are scarcely reminded of their presence. But when you suffer pain, it is so unnatural, so against the usual order, you are strongly reminded of the full amount.

"You express the convictions of a great many when you say that there is more misery than joy in the world, but we shall soon see that the world is brimming with happiness, and useful lessons can be learned from the most loathsome worm or reptile.

"We see only the surface of creation here. Surrounded by giant trees, beautiful flowers, singing birds, sporting animals, we ask, how came all these? We cannot directly answer the question, because we never see any of them created, but we know they must have had a beginning some time. A few years ago your question could not have been answered at all. A great many wise men have devoted themselves to the study of this subject, and have, at least, partially answered it. The living beings we see around us are not the first which came on the globe. Several times the earth has been peopled with races of plants and animals, which have been swept away, and new ones have taken their place, to die out in turn, and make room for others. Each of these creations was better and more perfect than the one it followed, until the present came, superior to all others.

"Now, you must know that to understand how this [illegible], we must first [illegible] how the others came, for they are all bound together.

The present one which surrounds us we can closely examine, but all the others are buried in the rocks beneath our feet. The study of these rocks is called *Geology*.

"When we visited the limestone quarry, you recollect your mother gave you what you called strangely shaped pebbles, and told you that although they came out of the solid rock, and were, apparently, stone, they were once active with life."

"Oh yes, and mamma said they were, when living, as delicately colored as the clouds at sunset, and many of them had pearls."

"They were embedded in the stone, and formed part of it."

"How did that limestone grow?"

"Stones do not grow like trees, or animals. They are formed beneath the waters of lake or ocean. You remember how the flood last year swelled the little creek, and how muddy its waters were?"

"Perfectly; and how mamma said that it would break its back with such a load, before reaching the lake."

"That mud fell on the floor of the lake, and formed a layer over it, which, growing thicker at each flood, in time, becomes of great thickness. Shells of clams, periwinkles, and snails, washed down by the streams, are embedded in this mud, just as the shells are in the limestone."

"Was the limestone formed in like manner?"

"Very similarly. Now we can find which rocks are lowest, and which next, and so on, up to those now forming under the waters of lakes and oceans, and by the shells, bones and leaves embedded in them, tell what animals and plants inhabited the earth when the rocks in which they are found were forming, just as we can, by examining the mud in the lake, tell what shells inhabit its waters.

"For convenience, I shall make six great creations, each of which was ushered into existence, dwelt here a time, and perished, after giving birth to the next.

(1.) Age of shell-fishes.
(2.) Age of fishes.
(3.) Age of gigantic vegetation.
(4.) Age of reptiles.
(5.) Age of mammals.
(6.) Age of man.

"The first four have passed away, and the vestiges of their existence are deeply concealed in the rocks of the earth's crust. The last is that which surrounds us. As we take our accustomed walk I will describe to you the strange and wonderful beings met with in each."

"Are they very wonderful, papa?"

"Very wonderful, indeed. I shall tell you of lizards which flew like birds; of porpoises which had heads like snakes; of great fish, like lizards, with eyes as large as the brim of your flat; of others as long as the highest oaks are tall; of rushes as tall as yonder elms, and a thousand other things still more strange."

"Oh, I am so impatient."

"I shall have to restrain you for a while, until I tell you about the globe, and how it was born."

"Born!"

"Yes, born from a sea of fire, and cradled in mist and vapor.

"I shall only tell you what science teaches; what reason has determined from the facts of human experience. Many wild theories have been formed to account for the creation, but all have failed. Some of them, however, are very poetical. The ancients believed the earth flat, and surrounded by an infinite ocean, into which the sun set, and from which it arose; and they said that in the extreme west the inhabitants could hear the sun drop into the sea like a red-hot ball of iron, making a hissing sound. The Persians believed that Orsmund, or God, created all things by a thought; that as all came from him, so back to him all things must return; this flow and ebb of existence taking place once in 360,000 years. The Indians believe that the beaver dove down to the bottom of the great ocean and brought up some mud, which he placed on the back of a tortoise, when it immediately expanded into the land he inhabits. You thus perceive how very uncertain the subject is, and must be, until positive evidence is produced.

"Copernicus first proved the earth to be round, and to revolve about the sun instead of the sun around the earth, as had been supposed by the most learned, before him. At this point may be said to commence the idea of creation, which I shall attempt to unfold hereafter."

The Night Blooming Cereus.

[Extract from a letter written by Elder R. Denny, of Indianapolis, to his daughter, in the summer of 1864.]

Yesterday evening, I took your mother and sister to Dr. Lupton's garden, in the northeastern part of the city, to see the Night Blooming Cereus, advertised to bloom last night, and I found it to be the most wonderful specimen of a flower I ever beheld. Our only regret was that you were not with us to see the charming sight. There were three flowers in bloom last night—the greatest number of any night of the season—so we chose the right time. Our thanks are due to the *Evening Gazette* for keeping the public posted as to the time when the flowers would open. To see the plant an hour before blooming no one would suspect that there would ever be anything charming about it, for it is an indifferent, snakish-looking thing, with nothing to be admired about it. But while you are looking at it, and wondering why so ungainly a plant should be cared for by any one through winter and summer, you are surprised to see an ugly, snake-headed looking bud, which puts out horizontally from the main stem, quietly begin to move and unfold itself by throwing open all round a perfect halo of long, delicate, spiral leaves of a most beautiful reddish hue, which cease to encase the embudded flower, that now begins to develop itself in gorgeous beauty, and presently you stand, filled with wonder and admiration, gazing upon one of the rarest and richest specimens of nature's inimitable handiwork. It only blooms at night, and remains open but a short time, as if it were too rich and pure to remain on earth. As I beheld it in its full development my mind was involuntarily carried back to the Babe, who humbly laid in a manger, and grew up in the despised city of Nazareth, of whom it was inquired by those who heard of His wonderful works, "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" who was rejected, and crucified, and shut up in the grave, leaving the hopes of those who had trusted in Him blasted, but who suddenly, on the appointed morn, burst from the prison house of Death, and came forth the Glorified Flower of Immortality, and centre of all our hopes beyond the grave. And here let us pause and learn the lessons taught by these wonderful developments. Let us despise no one because of their want of charming appearance and gorgeous apparel—for the poor and humble are they that have the promise of blooming in the kingdom of Heaven. And, again, though we be poor and despised, let us joyfully remember that, if faithful unto death, we, like Jesus, shall become the flowers of Immortality.—*Indiana Home Visitor.*

DR. J. B. GULLY.

HYGIENIC HOUSE, GENEVA, KANE CO., ILL.

Letters, Telegrams, and Patients punctually attended to in all parts of the country. 2-tf

GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

10,000 Shares of the stock in the "Prescott Consolidated Mining Co.," embracing Sixty-one Mines, of Gold, Silver and Copper, near the Capital of Arizona, of unsurpassed richness and profitable yield, are offered for sale. Price, $10 per share.

For full information of the solidity and value of the enterprise inquire of
P. S. POSTON
Real Estate Office,
No. 2, Smith & Nixon's Hall.

SORGHO SUGAR

FARMERS, MAKE YOUR OWN SUGAR,
BY A NEW AND VALUABLE INVENTION,
THE EUREKA SUGAR PRESS.

Sorgho *mush* contains a *peculiar mucilage* that prevents the sugar from draining like the Southern sugar, which requires from three to five weeks to drain.

The EUREKA SUGAR PRESS separates the sugar from the sirup in thirty minutes, and produces a clear, light brown and lively sugar, and at the same time prepares a choice sirup ready for use.

From one gallon of mush, weighing twelve pounds, the EUREKA SUGAR PRESS will make, on an average, six pounds of prime sugar and two quarts of delicious sirup.

To buy the mush at present price, and manufacture the sugar, it will not cost to exceed eight cents per pound, by the use of this admirable invention. *No heat or chemicals used.*

The making of sugar from sorgho is a *fixed fact.* To make sugar use *only ripe cane juice,* and evaporate to about 45° saccharometer, or until the steam escapes in little puffs; it will then hair or stretch out to a long slim thread, when it is rubbed between the thumb and finger. This is considered by some a better test than the saccharometer. Soon as the sirup is sufficiently evaporated, immediately run it off into shallow wooden vats, say two feet by five, and six inches deep. The sirup should not remain in a body, while hot, to exceed one or two inches in depth. If it retains a great heat for some length of time, it has a tendency to give the sirup a dark color and lessen its granulating properties.

Green cane juice will not make sugar with any certainty.

CRYSTALIZATION.

After the sirup has cooled off in the coolers to about blood heat, then pour it slowly into the granulating vats. *Do not put the sirup in barrels if you wish to make sugar.* On the Louisiana sugar plantations, the ordinary sized vat, for granulating the Southern sugars, is six feet long, two feet wide, and one foot deep. This is a very convenient size for granulating Sorgho. To keep out the flies, cover the vats with thin muslin or mosquito bars. Keep the rooms which contain the sirup in vats, about 90° Fahrenheit,—on no account should it be allowed to get below 75°. Stir four or five times per day, and granulation will usually be effected in from two to fifteen days. To hasten granulation, add two or three pounds of dry sugar to a vat of the sirup, and stir it thoroughly. As the sugar granulates it will settle to the bottom of the vat. It is then termed *Mush Sugar.* The farmers have heretofore experienced great difficulty in separating the sugar and molasses, or, in other words, to *dry the mush.* The difficulty is removed by the introduction of the EUREKA SUGAR PRESS, which will separate the sirup and sugar, as above stated.

The EUREKA SUGAR PRESS is not only designed to manufacture sugar, but is also adapted to expressing the juice from Grapes, Currants, Strawberries, Gooseberries, Pie Plant, &c., &c., in a pure state, for the preparing of Wines, &c. Also, for making Cider, and the separating of Whey from cheese-curd, and Lard and Tallow from the scraps after they have been rendered, and in fact all kinds of juices and liquids that the farmer or manufacturer desires to separate from the solids, which can be done in a remarkably short space of time, *without heat* or any loss of the materials. *Every farmer's wife throughout the land will have a machine* as soon as she can see one in operation. No puffing is required for this invention, as the machine speaks volumes for itself, and stands on its own merits.

The EUREKA SUGAR PRESS is manufactured by the
EUREKA SUGAR PRESS CO.,
Price, $65. Chicago, Ill.

Address all orders or inquiries relative to the Eureka Sugar Press to WEBSTER & CO., 186 South Water street, Chicago, Illinois. P. O. Box 6188.

[We are publishing a neat pamphlet of some forty pages, entitled the "SORGHO SUGAR GROWER," written by Dr. W. C. BRUSON, the inventor of the Eureka Sugar Press, being a plain and practical treatise of the culture and manufacture of Sugar and Sirup from the Chinese and African Canes, also of the Southern sugars, together with the chemical properties of both. This work contains a vast amount of information for all who are interested in the raising of Sorgho. Sent free to any address.] 2-1t

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are, by a peculiar process, magnetically charged, one kind with Positive and the other with Negative Magnetism. They therefore act as *vehicles* or *carriers* of the magnetic forces into the very blood itself, and through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Womb, Stomach, Kidneys, Reproductive Organs, and in fact to every organ and fibre of the entire body. They equalize all magnetic disturbances, a loss of electric equilibrium, (which constitutes disease,) and thus restore the diseased organs to health. Their operation upon the system, and *their magic control over disease is wonderful beyond all precedent in the history of medicine.*

The Positive Powders Cure:

All *Positive Fevers:* as the Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles.

All *Positive Nervous Diseases:* as Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Colic, Cramps, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

Positive Female Diseases: as all Menstrual Derangements, Leuchorrhœa, Falling of the Womb; also, the Vomiting, Nausea, Cramps, and Painful Urination of Pregnancy.

Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, &c.

The Negative Powders Cure:

All *Negative Fevers:* as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.

All *Negative Nervous Diseases:* as Palsy, Amaurosis, or Blindness, Deafness, Sunstroke, Double Vision, Weak Sight, Catalepsy, Hysterical, Insensibility, Apoplexy.

All *Negative States:* as indicated by Coldness, Chilliness, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Relaxation, or Exhaustion.

Negative Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.

Circulars, with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanation and directions, sent free to any address. All questions and inquiries promptly answered, and medical advice given free of charge. Those who prefer that we should give them special written directions as to which kind of the Powders to take, and how to take them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

WANTED.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—*particularly mediums*—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States and foreign countries. The most LIBERAL terms given to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.
PRICE, $1.00 per box; $5.00 for six; $9.00 for twelve.
Money sent by mail is perfectly safe, *and at our risk.*
Office, No. 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.
Address PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City. 2-tf

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO answers sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing $3.00 and four three cent postage stamps. The letter, after being prepared, must be enclosed in a second envelope, with the necessary fee, and directed as below.

He will delineate character, advise in regard to business matters, give prominent traits, peculiarities of disposition, changes in past and future life, physical diseases, with directions what business they are best adapted to be successful in; the physical and mental capableness of those intending marriage; also gives instructions for self-improvement, by sending him your photograph, or the photograph of any one, autograph, or lock of hair. Terms, $2.00.

Mr. Jackson also treats diseases with great success, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Fits, Eruptions on the Face, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness, Lassitude, Insanity, Gravel, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, all kinds of Head-aches, all Throat Diseases Dropsy, Jaundice, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, Giddiness, and all Nervous Diseases, Diarrhea, Palpitation of the Heart, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Send two three cent stamps for circulars. Medicine sent to any part of the United States, California, or Canadas.

Address all communications to WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois.

THE WORLD'S FRIEND, a new book, just published, by William Jackson; a work beyond all comprehension, a great book for the young and old of both sexes, as it contains truths, which all are anxious to understand. It treats upon diseases, how they can be cured, their symptoms, the effects of disease upon the physical system, how the young people can know who is to be their future companion for life, it gives great advice to all, it will guide all to a happy and harmonious position in life, it teaches various things too numerous to mention here. It is something handed down from the Invisible World.

Sent to any part of the country, securely done up, on receipt of $1.00.

Address WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall County, Illinois. 2-tf

THE CORONET.

This is the name of Mr. Geo. F. Root's New Singing Book, just out. It contains 304 pages of the ordinary singing book size, and the following are its chief features:

1. A new and improved elementary course of instruction for singing schools and musical conventions. This contains many new features, which are believed to be of great interest to teachers and classes.

2. Glees and secular choruses, for singing school, social and concert use. This is the bulk of the book, and as a glee book simply, it is believed to be unusually attractive.

3. A small collection of Church tunes in each meter, and Anthems for choir use. These are appropriate and new. It should here be said, that the "Liberty Bird" and other of the best pieces that have appeared in the "Song Messenger," (excepting those that were in the "Bugle Call,") will be found in the CORONET.

Price $1.25, at which it will be sent to any address. Price by the dozen, when delivered at our store, or sent by Express, $12.00. If sent by mail, postpaid, $15.00.

If you cannot obtain our publications at the nearest music store, write directly to "Root & Cady, Chicago," and your order will be filled by return mail, without additional cost.

GEO. F. ROOT,
E. T. ROOT,
C. M. CADY.
ROOT & CADY,
67 Washington St., Chicago. 2-1t

DR. BUTT'S EXCELSIOR LINIMENT

IS AN INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY, SUPERIOR to any other article on earth, for Aches, Pains and Sores of almost every description. Every family in the land should keep a bottle on hand for immediate use, when required.

Get a bottle and don't fail to read the directions, and use it accordingly, and be convinced of its merits. Manufactured at 385 State street, Chicago, and sold by all druggists.

TALLMADGE & CO'S CATALOGUE OF SPIRITUALIST AND OTHER PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.

	PRICE.	POSTAGE.
A, B, C, of Life, by A. B. Child	$ 25	2
America and Her Destiny, by Emma Hardinge	5	2
American Crisis, by Warren Chase	25	4
Arcana of Nature, or History and Laws of Creation, Vol. 1, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Arcana of Nature, or the Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, and of the Spirit World, Vol. 2, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Answers to Ever Recurring Questions, a Sequel to the Penetralia, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
Apocryphal New Testament	1.00	16
Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine	60	12
Answers to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton	10	2
Arnold, and other Poems, by J. R. Orton, cloth	60	12
Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers, by Mrs. J. S. Adams	1.00	16
Blossoms of Our Spring, (a Poetic Work,) by Hudson and Emma Tuttle	1.25	20
Be Thyself, by Wm. Denton	20	
Brittan's Review of Beecher's Report. Cloth	50	8
Broken Lights, by Frances Power Cobbe	1.75	
Bouquet from the Garden of Humanity, (Poetical,) by Benjamin Todd	25	2
Book of Human Nature, by Sunderland	1.00	16
Common Sense, by Thomas Paine	25	4
Council of Nice. Cloth	1.00	12
Children's Progressive Lyceum, by A. J. Davis, cloth	85	4
Davenport Brothers; Their Manifestations, &c.	25	
Discourses, by Cora L. V. Scott, cloth	1.25	20
Dealings With the Dead, by P. B. Randolph, cloth	75	16
Discussions of Spiritualism, by Brittan and Richmond, cloth	1.25	28
Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley	25	4
Divine Love and Wisdom, by Swedenborg, cloth	1.00	16
Empire of the Mother, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 35 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
Errors of the Bible, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
Eye-Opener, or Catholicism Unmasked, by a Catholic Priest. Paper	40	4
Emerson's Writings, 1st and 2d Series, both	3.00	40
Eliza Woodson, or the Early Days of One of the World's Workers, by Mrs. E. W. Farnham	1.50	
Epitome of Spirit Intercourse; a Condensed View of Spiritualism, by Alfred Cridge	40	8
Emma Hardinge, (Photograph)	25	
False and True Marriage, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown	10	2
Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, or Nature vs. Theology, by A. J. Davis	15	2
Further Communications from the World of Spirits, by the Spirit of George Fox. Paper 50 cts., postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Fugitive Wife, by Warren Chase. Paper, 25 cts. Cloth	50	
Facts in Mesmerism, by Townshend	1.50	24
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen	1.50	20
Familiar Spirits, and Spiritual Manifestations, by Dr. Enoch Pond	15	4
Fountain of Health, by Dr. Wiesecke	1.25	20
False and True Theology, by Theodore Parker	10	
False and True Revival of Religion, by Theodore Parker	10	
Free Love and Affinity, by Miss Lizzie Doten	10	
Funeral Oration on Abraham Lincoln, by Emma Hardinge	25	
Gospel of Harmony, by Mrs. Willard	30	4
Great Harmonia, by A. J. Davis. 5 vols, viz: Vol. 1. The Physician; Vol. 2. The Teacher; Vol. 3. The Seer; Vol. 4. The Reformer; Vol. 5. The Thinker. Each	1.50	20
Gist of Spiritualism, by Warren Chase	50	
Harmonial Man, or Thoughts for the Age, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 50 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
History and Philosophy of Evil, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 40 cts., postage 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Harbinger of Health, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
How and Why I became a Spiritualist, by W. A. Danskin. Cloth	75	12
Hymn of Progress, by L. K. Coonley. Cloth	75	12
Healing of the Nations, (Second Series,) by Charles Linton	2.50	28
History of Dungeon Rock, by Enesee	25	4
History of the Supernatural, 2 vols., by Wm. Howitt. Both	3.00	40
Hierophant; or Gleanings from the Past, by G. C. Stewart	75	
Health, by Sunderland	25	4
Household Poems, (15 Illustrations,) by H. W. Longfellow	50	6
History of the Chicago Artesian Well, by Geo. Shufeldt	20	
Hartford Bible Convention		
Is there a Devil? The Argument Pro and Con.	20	2
Intellectual Freedom; or Emancipation from Mental and Physical Bondage, by Charles S. Woodruff, M. D.	50	
Incidents in My Life, by D. D. Home, Introduction by Judge Edmonds	1.25	
Is the Bible Divine? S. J. Finney. Paper 25 cts., postage 4 cts. Cloth	50	8
Ideal Attained. Being the Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they Won their Happiness, and Lost it Not, by Eliza W. Farnham	2.00	
I Still Live, (a Poem,) by Mrs. A. W. Sprague	10	
Jesus of Nazareth, by Alexander Smyth	2.00	
Kingdom of Heaven: or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland. Cloth	75	12
Koran	1.25	20
Kiss for a Blow, by H. C. Wright	75	
Lily Wreath, by Mrs. J. S. Adams, Medium	1.00	16
Life Line of the Lone One, by Warren Chase. Cloth	1.00	16
Legalized Prostitution, by C. S. Woodruff, M. D. Cloth	1.00	16
Life of Thomas Paine, by G. Vale. Cloth	90	
Love and Mock Love. Cloth, plain, 25 cts., postage, 4 cts. Gilt	40	4
Lectures on the Bible, by J. Prince	1.25	16
Lyric of the Golden Age, by T. L. Harris	2.00	20
Lyric of the Morning Land, by T. L. Harris	2.00	20
Library of Mesmerism and Psychology, 2 vols., by John Bovee Dods. Both	3.00	40
Life of Jesus, by Ernest Renan	1.75	20
Light in the Valley, by Mrs. Newton Crosland	1.00	16
Lizzie Doten's Review of a Lecture by James Freeman Clarke	15	
Ministry of Angels Realized, by A. E. Newton	20	2
Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle	25	4
Man and His Relations, by Prof. S. B. Brittan	3.50	40
Mysteries of Life, Death and Futurity, by Horace Welby	1.50	40
Morning Lectures, (Twenty Discourses,) by A. J. Davis	1.75	
Marriage and Parentage, by Henry C. Wright	1.25	20
Madam Guyon and Fenelon, 2 vols. Both	2.50	40
Messages from the Superior State, by John Murray, through John M. Spear. Cloth	50	12
Magic Staff, and Auto-Biography of A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Mistake of Christendom, by George Stearns	1.00	16
Macrocosm and Microcosm; or the World Without and the World Within, by Wm. Fishbough	1.00	16
Modern Spiritualism; its Facts, Fanaticisms, Consistencies and Contradictions, by E. W. Capron	1.00	16
Night Side of Nature, by Mrs. Crowe	1.25	16
New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles, by J. H. Fowler	40	4
Nature's Divine Revelations; Her Voice to Mankind, by A. J. Davis. Cloth, $3.50. Calf	4.00	
Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance, by James Esdaile, M. D.	1.00	12
Natty, a Spirit; His Portrait and his Life, by Allen Putnam. Paper, 40 cts., postage 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
New Manual for Children, (for Lyceums,) by A. J. Davis. Cloth	80	8
Optimism, the Lesson of Ages, by Benjamin Blood	75	12
Psychology, by Sunderland	25	4
Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, by A. B. Child, M. D.	15	4
Pre-Adamite Man, by P. B. Randolph	1.50	20
Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, by Wm. B. Hayden	75	12
Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 60 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	1.00	12
Peculiar; A Tale of the Great Transition, by Epes Sargent	1.75	20
Popular Superstitions and Mesmerism, by Herbert Mayo, M. D.	75	16
Poems, by Miss A. W. Sprague	1.50	20
Poems from the Inner Life, by Miss Lizzie Doten. Cloth, $1.25, postage, 16 cts. Full Gilt	2.00	
Poems for Reformers, by Wm. Denton. Cloth	60	12
Philosophy of Creation, from Thomas Paine, by Horace Wood, Medium. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 4 cts. Cloth	50	8
Philosophy of Special Providences, (a Vision,) by A. J. Davis	15	2
Principle and Philosophy of the Universe	25	4
Present Age and Inner Life, by A. J. Davis	1.25	20
Penetralia; being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, by A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, (First Principles.)	2.25	28
Psalms of Life. Cloth, $1,00, postage, 16 cts. Morocco	1.25	16
Plain Guide to Spiritualism, by Uriah Clark. Paper, $1.00, postage 12 cts. Cloth	1.25	16
Revival of Religion Which we Need, by Theodore Parker	10	2
Religious Demands of the Age, by Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth	50	4
Religious History and Criticisms, by Ernest Renan	2.50	
Ravalette; a Wonderful Story, by P. B. Randolph	1.25	
Record of Modern Miracles	10	2
Review of Spiritual Manifestations	50	8
Religion of Manhood; or the Age of Thought, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. Cloth	75	12
Reply to Wm. F. Dwight, D. D., on Spiritualism, by J. C. Woodman	25	4
Religion and Morality; a Criticism on the Jewish Jehovah	40	6
Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; Conservatives vs. Progressives		
Radical Creed; a Discourse	15	4
Road to Spiritualism, by Dr. R. T. Hallock	25	4
Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth, by John S. Adams	25	4
Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated, by Prof. Robert Hare	25	4
Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter	1.75	24
Social Destiny of Man, by Fourier	2.00	32
Science of Man Applied to Epidemics; their Cause, Cure and Prevention, by Lewis S. Hough	5.00	
Spirit Manifestations, by John Bovee Dods	60	8
Soul of Things, by Wm. and Elizabeth M. F. Denton	75	12
Spiritual Reasoner, by Dr. E. W. Lewis	1.50	20
Spirit Voices, (Poetical,) by E. C. Hench, Medium	75	12
Spiritual Sunday School Class Book	40	4
Scenes beyond the Grave, by Rev. J. L. Scott	25	4
Spirit Discourses, by R. P. Wilson, Medium	1.00	12
Spiritual Intercourse, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 50 cts., postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Sermon of Immortal Life, by Theodore Parker	10	2
Self-Contradictions of the Bible	15	2
Spirit Works Real but not Miraculous, by Allen Putnam	25	4
Six Lectures on Theology and Nature, by Emma Hardinge	75	8
Self-Abnegationist; or the True King and Queen, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 40 cts., postage, 4 cts., Cloth	65	8
Spiritual Sunday School Manual, by Uriah Clark	25	4
Soul Affinity, by A. B. Child, M. D.	20	2
Spirit Minstrel, by Packard and Loveland. Paper, 35 cts. Board	50	
Spiritualism and the Bible, by the Spirit of Edgar C. Dayton	25	2
Scenes in the Summer Land, (a Photograph,) by Hudson Tuttle	25	
Seeress of Provost, (from the German,) by Mrs. Crowe	50	
Spirit Manifestations, by Adin Ballou. Paper 50 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Spiritual Telegraph Papers, 9 vols., each	1.00	20
do do do Large Size, Stiff Covers, each	2.25	
Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Plain, cloth, $2.00, postage, 32 cts. Gilt	2.50	
True Civilization, by Josiah Warren. Paper, 50 cts, postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Thirty-two Wonders, or the Skill Displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	40	
Two Discourses, by F. L. H. Willis	20	
Unwelcome Child, by Henry C. Wright. Paper, 25 cts., postage, 4 cts. Cloth	40	
Volney's Ruins, by Voltaire	75	
Voices of the Morning, (a New Poetic Work,) by Belle Bush	1.25	
Voices from Prison, or Truths for the Multitude, by James A. Clay	75	
Woman and her Era, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, 2 vols. Plain cloth, $3.00; full gilt, $4.00; calf, 2 vols., in one	3.50	
Who is God? by A. P. McCombs	10	
Whatever is, is Right, by A. B. Child, M. D.	1.00	
Whatever is is Right, Vindicated, by A. P. McCombs	10	
Wild Fire Club, by Emma Hardinge	1.25	
Which Flood do you Prefer?	10	
Woodman's Three Lectures on Spiritualism	20	

The above, and a variety of other books, kept for sale, will be mailed on the receipt of the price and postage, except in distant Western localities, where the postage is increased. We shall add to, and correct the list, from time to time, as occasion may require.

We sell at Boston and New York prices.

Call at No. 109 Monroe St., (Lombard Block,) 2d door West of the Post Office, or address

TALLMADGE & CO.,
Box 2,222, Chicago, Ill.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In fact we intend to make our journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

This journal will be published by the

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be published every Saturday at

84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The JOURNAL is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the ordeal of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the same, and no more consideration, from their antiquity and general acceptance, than a falacy of modern date. Believing that the Divine is unfolding the Human Mind to-day, *through Spiritual intercourse* and general intelligence, to an appreciation of greater and more sublime truths than it was capable of receiving or comprehending centuries ago, so should all subjects pass the analyzing crucible of science and reason.

A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs Governmental. While we stand aloof from all partizanism, we shall not hesitate to make our journal potent in power for the advocacy of the right, whether such principles are found in the platform of a party apparently in the minority or majority.

A large space will be devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, and communications from the inhabitants of the Summer Land.

Communications are solicited from any and all who feel that they have a truth to unfold on any subject; our right always being reserved to judge *what will or will not* interest or instruct the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

One Year,............$3.00. | Six Months,.......$1.50

Single Copies, 8 Cents each.

CLUB RATES:

Any person sending us $30,00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and ONE EXTRA COPY for the getter up of the club for one year.

Ten copies of the paper will be sent for one year, to one Post Office address, for $27,00.

Any getter up of a club of five or more subscribers, to one Post Office address, will be allowed TWENTY-FIVE CENTS to be deducted from each three dollar subscription, and half that amount for six months.

POST MASTERS everywhere are requested to act as Agents and will be entitled to receive FORTY CENTS out of each three dollars subscription, and half that amount for each six months subscription.

When drafts on Chicago, Boston or New York cannot be procured, we desire our patrons to send, in lieu thereof, United States Government money.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 26 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.—It is *useless* for subscribers to write, unless they give their *Post Office Address* and name of *State.*

Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the *Town, County and State* to which it has been sent.

☞ *Specimen copies sent FREE.*

Subscribers are informed that twenty-six numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comprise a volume. Thus we publish two volumes a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above prices.*

All letters must be addressed R. P. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Matter for publication should be marked on the margin "Editor;" all matter for the corporation should be marked "President;" all matter of subscriptions should be marked "Secretary."

S. S. JONES, President of the
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

AGENTS:

All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States and British Provinces will be supplied with the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Boys in the cities and on the cars.

JOHN R. WALSH, & Co., corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the United States and British Provinces.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Talmadge & Co., Lombard Block, next building west of Post Office.
John R. Walsh, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets.
McDonald and Thorpe, No. 84 Dearborn street.
McNally & Co., 81 Dearborn street.
Graham & Cogan, No. 102 Madison street.
Bamford & Baldwin, No. 121 to 127 Munroe street.
P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.

☞ *Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the* RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL *one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUL 2 1945
Order Number
1923 D1
Copy

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1865. VOL. 1.—NO. 3.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Song of the Waves of Lake Michigan.

BY HORATIO L. TRYON.

Upon the sandy beach I stood
In sad, sublime and thoughtful mood;
The waves of the majestic lake
Of Michigan, would rise and break
Upon the shore with plaintive sound;
They sang a song—a melody of old;
The past, the present, and the future rolled
In dirge-like numbers, madly, wildly free,
Through doleful measures—motions of the sea.
'Tis ages now, since first this song awoke
The slumbering echoes—since, with sullen stroke,
Wave followed wave, to fill the silent void,
Lashed by the winds, or by the zephyrs toyed;
And ages hence, this weird and mystic song
Will ride upon the gale, or softly steal along.

"Sisters, sisters of toil and trouble,
Brothers, ye that are sorrow's sons,
All ye struggling, weary ones,
Listen! Breaking, I come, I come!
I cannot stop—stand back! stand back!
The ruthless wind is on my track!
Breaking, stumbling, I leap and double,
And lick the sand, and loudly shout!
Look out! I come! look out! look out!
Leaping, breaking, I come, I come,
To waste in a shout
On the sand! Look out!
For ages, my track—aye, every bound,
Upon the loose sand shall ever be found—
Shall ever be found."
Each wave then re-echoed the doleful sound;
"Upon the loose sand shall ever be found."

I dash, and foam, and plash, and lave,
And ye may say that I'm the grave
Of manly forms, both true and brave;
That from my grasp no one can save,
Because the lives of all I crave;
But do you blame the wind that gave
Me shape and force to be a wave?
'Tis he the master—I, the slave!
He shapes my form, and twirls me round,
Then dashes me upon the ground.
He comes to me—I calmly lie
Reflecting clouds that float on high—
And, kissing, woos me with a sigh,
Sweeps from my gaze the deep blue sky,
And rudely ruffles all my face,
To clasp me in his cold embrace.
I turn and flee; he follows fast
With shriek, and tempest, and the blast;
On, on we speed; o'erwhelmed at last,
With force upon the beach I'm cast.
'Tis when I flee before the gale
You hear my shrieking, dismal wail."

The wave swept back with liquid sound;
The pebbles hugged the sandy ground;
The voice was lost, but many more
Took up the strain and sang it o'er:
"For ages our tracks—aye, every bound—
Upon the loose sands shall be found—
Shall ever be found."
And wave after wave repeated the sound—
"Upon the loose sand shall ever be found."

A leaf—a relic of time—came by—
The autumn's crisp was in its sigh—
Came skipping along the sandy beach,
A little beyond the water's reach.
It sighed at every bound it made,
And thus at every sigh it said:
"I cannot stop—stand back! stand back!
But mark my course, the wild wind's track;
For ages hence, in time's great round,
Our sprightly steps may ever be found."
The waves caught up the hurrying sound,
And dashed and foamed upon the ground.

Then the song of the waves came rolling in, rolling in,
And the sounds from the distance tolling in, tolling in,
Both mournful and solemn, all akin a perfect din,
"For ages, our tracks—aye, every bound
Upon the loose sand shall ever be found—
Shall ever be found."
And wave after wave repeated the sound,
"Upon the loose sand shall ever be found."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS
EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
No. 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

When I contrast the serene and heavenly feelings which I realized in mingling with this pure and loving companion, when I was able to turn the spiritual side of my nature upward, and for the time give it the ascendancy, with those feelings which ran riot there; with the fierce and selfish passions of low ambition and crime which ruled with unrestrained license, I can scarcely comprehend the enigma of human life and character. At one moment I was apparently an angel, and the next a fiend incarnate, one hour treading the courts of heaven, and the next plunging through the darksome depths of hell. How little are the labyrinthine mazes of humanity understood. A little more than three years of dark crime, of black and infamous treachery and wickedness, brought me to that sad event, that dark and blasting scourge of low ambition, the dread and fearful change, called death. This was terrible indeed to me, for I had pictured to myself a rapid career of success, and a speedy return to my home and its social enjoyments, with ample means to gratify every want. But death came all unwelcome, to find failure written over all my plans, and disappointment everywhere. I shall ever remember with what a weight of gloom and sadness this influence hung over me during the last hours of my earthly existence, when I perceived that the sands in the glass of time for me must soon run out—how bitter was the anguish of those hours, when I felt the utter hopelessness of my condition. But there is no hour so dark, no point of anguish and suffering so deep and poignant, but sooner or later must have its end. Happiness and bliss alone are eternal in their duration.

Of all the events of life, death is the most varied in its character, has the most wonderful significance in it, and is the most complete index and measure of a man's development. Even the idea that an individual holds of death will give you a key to the plane which he occupies. You will find the ignorant and the bigoted painting death with all the terrible gloom and horror that they can depict, and while these start back and shrink with terror from its approach, they reveal their true position. How often do we find those who make the highest professions of religion feeling thus in regard to death. Then there is the cold and stoical infidel, calling himself a philosopher, who quakes and fears within himself lest the theory of annihilation, which he so loudly proclaims, may be true.

There are others who look upon death with reckless indifference, as an inevitable event, while others see in death the open portal to a new phase of existence, and hence they calmly await its approach, and in beautiful and loving trust pass under the rod.

But if the view of death presents this variety of tests, the stern and sober reality of it forms a correspondingly definite and certain measure of a man's condition. This change comes over a man, and for a moment arrests all the multifarious movements of life, lifts the veil of mystery, which has shrouded many of his acts, lays bare the hidden secrets and exposes fully the true reality of many conditions. Hideous and startling as this fact may be, especially to those who are living under the mask of hypocrisy and deceit, deluding themselves and their fellow men, in the vain hope that any human act may be covered up and concealed, it is nevertheless, a substantial reality that all shall come to realize at some time. Well do I remember how I started back and recoiled from this dread reality when it was first revealed to me, in a clear and unmistakable manner. Long continued habits of concealment and deception had led me to conclude that in many things man could isolate himself from his fellow man, and that a *portion*, at least, of his acts and feelings were exclusively his own; now I perceive that isolation, either in regard to a man or any of his actions, can only be temporary, and the time will come to all, when the very effort to conceal any thing will be the means of bringing it forth into the light and revealing it to the very persons from whom there was a desire to conceal it.

I would ask all those who, under the mask of false friendship, are deceiving those around you, to examine this statement well, for I can assure you that I have met with more persons here who have been disappointed in this than in almost anything else, and in proportion to the pain and suffering which these revelations make to the innocent ones who have thus been deceived, will be the anguish and regret of the deceiver. Intimate and confidential friends, those who are living apparently in the most free intercourse, are often, almost insensibly, preparing mines under themselves, which shall at some time explode and give them deep and unlooked for suffering. The only remedy is a true life, open and honest in all its relations, and as this is continued for a time the habit becomes as fixed as that of any other course, and the reminiscences of another course become less and less distinct and painful, both to ourselves and to those who have been unjustly treated by us. If a man entirely abandons a bad habit there is a natural feeling of justice that prompts us to overlook the past, in the feeling that the present is right and proper.

Human experience, which makes human character, has power to act in various modes and directions. There is a universal law in reference to every act, that it has a tendency to repeat itself, not only in the actor, but in every individual who has any capacity, either to perceive the nature of the act, or to do it, and just in proportion as an individual has been accustomed to perform certain acts, will similar ones in other persons influence them.

The first object of human experience, aside from the formation of character, is to instruct and elevate the individual by the lessons of wisdom which it brings, as well as by the scenes of suffering through which it leads. It is a constant teacher, and all are pupils, learning with more or less ease and rapidity, according to their condition and development. The next object of human experience is to affect the masses around the individual, and this is varied by its peculiar significance and its correspondence with the states and conditions of these. Another effect of human actions is to add to the sum total of any particular movement or influence toward which they are directed, and this forms an important item, especially in the accumulation of those forces which at times sweep over mankind, in the form of mental or moral epidemics. Let no one think that their thoughts and actions can have no influence in this way, for each grain of sand on the seashore, and every drop of water in the ocean, has an important significance of its own, without which all the rest would be altered. So of every human thought and act, there is neither isolation nor impotence anywhere, though the influence may be so direct and palpable as to be perceived by the superficial observer.

In reviewing my earth-life, as thus briefly presented, there are a few points which I desire to comment upon. There were three important epochs in my life. The first was, when I proposed marriage; the second, when I married, and the third, when I set out on my last expedition. Each of these were turning points in the tide of life, which had a prominent influence in shaping my character and destiny.

And while I am not at all disposed to express vain regrets as to the past, which is irrevocable, I clearly perceive that in each of these instances, had I been able to follow the first impulses which prompted me to action, I should have been led into a very different course of action, and should have manifested a different character, and had another kind of experience in this sphere.

I now perceive that my first impulses would almost always have led into right action, and they were always clear enough until I permitted them to be clouded by doubts, then they became obscure, and I was like a storm-tossed mariner on the ocean, without pilot or helm, and the very power which distinguished me among my fellow men, was the means of plunging me still deeper into the vortex of crime, from which years of anguish and suffering alone could have purified me.

Oh ye, who hold the destinies of nations, and sway multitudes with your power, learn this lesson, that power and accountability are eternally and indissolubly connected "now and forever, one and inseparable." And every move on the chess-board of life that gives you more power, brings with it higher responsibility.

Another point of deep significance, which I noticed not only in my own case, but afterward, in an especial manner, in that of one to whom I was strongly attracted, Napoleon the First, and of whom I shall speak more fully in my narrative, is this, that a strong and vigorous man, capable of leading the masses by bold and impulsive movements, and thus wielding a mighty power, cannot move as safely and successfully without the sweet and gently restraining influence of woman's nature mingled with his own.

This is one of the facts that has become very firmly impressed upon our minds now, and he says it is a cause of deep and lasting regret to him, that he so rudely and unjustly thrust away the influence of Josephine. In my own case I left this influence because it restrained me from certain acts, and because of the rough adventures of my explorations, but I always looked forward to a return to its power.

In expressing this fact and the painful experience resulting from it, we have no desire to express an empty and unmeaning compliment to the sex, but our deep and earnest conviction of a great truth embodied in the divine economy as a part of the philosophy of man's power and development, and, as such a fact, worthy of the careful study of all.

The mutual influence of the sexes is by no means confined to earth, and the further we ascend the ladder of progress the more important it becomes, and there is a point which can only be attained where this mutually confiding relation subsists, which forms a part of the experience of every one to establish sooner or later. The law which governs this is not well understood, either on earth or here, and where the true relation is established it is by persons stumbling upon it, rather than from any actual and positive knowledge. Hence there is much discord, both with you and us. But there is a divine and perfect law governing this relation of the sexes, which, as men and women come to occupy higher planes, will be so far understood as to enable them to avoid many of the errors into which they now so frequently fall.

I will only say now, that no force, or even legal restraint, can ever establish this relation. It must arise from free and spontaneous feelings of the human being, and where this latter condition does not exist, to attempt to produce a union by the former, is utterly futile.

One other point, and I shall pass on to my experiences in the inner life. It is, that at this time the sum total of my life experiences, of which I have given but a very faint shadow, still forms the basis on which I stand here, that all my actions, both good and evil, as they are termed, are before me as a picture, with its variety of dark background, and lights and shadows, and though it may present many sombre shades, especially to the superficial observer, still I hold it as all my own, and would not, if I could, part with a single feature of it. And though many of these have cost me waves of anguish that have almost overwhelmed me at times, still, I am ready to affirm unhesitatingly, that "whatever is is right," and I freely accept, as just and right, all that I have passed through, knowing, however, that every one must have their own experience, and while every man holds the helm of his destiny, (it may be with a feeble hand,) still he holds it through the billows of life; circumstances and surroundings may toss him high upon their foamy crests, and often turn his bark away from the course he would desire to pursue, still there is, deep down in the very fountains of the human soul, an inevitable and indestructible law, which will, sooner or later, bring all mankind safely, not only over the troubled waters of the ocean of time, but also through the no less agitated and rolling waters of the border land of spirit life.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE INNER LIFE—DESCENT INTO HELL—ITS TERRIBLE REALITIES.

Although I was conscious of the approach of death, both by my own observation and the information that was given by those around me, still, after the consciousness of my earthly surroundings had passed away, I was left in a bewildered maze. I was perfectly conscious of the presence of my earth friends and companions in arms, and I was very much surprised to find around me, apparently in the same condition as these, many persons whom I had seen and known on earth, who had either been killed in battle or murdered basely by the hand of treachery. Some who had fallen by my own hands were there; among these was the noble and good Incas of Peru, who had been cruelly and treacherously burned at the stake by the infamous and bloody Pizarro, and for whose innocent suffering and death, at the hands of this base and perfidious tyrant, I had always felt that I was very much responsible, as I had pledged my word of honor to him that he should be liberated on the payment of an enormous ransom. The circumstances of his death, as related in history, are mainly correct.*

This noble man was aware that I was not willingly accessory to the treachery which had resulted in his cruel murder; nor did he manifest any unkind feelings toward me for the guilty part I played in accepting a share of the unjust plunder which was taken from him and his people. There were many others around me from whose gaze I would gladly have escaped, but there I was in the forest shades of the lands which I had plundered and ravaged, surrounded by the natives, many of whom had long been numbered among the dead. Here were the mangled bodies of the victims I had slain; here were many noble and brave men who had fallen in the defence of their homes and country by the hands of ruthless invaders, whose only plea was the cruel one of *might*. I had seen those in my command take little Indian children, and tear them limb from limb, and throw their quivering flesh to the dogs, in the presence of their frantic mothers, and now I was continually witnessing such revolting scenes, and feeling that I was guilty of all that I saw. How gladly would I have hidden myself anywhere from such scenes, but there was no escape; and when, a short time since, your friend was describing the land of outer darkness, and remarked that it was the most terrible hell he could conceive of, I felt that for nearly a century after I entered spirit life I would have been glad to have gone into this land of outer darkness, to have escaped the terrible visions that continually haunted me.

My spiritual vision had been opened, and though I had blackened my character all over, till it was grim-visaged and hateful, still this vision, once opened, could never be closed. I am told by those who have long experience here, that, though every heart must know its own bitterness, and feel the stern and inevitable realities of its own experience, yet there are few who have had to pass through deeper and more intense suffering than I have. My first experience was a kind of still, panoramic life. I was apparently stationary, and these terrible orgies and horrible pictures kept constantly moving around me, and I have since learned this continued several years. I spoke to many persons, but found that most of them were entirely unconscious of my presence. At this time I began to be able to distinguish between those who were still in the form on earth and the spirits, and I found that I was able to converse with some of the latter. I visited my wife frequently, and saw how disconsolate she was on account of my absence, and the long time which had elapsed since she had heard from me; she was impressed strongly with my presence, yet I could perceive that she resisted the conviction of this, and also that which was equally clear to her, that my expedition was a failure, and that she should never see me again in the form. I could not approach very near to her, but I saw that there were spirits who could approach her and give her much consolation by their presence and influence. I felt a great interest in the explorations which my countrymen were still making in the New World, and was much attracted to those who were thus engaged; and I found that I strongly desired to overreach the natives, and prompt my countrymen to deeds of cruelty and wrong. At this time I had become acquainted with a few associates in spirit-life, who were on a similar plane with myself, and we formed a small band or circle, of which I was the leader. Old Pizarro occasionally visited us, and was desirous to form one of our band, but his gross and treacherous nature was repulsive to all of us, though we were in reality more wicked than he, for we sinned against more light and clearer knowledge than he ever had. I found that when mingling with these associates I could withdraw myself almost entirely from those terrible pictures which had been so constantly before me. This was especially the case when we were actively engaged in prompting men to deeds of darkness and crime. It may seem paradoxical to assert that our condition was made more comfortable by the repetition of wrong acts. On most points I was at the head of this circle, which was composed of men unknown to history, but of feelings and characters somewhat similar to my own. I had power to travel over a wider range than any of these. I had no difficulty in visiting the mother country, and found myself attracted more or less strongly to many of the leading and prominent characters, not only in Spain but in other European countries.

The reason for this greater power, as I afterwards learned, was that I had cultivated my physical, mental and moral faculties, and had I not also committed gross and repeated violations of these, I should have entered spirit-life as a very strong and influential spirit, though even as it was I had great power.

About this time my wife broke asunder the slender cord that bound her to the sphere of mortality, and came to be a permanent dweller in the inner life, to which, however, she was not a stranger. I had been accustomed to be much with her, and I found the same soothing, quieting influence in her presence that I had experienced when I was in the form; and while under this influence I was restrained from those improper acts which marked this period of my life. I saw that the strong and enduring affection which she bore for me was fast consuming her mortal life, and soon after she learned positively that I had gone to that unknown "bourne from whence no traveller returns" to the physical plane again, she moored her frail bark, and landed on the peaceful shores of eternity, in a calm and blissful home, of which she will speak to you ere long, and give you the experience of a pure and lovely woman in the inner life.

I was present when she departed from the shore of time, and it was one of the most severe trials I have ever experienced to find that I could not come as near to her in spirit-life as I had been accustomed to be while she was in the form. I had looked forward to a happy re-union here, and lo! she was gone from my sight, and I knew not where to find her.

Oh ye mortals, who are seeking a false freedom in licentious and unholy pursuits, remember that you are preparing for yourselves galling chains that shall hold you in a thraldom in spirit-life which will be very hard to endure.

This was the beginning of my sufferings here, and oh, how deep was the anguish and remorse of my spirit on account of my condition, one great cause of which was my unwillingness to have her with me, and to confide in her in regard to my actions. I now perceived that there were hundreds and thousands of these acts of wrong that I had committed that must be gradually revealed to her before I could approach her. Then came the question, whether one so pure and true as she was could ever be willing to associate with one who had been guilty of as much crime as I had?

I now found the association with the band was not as attractive to me as it had been. On the contrary, I was disposed to go away from the gaze of mortals and of spirits as much as I could, and there turn over the dark and bitter pages of my life. Thus for many long and weary years was I thrown hither and thither upon a sea of uncertainty, aimless, and without any fixed purpose or object, like some dreary, wandering maze. At length this vague, unsettled state, which had become very sad and distressing to me, began to have some resting places, some little islands, as it were, thrown up in the midst of the troubled ocean, in which I found some means of repose, which was not inactivity, but earnest and efficient labor. I shall describe some of these. The first point of rest was where I could calmly review my past life, and look back to the beginning of those temptations which had led me away from the path of rectitude and honor, which was when that selfish old man denied me the possession of that which I had already rightfully obtained, the affections of his daughter, and I determined to have that which it seemed would alone remove the obstacles to my obtaining this—gold. Now, as I gaze far back, down the vista of time, I see how I broke down and trampled upon the beautiful hedge of truth and rectitude that my mother, and other kind and loving friends had planted around me very early in life, and watered it by their tears and consecrated it with prayers.

(To be continued.)

"Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing."

The memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul.

NOTE.—It is stated that Incas was taken prisoner through the perfidy of Pizarro, and held as a hostage, for the purpose of preventing his nation from avenging the wrongs which the Spaniards had inflicted upon his people. Irritated by the injustice of his confinement, he proposed to DeSoto to pay a large ransom for his release. It was arranged that his people should bring gold enough to fill the room in which the royal prisoner was confined. This proposal, so gratifying to the avarice of the monster Pizarro, was formally accepted, and DeSoto unwisely pledged his honor for the fulfilment of this contract by the base and unprincipled tyrant whom he well knew to be unreliable. The gold was brought freely by the willing and grateful subjects of the imprisoned monarch, who, with simple and confiding faith, hoped soon to enjoy his mild and paternal care. The first act of treachery, on the part of the Spanish tyrant, was to demand twice the amount of silver, in addition to the gold. This, though grossly unjust, was accepted by the Incas and his friends. When this enormous ransom, the highest that was ever paid for any human life, was received, Pizarro still delayed the liberation of his captive. DeSoto firmly and indignantly demanded it. Pizarro feigned that he had a report of a revolt in one of the distant provinces of the Incas, and demanded that DeSoto should go with an armed force to suppress it, while he knew it was all a fabrication of his own. During the brief absence of De Soto, Pizarro, after a mock trial, had this noble and innocent prisoner hastily condemned and burned to death. When DeSoto returned, and found what had been done, he was furiously indignant, and did not hesitate to condemn, in unmeasured terms, the cruel perfidy of Pizarro. But alas, for poor human nature, he was so leagued in with him, that it was not long before he willingly accepted a large share of the pretended ransom so unjustly obtained.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Our Unfought Battles.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

[Written for the Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society, at St. Charles, Ill.]

The sea of blood is ebbing fast,
Whose wrathful deluge poured so long;
The stormy era that has passed,
Has swept away one mighty wrong.
God working in the wrath of men,
Moved with the battle's fiery scourge;
A Nemesis that threatens when
The fates the doomed to madness urge.

Brave for the wrong, four years ago
The hosts of error vaunted loud;
Strong for the strife our Northmen go,
Crusaders of the rights avowed.
Not only for the nation's life
A thrill through nerves of valor ran,
God set a goal beyond the strife,
Now reached by every man.

That beacon rose when adverse waves
In panic's chaos rolling back,
Surged over Bull Run's bloody graves
Thick clouds with gloom and horror black.
Another watchword led the van—
To victory, we hear it now.
"Justice," "The Brotherhood of Man,"
Must learn our vanquished foe.

The dark days sweep their tragic scroll,
Events unprecedented rise;
One name, death's long sad muster roll
Calls last, to seal the sacrifice.
And Abram Lincoln fell, to rise
A fixed star in the galaxy—
That shines from out the darkened skies,
Above humanity's wide sea.

We met the foe where treason led,
And battle rolled its sulph'rous shroud,
Or where the home-nursed Copperhead
Hissed in our ear its warning loud.
One long decisive battle field,
Glorious but sad, has closed its scene;
And summer days their influence yield
To hide its trace with mantle green.

One battle won; yet far before
Are steeps of progress yet to climb,
Ere wrong shall stain the land no more
And human trophies be sublime.
Still creeps the Black man in the mire
Of ignorance, and knoweth not
To what his manhood may aspire
Through free untrammeled deed and thought.

And scattered remnants of a race
Rude as the Saxon germ of yore,
Of their vast tribes a feeble trace
Still haunts Pacific's farther shore.
Have we no righting for their wrong
That glares to heaven in face of day?
Must they but live in tale and song,
From their vast birthright swept away?

Hear ye no voice the ages swell
To wake the present with its call?
The dawning era that will tell,
Strongholds of error, they must fall.
And woman's voice untrained will speak
Thoughts potent for this day and hour;
Her spirit all those trammels break
That bind the workings of its power.

These battle years of conflicts dread—
How beat the nation's heart to hear
How gallant chiefs their columns led
Up Vicksburg's steep the charge of fear.
Atlanta's walls felt deeds of might,
Ere flame burned treason's stain away,
And glory's track how far and bright,
Of Sherman's hosts out to the sea.

With glad accord from sea to sea,
When the doomed city cowering fell,
Rose shout on shout of victory
Till farthest lands the echoes swell;
Less full of passions tumult wild,
The peaceful triumphs yet to come,
The garnered deeds of good are piled
For the grand future's harvest home.

Sycamore, Ill., July, 1865.

[Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

THE DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

A SERMON BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Delivered in the First Spiritual Church, Philadelphia, on the National Fast Day, June 1st, 1865.

We are living in fearful times! Every breeze from the north, the south, the east and the west, comes to us freighted with grand and magnificent events. The surging tides of human emotion and impulse are welling up and lashing the shores of eternity. The past and the future link their hands, and as they shake them over the momentous present, give a grandeur and sublimity to life such as no former period has witnessed.

Let us pause for a few moments and consider these. First: The Past—that wonderful period, beginning in chaos and darkness, and coming down to us through tradition and memory—those patient camels who have borne their huge but precious burdens over the arid deserts of time—is full of significance to us, presenting a long series of alternate days and nights, summers and winters, sometimes giving us the spectacle of vast controling influences, like surging billows, sweeping mankind, both as communities and as individuals, down into dark and fearful acts of crime. Then, again, presenting beautiful instances in which a single individual, planting himself on the rock of eternal and immutable principle, and stands firm amid the surging, fluctuating waves of time, for a season, at least, shaping and directing vast movements by the omnipotence of the human will.

In all these events history becomes of vast and momentous import, teaching us that the fountains from whence human thoughts and emotions flow, have ever been similar, and hence the race is a unit. But the lessons of the past can only be of practical value to us as they illustrate the living, acting, moving present.

The past is like a walled city, with its tall steeples uprising beyond the turrets of that which encloses it so firmly, yet in some places the broken walls reveal some of the ruined temples within it, and the grandeur of these impresses us with two important lessons; first, the greatness of the power and wisdom which could design and construct such monuments of beauty and utility; and, secondly, the universal fact that the handwriting of time is constantly impressing upon all things change and decay.

These ancient ruins preach to us constantly in exact proportion to our condition; and he who can rise to the plane of the original architect and designer of these pillars and temples, altars and shrines, can alone read from them the spiritual lessons of which they are but the external types and expressions. And unless the world moves on, the mute lessons of the past cannot be read and appreciated. The same power that wrote them is required to comprehend them.

A mere glance at the future must suffice. We know that coming events are like shadows of the pale moon and the twinkling stars that are mirrored in the depths of some placid lake, clear, beautiful, and attractive, yet wanting in that distinctness which alone marks the realizations of the present. However well defined and clear may be the prospect of approaching events—whether they be among the ordinary occurrences of life, great or small, or the operations of nature around us, and the motions of the planets, the character and conditions of which the strict logic of science reveals to us with more certainty than any other event of the future. In all these, however, there is, there must be, a certain amount of vagueness which awaits the fulfilment of the phenomena for its removal. Thus it has been a fixed fact in the minds of the loyal people of this country that this infamous and wicked rebellion, based, as it was, upon crime and nurtured in falsehood, must and should be suppressed; but it required the actual surrender of the armies, and the ignominious flight of the leaders, and still more ignominious capture of some of them, to make it, as it now is, an actual, living reality.

Unborn events are always embryotic to the material plane, towards which they are moving, and though the knowledge of their germinal properties will aid us in predicting what their future power and character will be, we cannot ignore the fact that conditions and surroundings have a very important influence in the development of every event.

But it is of the living, acting, moving present, that we would speak. This is the culmination of the past, the stepping-stone to the future, and in proportion as we understand the key-notes of the present and step firmly and truly to its highest music, shall we realize the grand symphonies of the past, and catch the echoing notes of the sublime oratorio of the future.

The law of progress linking the Infinite to all the diversified forms of matter, has received a grander impulse to-day than at any former period. Everything seems to be moving forward with unprecedented rapidity, and mankind cannot escape the influences which are thus carrying all other things to higher conditions.

In the revolutions which are now going on in the world, the old and time-honored institutions are being submitted to a fiery ordeal, and many of them must perish; but we need have no fears, for that which is pure, and true, and substantial, will remain as gold tried in the fire, while the dross and impurities will be consumed. The prominent idea of the past, that man was made subservient to institutions, and that they were really higher and more important than he is, is giving place to the other extreme, that institutions are made for man and never can be higher than he is.

The fallacy that any government is strong enough to ignore or trample upon the rights of the weakest human being, has been atoned for by the sufferings and sacrifices of the war, and we are beginning to know that no government is strong enough to do any wrong with impunity. May we as a nation and as individuals, be prepared to profit by the lessons.

Although the events of the past are full of deep meaning, both in themselves and in their elucidation of the facts of the present, that present must be mainly its own interpreter. We have crowded the history of centuries into the last four years, and men have lived and acted whole lives within a day. Not satisfied with this, the impulsive spirit of the times has led many to demand that we should move on with still more rapid and impetuous strides. Conservatism itself has gone mad! In a review of the career of our late President, now filling a martyr's grave and the place of a saint in the hearts of the good and true of all nations, we perceive that he was shrewd, calculating, steady of purpose, never impulsive or impetuous. How faithfully has he watched the moving tides of human impulse and emotion. How truly has he restrained the one and guided the other, we are just beginning to realize. Thousands to-day, are discovering how much they appreciated him, now that he has passed from our sight, and lives only in the memory of noble and heroic deeds, divine and self-sacrificing purposes. We see now with what unwavering determination he maintained his positions from time to time amid the false and slanderous charges of foes and traitors, and the still more painful insinuations and censures of pretended, or even real, friends. Yet through all these four long and trying years, how faithfully has he stood at the helm during the most severe and painful storm that ever assailed any ship of state in any country or age?

How nobly did his strong common sense supply him ever with a discretion which enabled him to receive an inspiration more than mortal? One thing will shine out in all coming time with an immortal lustre, and it is admitted now by all, that when he assumed a position and planted himself, as he ever did, upon the rock of principle, he never faltered or wavered, but invariably maintained his position.

Slow to determine upon emancipation, which he foresaw years ago must come, yet when he had realized and proclaimed that it was decreed, in calmness and deliberation he looked upon it as a fixed and unalterable fact.

As a servant and minister of the people, and a profound student of human nature, he read with clear and unmistakable certainty the lines of destiny, and at the same time occupied an important place in that destiny.

He has gone from our midst. Peace to his memory, one of the richest legacies that was ever bequeathed to any nation or people. Sainted in the higher and holier feelings of the good and true, he lives now more truly than while in the form, and exercises a more sublime and potent influence than ever. There we leave him, and pause for a few moments to consider the condition of our nation when this terrible sacrifice was called for, which bowed to earth and then raised to heaven so many millions of loyal and true hearts. Flushed with the full tide of victory, and intoxicated with the boasting glory of the coming peace, we were entering upon a bacchanalian feast of excitement, in which, doubtless, as in times past, many human victims would have been offered as oblations to the wild and frenzied passions of the multitude, and its demoralizing influence would have been felt in all the land. But in a moment, while we were thus rushing onward, the fearful news of the terrible disaster flashed across the wires, and filled our hearts with unutterable sadness, stunning us so that we sat dumb beneath the weight of a mighty affliction, paralyzed in thought and in movement. And lo! the waves of peace swept on in unbroken currents against the shores of our redeemed republic, and we listened in calm and subdued, but grateful, feelings to the solemn music of these beautiful waves, as they rolled in quick succession, laving the dark shores of uncertainty, while the stars of hope, one by one, kindled anew their blazing lamps and sent down a mild and serene light upon our storm-tossed and bewildered nation.

Can we not see how "He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and who bringeth forth wisdom and beauty, out of the folly and wickedness of man, hath indeed made this enormous crime—this terrible affliction—which has clothed the nation in sackcloth and ashes, to be a blessing in disguise, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our steps, that shall enable us to enter the promised land of peace, prosperity and happiness, in a condition in which we may really appreciate and enjoy these blessings? But let us return to our question—the Demands of the Age. The demands of a nation, or individual, are ever measured by, and are the measure of, their condition. The poor, untutored savage bares his breast to the storm, and endures privations, hunger and death itself, without a murmur, because he knows no better state. The demands of this condition are perhaps more nearly supplied than those of any other, because they are more limited. From this up to the most sensitive and perfect conditions of life, the demands are just as various as are the conditions, and each has its peculiar and appropriate ones.

It has ever been the lot of those who have stood foremost in the ranks of humanity, to find themselves cramped and opposed, their demands unsatisfied, their hopes crucified; but a new era has dawned upon the world of humanity. The leaders, instead of marching far in the van, and shouting back to the multitude "Forward! march!" are now, many of them, moving side by side, keeping step with the masses, and as we gaze over the long line of humanity in this country, we see that everywhere the straggling hosts are "closing up" the ranks. Inspired by the progressive spirit of the age, they are pressing up with their demands, and now in one universal chorus goes up the cry from all the loyal and true hearts in the land for Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! and Protection to all! And to this demand so true, so deep, there comes echoing back from all the land, from Greenland's ice-bound fields to the blue waves of Mexico's gulf, from ocean to ocean, from mountain and vale, and broad spreading prairie, that which must give the supply. The age demands liberty for all, without regard to the distinctions of sect, color, sex, or condition, and the answer comes now from hill-top and hamlet, from city and town, and broad fields, from rich and poor, from great and small. Amen.

The age demands equality according to capacity, from the strong man in the fulness of his strength, with the most noble dignity, to the poor and the weak, "Rise up, brother, God will help you in the effort to be all you can for yourself, for humanity, for the world." And thus is he pledged also to help him.

The age demands fraternity, and each free soul goes forth to seek its kindred by the high and holy laws of attraction, freed from all restraint or compulsion, save the right line of truth and the plummet of rectitude.

Again, the age demands protection for all, and realizing that the whole need not a physician—the strong need not defence—it perceives that the highest attributes of greatness are to aid the weak and undeveloped, and the noblest and most God-like work of the great and good is to bend lovingly and tenderly over the erring and fallen ones, and to do all they can to lift these up. How many of us have awakened to a full realization of these demands of the age, and are ready to go to work earnestly and faithfully to supply them.

Every one who has duly appreciated the grand lesson of the hour, must feel welling up from the inmost depths of his being an impulse to put forth all his energies in this direction.

There rises now before me a beautiful vision. First, an infant feeble and helpless, yet tender and attractive; then appears a child flushed with the vigor of life, buoyant with hopes; and lastly, a youth stepping forward eagerly, with outstretched hands and earnest gaze, seeking to enter upon the battle of life. Each of these is designed to illustrate a condition of society. First, the infant, weak and negative, the toy of circumstances, yielding passively to that which it has no power to resist; so do we see persons in society, those who raise no finger to guide themselves over what they call the sea of destiny, and it is to them unsatisfying, yet are they impotent to control the elements around them. We call many of their acts evil, because we fail to recognize that the actors are infants.

Another class in society is typified by the child with its young, gushing life. This is ever contending with the conflicting elements around it, alternately conquering and being conquered, still hopeful and moving onward. Do you feel that you belong to this class, my brother or my sister? Be of good cheer. Strength comes of exercise and conflict, and you will yet rise to higher conditions. The world praises you or blames you, not for your thoughts or motives, for of these it knows but little, but for the results that in its blindness it alone can see, and hence it must ever be far below the divine standard in its judgment.

These two classes, infancy and childhood, have included the masses of humanity in all the past, but thanks to the genius and spirit of our country and age, they are moving onward with rapid strides.

The third condition, represented in the vision by the youth with outstretched hands and eager gaze, shouting excelsior! higher! still higher! mounted on the pedestal of human power, rises above many of the circumstances which have stood as barriers and obstacles in the way of the other classes. He is "monarch of all he surveys." He is thrilled with a God-like freedom as he turns and bids the elements obey. Friends, we have all felt something of each of these conditions. Humanity always passes through them, and I believe all will recognize the picture that stands out now so clearly before us. Oh that I could stamp it upon your minds as distinctly and indelibly as it is impressed on my own, so that we might each and all draw from it beautiful and impressive lessons of deep and practical import to ourselves, to humanity, and to the world.

The age demands noble and dignified men and women, rounded out in all their parts in true and symmetrical proportion. To this end man demands the very best conditions that can be furnished him by all his surroundings and relations, both exterior and interior.

Not alone shall the earth blossom and bring forth its best fruits, and present its most beautiful and attractive surroundings to him, but he calls. The God within him demands that he shall have true paternity, maternity and fraternity, in order that all the traits of his noble and divine character may be called forth truly and beautifully. We demand for him the true father and mother feeling, even before the soul-nature is engermed in his being. We demand that these be continued through life, and more than this man needs for his highest unfolding, his most perfect development, the brotherly and sisterly elements, to draw out and strengthen those feelings within him to their true condition. He must also realize the paternal feeling within himself.

When we look over humanity to-day, where do we find the man who, in all his experiences, has found a supply to these demands. When he has asked of his parents for bread—the true bread of life—how often has he received something comparable to a stone? and when he has asked, even before his tongue could lisp the words, for a fish, has not his tender and susceptible nature found something with a scorpion's fang upon it? Do we wonder that there is so much of hate and vindictiveness among mankind, when we see how often those who should be brothers and sisters, living in fraternal accord and harmony, are giving to each other the apple of discord and the sword of vengeance.

I see in these demands of our nature, welling up as they do from the profoundest depths of our being, that which must and will be supplied; and if man fails to furnish the proper and appropriate supply, the angel-world are now bending over us, calling us to come to a condition of receptiveness in which we shall find a supply for the deep and earnest soul-demands of our nature.

Friends, I know that there are many of you who have heard this call in the deep recesses of your souls, and have we not experienced as we came to listen to these beautiful voices, that they have in some degree, at least, supplied that which the earthly conditions have failed to give.

It was declared formerly, "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The consciousness of these demands within ourselves, if properly understood, will prepare us to accept the invitation given in former times by one whose vision had been opened to see some of the realities of the inner life, when he used the memorable language to the people: "Come unto Mount Zion, the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and *to an innumerable company of angels*, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

Oh, ye hungry and parched ones, who, in the deep longings of your souls, are craving a father's care, a mother's tenderness and love, a brother's aid, a sister's warm embrace—let me say to you, one and all, be of good cheer, there is food for the hungry, water for the thirsty, and hope and peace for all.

The angel world bends over us lovingly, and as we reach up our hands physically, and our aspirations spiritually, we shall find it as the dew of heaven and the manna that descended in the wilderness, on which we may feed and be sustained.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Fuel Resources of Illinois.

The science of Geology unveils to man's perception much of the grand and beautiful, both in the dynamic laws which have produced the physical features of the earth's topography, and in the progressive development that has characterized the growth of the animal kingdom, through the vast periods of geological time that have preceded the present order of things. From the lowest type of the radiata, found embedded in the metamorphic strata of the Laurentian formation of Canada, up through the succeeding forms of mollusca, crustacea and vertebrata, we find the animal kingdom appearing in each succeeding formation in higher and more elaborate forms of structure, until it finally culminates in the appearance of the present existing animal kingdom, with *man* as the crowning point and keystone of the grand arch in organic nature.

Although our knowledge of the peculiar characters of the preceding creations of organized beings, is necessarily derived entirely from the study of the fossilized skeletons of such of them as are found entombed in the rocky strata of the earth's crust, yet these are so perfectly preserved in their *stony mausoleums*, that they are easily referred to their true place in the animal kingdom by the skilful paleontologist, and they thus become the true *medals of creation*, a succinct history of the earth's creation, written on tablets of stone by the hand of the *Infinite Father*. Is it surprising then, that these records of pre-existing creations should be eagerly sought for by the geological student, or that the disinterment by a single blow of the hammer of a new form, on which the human eye had never before rested, should excite in his mind feelings of intense delight? But these grand and beautiful lessons, which are not restricted to any one branch of natural science, but are everywhere inscribed in God's own book of nature, and are eminently calculated to elevate the mind and enlarge the heart, are appreciated by comparatively few individuals, even in this enlightened age; but if we touch upon the *economical* in any department of science, upon that which will afford the *almighty dollar* or the means to acquire it, there are none too dull to avail themselves of the facilities which science affords in this direction.

Among the varied economical resources of this State, there are none more important to the material interests and future prosperity of its inhabitants, than the vast deposits of mineral fuel, which in the form of bituminous and cannel coals and peat, are found within its borders. Nearly three quarters of the entire surface of this State is underlaid by the geological formation technically known as *coal measures*. These measures consist of sandstones, shales, slates and thin beds of limestone, with seams of bituminous and cannel coal, and the underlying fire-clays which usually accompany them. This broad area forms a continuous coal field from its northern boundary in the valley of the Illinois river on the north, to the vicinity of the Ohio on the south, and from the Wabash on the east, nearly to the Mississippi on the west, and at some points crossing the latter stream and including portions of the adjoining States of Missouri and Iowa. The Illinois coal field also includes within its limits portions of Indiana and Kentucky, and is by far the most extensive coal field known on this continent.

About ten years ago, Dr. R. P. Stevens, who was employed by the Illinois Central Railroad Company to examine the lands along the line of that road, advanced the opinion that the Illinois coal field was not a continuous one, but was rather a series of small basins separated from each other by the upheaval of the underlying limestones. Subsequently, Dr. Norwood, the former State Geologist, promulgated the same opinion in his report on Illinois coals, published in 1857, and from that time to the present the same views have been reiterated by itinerant lecturers on various occasions, but none of those who have appeared as the special advocates of these views have attempted to give any conclusive reasons therefor. The prosecution of the geological survey of the State for the past seven years has clearly demonstrated the incorrectness of this conclusion, and shown that the Illinois coal field is a continuous one, and uninterrupted by disturbing influences, except in a few instances along its outward borders.

The maximum thickness of the coal measures in Illinois varies from 500 to more than 1000 feet in different portions of the State, and they include at least five (5,) distinct seams of coal, from two to nine feet thick, besides several thinner ones of less importance. Although these coal seams are not necessarily continuous over the whole area of the coal field, yet there is probably no very considerable part of it where one or more of them may not be found; and if we take into consideration, that the estimated yield of a coal seam is one million of tons of coal to the square mile for every foot in thickness of coal in the seam, we may form some idea of the vast amount of coal which a single seam of four feet in thickness would afford, if covering such an area as is contained in the coal field of this State. Moreover, there are several counties in the State that are known to have from three to five distinct seams of coal of sufficient thickness to be worked with profit, either outcropping at the surface or accessible at a moderate depth below. In coal mining, it matters but little whether the seam is one hundred, or five hundred feet below the surface, so that it is of sufficient thickness and the coal of fair quality.

In the level prairie region comprising the central portions of the coal field in this State, surface exposures of the coal seams or the associated rocks are seldom seen, and the amount of coal which this region will afford, can only be determined by the drill. In this way it has been found at Fairbury, Pontiac, Braceville, Catlin and various other localities along the lines of our principal railroads. The Illinois coals are mainly of the bituminous variety, the seams of cannel coal being usually thin and comparatively unimportant.

Beyond the northern confines of the coal field, extensive deposits of peat are found, which will ultimately become of great value to that portion of the State. Peat or *turf* as it is sometimes called, consists of an accumulation of vegetable matter, chiefly mosses, which grow in low marshes or swamps, and which have been reduced to a state of partial decomposition by the action of water. These peat beds are often of considerable thickness, and when used for fuel, the peat is cut into brick shaped pieces about twenty inches long, and dried in the sun, when it becomes an excellent article for this purpose. It may also be converted into coke and used for working iron. In Great Britain, certain preparations of peat have been found preferable to all other kinds of fuel, for case-hardening iron, tempering steel, forging horse shoes and welding gun barrels. The discovery of peat in this State thus adds another essential material to our manufacturing interests, and to the resources of that portion of the State, where an additional supply of fuel was most needed.

In Whiteside county, a single peat bed is known to extend along the *Cat-tail Swamp* for a distance of four miles with an average width of nearly a mile. It has been sounded in some places to the depth of thirteen feet, but owing to the difficulty of draining so great a thickness, only the upper three feet are worked at the present time. Hundreds of cords have been cut during the past summer, and piled up to dry for future use.

It seems highly probable that the vegetable matter which formed the coal seams of the carboniferous and later periods, accumulated under conditions somewhat analogous to those forming the peat bogs of the present day, and that these bogs, if submerged beneath the ocean, would eventually be converted into beds of bituminous coal. With such resources for fuel within our own borders, and extending almost from one extremity of the State to the other, the settler upon the broadest prairie in Illinois need not fear but that the necessary fuel required for the comfort of his family will always be at his command at a moderate price. A. H. W.

Springfield, Ill., September, 1865.

Letter from Dr. H. T. Child.

Traveling is always exhilarating to me, especially the fleet motion of the railroad car, which approximates nearer than any other mode, to taking the "wings of the morning."

Seating myself in one of those magnificent palaces, a modern railroad car, the other evening for a journey of five hundred miles—I soon had a through ticket to the land of dreams.

The rumbling of the living, moving train, and the occasional harsh scream of the magnificent iron horse, as he moved the immense train with as much ease as a mother dandles her babe, though they did not disturb me—doubtless gave color and decision to my dream. I stood by the side of old ocean, and heard the murmur of the rolling waves, and saw amid the dashing of the foaming billows the spray of the white caps as it danced merrily in the air—a single drop leapt far above the rest; just then a beautiful ray of sunlight, warm and genial, spread its seven-fold bars of rainbow hues. It kissed the drop, which blushed modestly and they were married and gone.

Oh! exclaimed I, I have seen your marriage, would that I could go with you on your bridal tour. "Come! come," they both cried, and instantly on the wings of thought, I was with them, far, far away. I followed them up into the blue ether, we passed on and on, though we were viewless as the air.

It grew cooler as we ascended, and they were obliged now to put on their fleecy garments. Now they joined a community and formed a cloud. Oh! what a scene of commotion was there! They plumed themselves with golden sunlight, and rolled out into fantastic forms, and in their wild revelry they seemed things of life.

The golden and crimson sunset came and tinted them with all the magnificent and gorgeous beauty of his attractive and ever new and varied scenes.

We stood in the tableau of night and we reposed in the darkness till the silvery stars came one by one with their soft sheen and drove it away. The pale moon came with her queenly radiance and built splendid temples in the heavens, and we stood in the vestibule of one of these.

How happy was I in following my drop on its journey, sometimes soaring far away in the heavens, then settling down as a mist upon the mountains, forming part of a clear white necklace around these stern and enduring monuments, "the everlasting hills."

At length the storm king mounted his throne and summoned his hosts to the battle and they were marshaled, battalion after battalion. Now went forth the flashing lightning. Crash went the rumbling thunder, peal after peal—down came the shotted rain drops, and the parched earth drank the refreshing draughts. I followed my drop down, for we were old friends now, and familiar. We fell into the petal of a snow white lily, and in gratitude the flower sent forth a richer aroma. I watched this as the drop coursed through the veins and blended its life with the life of the plant, but its career was short and fleeting, and when it withered and died the drop went away to its home in the sky—with the clouds.

And the storm king came and sent it to earth again on another mission; this time it fell into a brook amid a multitude of other drops, and soon it, with others, was pumped into the tank from whence our great iron horse was to drink. My sympathies were awakened now, and I followed it into the burning and fiery furnace. The flames wreathed around its iron prison house. The water became restive. It cried "give me liberty, or give me death." Never before had I seen how strong was the inborn love of liberty. It put forth all its energies and passing into the cylinder of the engine with a terrific leap and bound, it drove the piston, moved the engine, and with it the mighty train.

Now, having performed the "hard labor," for which it had been sentenced and imprisoned by man, it was set free, and as it leaped forth in exultation I awoke, and the morning was breaking in glory over the mountains and vales of earth, but I had learned a lesson. The faithfulness with which a drop of water had fulfilled its mission, echoed through my ears, "go thou and do likewise."

H. T. Child.

634 Race street, Philadelphia.
August, 1865.

The Lesson of the Skylark.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

[From a poem on "Heroes and Heroines," recently read before Literary Associations in Buffalo, Rochester, Auburn, Oswego, etc.]

I held in my hand a wonder—a hymn of a thousand years;
It was born in an English meadow—it was older than English cheers—
'Twas a hymn for the Roman eagles and a psalm for the Norman line—
It was sung through the war of the Roses, when the York turned red as wine—
It was heard on Bosworth field, when Gloster's flint struck fire,
And Richard's soul to Richmond's steel did glimmer and expire;
When the pæans for the Thane drowned the dirges for the thing,
And Ae swept across the planet on fame's eternal wing,
Who waged the battle as an earl, but won it as a king,
And plucked the crown of England from the hawthorn where it hung,
And lightly to his longing brow Golconda's cluster swung,
The crown upon the coronet, till the light of its pearls grew thin
And pale as a morning star that has led the daylight in.

Charge! and Marston Moor was a drum by galloping cavalry beat;
Halt! and each iron rank brought up with a clank, and each trooper sat still in his seat;
Hark! and down from the blue to the red was floating that exquisite strain,
As if every rider had ridden and never drawn sabre or rein,
Right out of the hell of the battle to the door of heaven ajar,
And thought he heard before his time the singing of a star,
And thought he saw in the downy cloud the truant from the choir,
As it hung in sweet vibration—an anthem in the air.

And I held in my hand that wonder—a book with a single psalm,
That would not brim the hollow of a woman's loving palm;
And the lyric was brown-breasted, and the lids of the book were wings,
And the bird was an English skylark, and the feeblest of God's things,
That had fallen out of the azure like a mote from a mighty eye,
And had shared the fate of the sparrow, for the Father saw him die.
Oh, bravest bird of Britain—a little ounce of death—
Oh, song born out of heaven—a clod without a breath.

And then my soul grew reverent—my heart beat strong and grand,
As I thought of the broad commission of the atom in my hand;
That the Admiral of the fleets at anchor off the world,
Flung out his pennant, with the touch that little pinion furled—
Unrolled the scrolls of thunder 'twixt the seraph and the sod,
Dashed down a word of fire in the running hand of God,
And stamped the stormy margins with His ring so broad and brave,
One-half is in the welkin—the other in the wave;
By him to meet that bird mid-air, the misty morn was driven,
Lest it should break away from earth and sing itself to heaven—
He sowed the Grand Armada like grain upon the breeze,
But gave to lark and lightning the freedom of the seas!

The cattle asleep in the meadow and the shadows asleep on the hill,
And the mists, like gray Franciscans, all standing ghostly still—
And the stars are drowsily shutting their eyes as weary watchers will—
And the crescent moon in the west shows the flash of a silver shoe,
As the steed that brought over the midnight is bearing it down the blue.

And out of the silence and shadow there quivered the *slenderest* song,
And a bird going up into morning exultingly followed along—
And the mountains stood down in their places and the clouds all timidly clung,
But a strand of Jehovah untwisted whereon the lost Pleiads are strung,
When this bird with its music and motion, ere the dawn had blooded its breast,
Up direct from the sod to the glory of God, triumphantly burst from the nest.
Just held to the earth by a fibre—a single invisible thread,
As if some Elijah had lingered and sent up a soul in his stead,
It has taught us the secret of dying without being utterly dead.
How the rings of horizons, like water, roll away to the edge of the earth!
How the blue shell of heaven is broken, to give to this bird a new birth!

Oh! pendulum, timing true glory—swing on with thy music, 'between
The dust that has drifted in graves, and the houses eternal, unseen—
For of such are the kingdom heroic—brave in faith, in sword and in song,
That forever in grandest vibration, to no world and no age can belong.

Extracts from Letters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I thank you for the first number of your handsome and interesting paper. Whatever looks in the direction of spiritual recognition for the benefit of life here, and for the agreeable anticipation of life hereafter—whatever propounds and promulgates liberality and freedom to the world, wider creeds, broader thoughts, deeper sympathy and compassion for suffering—whatever carries water to those who thirst in prison, feeds the weary, hungry traveler, clothes the naked and benefits the needy—whatever tends to raise man above the need of sedition, contention, blame and the spirit of revenge, whereby clearer sight and clearer thought is caught—whatever is a real use and benefit to the people, all men love. Such is your journal, and such may it be, and for its advent and success my humble prayer goes up to heaven.

Your humble servant,

Boston, Mass. A. B. CHILD.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Aug. 27, 1865.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A paper has been received at this place bearing the above named heading. Through its columns the Editors solicit subscriptions. I cannot engage in extending its circulation, because of the doctrine therein advocated. Such a journal should be *at once silenced*, and not allowed to sow broadcast over the land such principles. The Bible has told us "that in the latter times *some* shall depart from the faith, giving heed to *seducing spirits*, and *doctrines of devils*." I consider this paper engaged in such service.

The accounts given of spirits materializing themselves and giving their history, are absurd. As though they could be called up at pleasure from the unseen world! Do you suppose that one who has reached the celestial abode would say that he or she was not so contented, and did not like things as well as when on earth? The answers given to the questions proposed, show of themselves that the *heaven* and *spirits* are of *human invention*. Why need these things be done "with the lamps extinguished?" It is an evidence *of itself*, that they are *Spirits of darkness*, IF spirits they are. Why not come out in the pure light of heaven like the Saviour of old, and *materialize* themselves?

I pity from my *inmost soul* the man who has lost his son, that he can be thus comforted by a false doctrine. There is but one physician who can administer healing and comfort in the trying hour, but this father says that *Spiritualism* is fit to live with, and to die with. (I may not have worded it exactly right.) I trust it is, but it needs to come out into the light and make itself free from suspicion.

If the spirit of my departed mother could appear to me and speak, and show herself as she *was*, I might have some faith—but all the lecturers that I ever heard showed of themselves that they were *mediums*, occupying a place between men and *demons*, not knowing what they said, and amounting to nothing in the end.

I trust that you will pardon me for my open language, but such is my earnest belief, and that also of every true Christian.

Very respectfully, ALPHA.

I am pleased with your paper; it just suits me. I will do all I can to get subscribers here. I am willing and glad to act as agent for such a valuable work. Anything you wish done here you will please inform me of it.

I am yours, respectfully, O. N. THORP, P.M.

BROWNSVILLE, Cass Co., Michigan.

I have accidentally fell upon your first issue, which I have carefully examined. It has enlisted my interest deeply. It has been my fortune to have no opportunity of investigating the positions you assume, and although I have occasionally heard the subject of Spiritualism casually spoken of, I must confess I have heretofore given it no serious attention. But if your doctrines are true, (and I have no doubt you are honest in their advocacy, and I sincerely hope you have ample reason to be,) there is no earthly treasure I would value more than a consciousness of its verity.

We have no mediums in this vicinity that I am aware of. I am anxious to see some of the phenomena you speak of. Spiritualism is a novelty yet to millions who are ignorant of the first principles upon which its manifestations are produced—could you afford to appropriate a portion of one of the columns of your journal to the answering of interrogatories of inquiring subscribers for information as to how the manifestations may be obtained, and the mediumship of persons may be tested, and upon many other matters relating to this subject which you may consider not uninteresting to the public generally. Please find enclosed $1.50 for six months' subscription to the "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

Can a person living at a distance obtain a communication from their departed friends through your medium?

With best wishes for the success of your journal, and the permanent establishment of all truth, I am,

Respectfully yours, WM. W. CLEMENS.

Marion, Williamson Co., Ill.

You sent a paper to this office, requesting agents to circulate the same; my conscience and principles will not permit me to help to build up Satan's kingdom in that way. As I am a candidate for eternity, and expect to meet my fellow mortals there at the bar of God, *I do* hope to be kept from being the willing instrument of leading any one of them to destruction by circulating, or permitting to be circulated, a paper or anything of the kind, that contains such awful doctrines! Horrible to think of; pretend to "talk with the spirits of the dead." There is but one spirit that you talk with, that is Satan, the old arch traitor. He can transform himself into an angel of light to deceive, if possible, the very elect. We read of the seducing spirits that are coming in the last days, and the prophecies are about fulfilled. He knows the time is short that he can work, and he is devising every art that his subtle nature is capable of, to draw poor souls to misery and woe. I have heard of the abominable doctrine of Spiritualists long ago, but I hope the Lord will not permit me to be acquainted with it.

Beware how you lead people, for you will surely have to meet the Great God who created you. Oh! do not go blindfold to destruction.

Blue Mound, Wis. P. M.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I was made unspeakably happy by your presence. My heart was reaching out for one crumb of spiritual reading, to supply the place of the "Friend of Progress." The suspension of that was like the death of a dear friend, and there were feelings of remorse, like those of neglect, but I thought it recommended itself. How can such beautiful, elevating, deep thoughts be unappreciated? But the good cause must be pushed along by its friends until the whole earth is baptized in its harmonial waters. I hope to be able to give the dear JOURNAL a good pecuniary help, for that will give the hungry soul good wholesome food. As I am to travel for some time, I will act as agent and earnestly labor for its spread. Don't fail to send me No. 2, for I should hate to lose any of S. J. Finney's powerful thoughts. May the bright angels assist you in your noble work, and may your cause deluge the earth with the waters of its love, is the prayer of your humble servant, H. A. HOLTON.

Allegan, Allegan Co., Mich.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your efforts to establish a *free press* in Chicago, to give expression to *all* the new *ideas*, and the new *combinations* and *applications* of old ideas, which now demand expression.

Never, in the world's history, has the conflict between the *living present* and the *dead past* been so earnest and well defined. In defence of the dead past, sound maxims and customs, the schools and the college, the Church and State, the *Press*, the *Pulpit* and *Platform* are all enlisted. So far as human beings are organized and act in combinations in any department of life, their influence goes to defend and perpetuate the dead past, and keep the world of mind, of *thoughts*, of *reverence*—chained to the *ideas* and *maxims* of the past. The human soul cannot always be chained to the dead corpse of the past. It will surely come out of the sepulchre and cast off the grave clothes of the dead past and stand forth in the drapery of the living present. As it does so, my prayer is that it may effectually and for ever be enfranchised from the authority and despotism of the past, and be ready to accept and obey the living convictions of the present.

God help your *Association* to espouse and defend the cause of the living present, against the despotism of the dead past—dead as to *daily* and *hourly* life, but terribly living as to supreme and absolute *authority*. I *know* that the first step towards progress, towards the *kingdom of God* is deliverance from the despotism of all *external authority*, whether of past or present, and entire subjection of the *interior* and *exterior* life to *internal conviction*.

But pardon me for these thoughts, I should speak of your *Press Association*. I shall certainly do what I can to make them efficient auxiliaries to the efforts of the human soul to throw off the *rubbish* of the past, retaining only its *gems*, and to inaugurate the era of absolute freedom of *deliberation* and *communication* on all subjects, without regard to the frowns and denunciations of *external authority*, in Church or State, of the *past* or *present*.

Thine, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

I was much interested in your letter of the 13th, accompanied with a copy of the charter of the "Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association." I do not know that I ever read a more extended special charter granted by a legislature. Why, you can do almost anything and everything under it. It is of itself a great evidence of the progress of the age and of legislation. How did Spiritualists obtain a charter like it in Illinois? Surely our legislators are growing to the knowledge that there is "something" in Spiritualism and Spiritualists! Well, they will all have to come to it one of these days, and that not very far off. I do indeed congratulate the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association on their extended powers, and wish them all the success which they deserve, and I feel assured that they will deserve a great deal. I wish it was in our power to "get up" such an association in our city. It seems to be quite impracticable just now; but the day will come without a doubt. If there was such an Association in each of our great cities of the country, with a good newspaper published in each city, the cause of Spiritualism would have such a foothold that all the old powers combined could not scathe it.

I am glad that my views, in reference to the "newspaper" accord so well with your own. I do say, that a Spiritual newspaper, or journal, to be extensively useful, and extensively a success, must have the stamp of *universality* upon it. Creeds, dogmas, doctrines and tenets should hold no power or place in it. We are now but being educated in the great truths of Spiritualism. We are mere pupils or schoolboys. We do not know enough yet to say what is and what is not—what shall be, or what shall not be done. When we graduate, we may perhaps do so; but the period of taking a degree, will not be in your or my generation. Thus it was three hundred years after Christ, before the Christian religion was organized, and then it was most dreadfully despoiled of its purity and simplicity. Let us continue to learn, and merely undertake to teach to others what we have learned; and let us not set ourselves up quite yet, as the infallible apostles of Spiritualism. Let us rather abide our time and "see what we shall see."

Yours fraternally, A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, O.

Your journal has come to hand and I would say to you that there is but one individual here that believes in Spiritualism, and he was called a likely man before he made an ass of himself. This community is too well posted for your trash, and lest you should think this letter from the spirit land, I would advise you to leave off your trash and go to raising potatoes and cultivate the soil, as your mind is too much deranged to be cultivated.

I think we can get along very well without your paper. P. M.

August 24.

In sending my subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, permit an old Spiritualist to congratulate you on the design, appearance and prospects of your new enterprise. Having hailed the birth, supported the life, and mourned the death of all the leading papers which have been devoted to the spiritual ideas of this century, beginning with the "Univercœlum" and "Spiritual Telegraph," and ending with the last number of the "Friend of Progress," I naturally feel very much interested in the birth of this new child, who, Minerva like, seems fully developed, armed and equipped at all points and able to take care of itself, adding another proof, that "Westward the Star of" Progress, as well as "empire is surely taking its way."

We believe that such a journal is pre-eminently needed in "the West," where people, congregating from all parts of the world, seem ready to enter into new associations in ideas, as well as business relations, where we pride ourselves on our freedom and liberality, yet in reality it is in a great measure only the freedom of denunciation and the liberalism of carelessness.

Such a journal, then, with the "Fatherhood of God" for its polar star, with its weekly outspoken thoughts from able editors and contributors, in favor of a better education, equal rights and justice to all, irrespective of caste, sex, or color, cannot fail (if properly supported) to help forward the recognition of the truth of the universal brotherhood of man, and help him to see and attain his true position as a physical, mental and spiritual individuality.

Therefore, although, like Simeon of old, I am rejoiced to see your advent; yet (not being *very* old) I am not prepared to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I hope to live many years in this sphere to see your success and to help what little I can, both in word and deed, to that end. J. T.

I believe in the need of reform, but I am partial to scientific knowledge, especially the department of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Suppose we had in every town in the United States, a small observatory, with a suitable superintendent, ready to communicate on any matter pertaining to the science of the stars, and to which all well disposed persons, especially the young, could have ready access, how much more noble and dignified might the whole human family become! How much elevated above the low grovelling pursuits and unintellectual amusements of the great mass, is a taste for astronomical pursuits, explorations, observations, and reflections! And how much more available will such knowledge be in that future state which we must all realize sooner or later! I believe that progress in that direction is feasible, and promises great good to mankind. If our churches had a little more bias towards such subjects, and less of dogmatic nonsense, mankind would be vastly benefited. A fundamental moral basis seems to have been eschewed by them all, until Christendom has no morals. Dogmatism has usurped the place of ethics, until Christian nations are all but destitute of any such principle. It should be fundamental, in the school, in the church and in the family.

If your journal should contain a liberal assortment of scientific matters, notices of recent discoveries, inventions, etc., etc., as well as biographical and obituary notices of individuals distinguished in science, it would accord with my tastes; but too much of it might not be advantageous in a pecuniary point of view. I sincerely wish you all merited success in the undertaking.

Fraternally yours, E. A. SMITH.

Chicago is a better field for you than ——; no doubt of that, and the present auspices of the JOURNAL better suited in all respects to your capacity—to say nothing of the great idea set forth in the JOURNAL, of *individualism*; that is one of the conclusions I had arrived at, and was wishing that it might be more generally adopted. The very day your admirable paper came to hand, I was doubly rejoiced to find that idea so ably presented, believing as I do, that so much time would be saved in the way of outliving and unlearning the fallacies that arise from the ancient habit and custom of pinning one's faith on other people's opinions.

I consider the emancipation from such slavery as the principal starting point of our country's future greatness in all that will make life, growth and happiness. Now that the great question of physical slavery is settled, the next steps in order are freedom of thought, ideas, religion, and from the trammels of custom; all things will be made new, and there is no turning back, till all the grand ideas of the old inspired men and prophets, as well as the modern ones become fixed facts—when no man shall ask his neighbor, what of the Lord? but his great and good laws be found written in all hearts, from the least to the greatest, and your paper is destined to tear away the scales from many eyes. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, that such congenial work is allotted to you, and that the soil is so rich to receive the seed. Your satisfaction in the result is sure to be in full proportion to the earnest desire which I know possesses you, that all should share in the freedom and trust your faith inspires—the strength it gives to effort, and the untold good that is certain to be unfolded. My best wishes are with the JOURNAL—it cannot succeed too well.

It stands on a sure foundation and appeals directly to the inmost convictions of thinking, intelligent beings.

Have you time to read books, now? if so, get Herbert Spencer's "Social Italics"—for an Englishman it is something splendid, the idea of freedom is so well defined. He praises the Quakers, and well he may, since their foundation stones of belief are becoming the basis of all the grand resolutions that are daily developing themselves in the present time.

Though Mr. Spencer is accounted the great thinker of England, now, as well as Bright, Mill and others, yet his ideas are destined to be brought home to every one by a much simpler process of arriving at conclusions than the bare force of logic. Spiritualism teaches freedom, democracy and every other needful good, in a plainer way through inevitable conviction, than all the arguments man has yet propounded—but it is all good, as showing how rich the soil is.

I am full of hope for the future of our country, and for the triumph of Spiritualism.

Your sincere friend, H. T. L.

BUFFALO, Sept. 24, 1865.

I got home in time to hear Colchester's sentence —40 *dollars fine* and $473 40 of prosecution. I send Judge Hall's "charge" (?) and "opinion." I have no comments to make, except to say that the learned Judge's effrontery is something perfectly and ludicrously marvelous. He refused to allow any more witnesses for the defence to appear on the stand, when several witnesses were ready in court, to testify that they had had manifestations similar to Colchester's, the writing on the arm, etc., yet, right in the face of this fact, he has the impudence to say in his charge to the jury, "the most obvious solution and direst mode of provery, the fact that such spiritual communications are received, and that such manifestations are made by spirits, would be to call upon the stand these spiritual *mediums*," &c., &c., &c.

And again, in his "opinion," he says "the theory on which the defence is based, is *opposed to the* REASON and *experience of mankind*." Give us an article in your journal. Pay no attention to the balderdash of the *law* part; *break him up* on the "REASON and *experience* of *mankind*." What has it been worth in the past, when science developed a new idea, or genius suggested a new thought? Colchester is now free from his (Anderson's) low association, and is in good hands. His fine was promptly paid, and as you will see by his card, he has put himself right on the record before the public.

F. W.

Letter from W. A. Danskin.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Spiritualists should, from time to time, report through our press the condition and progress of Spiritualism in their several localities. We are thus kept informed of the general movement and expansion of this Gospel of Light, and many skeptical minds are drawn toward a subject which they find spreading so widely and taking so strong a hold upon the hearts of the people.

In Baltimore, we have overcome, in a great degree, the primary difficulties—those absurd conceptions of spirit intercourse, which had their origin in the materialism of sectarian theology, or that positive disbelief in all things spiritual which had been engendered in many minds by the incongruities of current Christianity. We hear no more of the insanity of Spiritualists. The cry of "humbug" has ceased. The denunciations of the pulpit have been hushed. The sneers of the secular press have subsided. The pity which some good people felt, and the contempt which others expressed for Spiritualism and Spiritualists, have passed into silence, or have been transmuted into admiration for and eulogy of, the wonderful intellectual power displayed upon our rostrum, and respect for those who claim to be the recipients and exponents of this new form of truth.

Some ten years ago, when I first was drawn to examine the claims of those who professed to hold communion with the interior world, that wonderful medium, the poetic Harris, was advertised to lecture upon Spiritualism in Carroll Hall. I thought it worth an hour's attention to learn what could be said upon so strange a subject. The hall was crowded by a throng of curiosity hunters, some of whom came to laugh, some to sneer, and a few to learn if there was really a re-opening of the avenues of thought between the two worlds. I listened with wonder and delight. The very thoughts which had been flitting through my brain for years, were here embodied in compact and logical propositions. The absolute necessity of the intercommunion of men and angels was clearly proven; the facts upon which the claim to such communion rested were distinctly stated; and the philosophy deducible from such facts was so eloquently presented that I saw a new world unfolding before me, disclosing those brilliant beauties of the inner realm that my soul had long yearned to behold, but for which theology had forbidden me to search.

Since that time many speakers have visited our city. The heaven-inspired Ambler, the modest yet earnest Achsah Sprague—here Cora Hatch was for months made the mouth-piece of the angels, who poured through her finely organized brain the sweet melodies of the higher spheres. Then came the logical and eloquent Thos. Gales Forster, sowing the seeds of truth that have since germinated and brought forth good fruit. Emma Hardinge, the dashing, brilliant and forcible Emma, who took her hearers by storm, and won the applause of many who listened with pleasure to her inspirations, though not morally strong enough to cast aside entirely the dogmas and creeds in which their infant minds had been swaddled. Lizzie Doten spoke a short season for us, and it was during this brief visit that exquisite poem, "The Streets of Baltimore," was given by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, who often uses her mediumship for the outpouring of his rythmical sermons.

Since October last Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has been our principal speaker, and delighted audiences have continued to fill our hall night after night, listening with the most intense interest to the sublime utterances which fall in streams of living light from her lips.

Her inspirers never dwell upon specialties. A committee, chosen by the audience at each meeting, selects the subject for discourse; and no matter in what form it may be presented, it is immediately centralized, and carried thence to the uttermost limit that its constituent elements will allow, or that the capacity of the human intellect, in its present stage of unfoldment can reach. The most profound depths of the Spiritual Philosophy are fathomed, apparently with the utmost ease by those exalted minds who have chosen the organism of Mrs. Hyzer as the channel through which to transmit their gleanings of thought to the world.

She has won the esteem of many of our most worthy and intelligent citizens, and has been so much pleased with the influences surrounding her in this beautiful City of Monuments, that she has made her permanent residence among us.

Mrs. Hyzer's style is clear, logical and more intensely penetrating than that of any other speaker to whom I have had the pleasure of listening. Her illustrations are new and striking, full of poetic imagery, and gush forth with that wonderful fluency which is only possessed by the inspired media of the Spiritualistic school.

It has often been remarked, by persons of culture among our audiences, that from no body of learned men in the world could such unbounded wealth of knowledge be obtained, as is profusely scattered among her auditors by this unassuming but gifted woman. Our hall is not very large—capacity only between four and five hundred—but it is devoted exclusively to our own use. During the week we have "circles," and lectures usually on Thursday evening, besides our regular morning and evening services on Sunday. A neatly furnished and pleasant ante room we appropriate to our business meetings, and to the use of such approved test media as may visit us. We have an organ and choir, and thus pleasantly provided for, we endeavor to present to the people a purifying and harmonizing spiritual philosophy.

With earnest wishes for the success of your new enterprise, I subscribe myself

Your Friend in the Work,

WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Baltimore, Md.

Interesting Letter.

Dr. J. P. Bryant sends us the following spicy lette accompanied by a note, in which he says:—

"I enclose a letter this day received from some unknown Catholic friend, which, perhaps, it would be well to publish *verbatim*, to satisfy the Protestant world that 'School houses are geting bilt.' The JOURNAL is, no doubt, a *good* 'Schoolhouse,' and if our Catholic friend will be so kind as to send me his name, I will pay a year's subscription to the JOURNAL and send it to him."

We hope our good brother will send the Doctor his name and accept the offer of our journal.—EDITORS

LETTER TO DR. BRYANT.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am going to rite you a few lines, and the spelling shall corispond with the sence and fallisys of your peaper.

There is no people but a ignorant Protestant people that would harbour such a peaper you compair the pergured Luther on whoes pergury Protestants bilds their faith and which is the foundation of the Protestant sects you compair the pergured apostle to Jesus you poor deluded dupe we have one of your peapers hear and it is a laffing stock to the hole town why do you not tell the poor ignorant Protestants that ther faith is founded on the pergury of Luther and Calvin And not be reapeating Bruno and Gallileo protestant lies But the mind is giting cultivated and schoolhouses are geting bilt all over the land protestant Ignorance and bigotry will come to an end I sir was raised a protestant the first thing that opened my eyes was the lies of protestant books deating their hersy back to Christ when there was not one in the world at the discovery of this continent in 1492 nor 28 years after they all have some old perguredapostate for their foundation look at the Protestants through the country ask them the Ninth or Seventh comandments of Jesus Christ what will the tel you I cannot tell is the anser ask them to say the apostles creed I forgot ask them to repeat the Lords prayer and there is not one in ten that knows it How can such hersy stand look at protestantism hear in Ohio thank God the people is leaving their corrup ranks as fast as the receive th trooth

N; B if you want to circulate your peaper let the Catholic alone Because the minds of the people is turned towards the truth this my dear sir is a Catholic land by discovery by conquest and by treaty.

Lewisburg, Preble Co., Ohio. a friend.

Letter from Mrs. Wilhelm.

No one can more readily see the necessity of a movement in behalf of the laboring classes, *especially the needle women*, than in the crowded cities of our Union. New York is not *alone* for its two extremes of poverty and wealth; its aristocratic dwellings of rich employers, and crowded tenant houses of ill-paid operatives; where the *indolent follies of the rich* are sustained by the *incessant toils of the poor*—the ease of luxury balanced and based upon the *respectable* robbery of *actual needs* from poverty-stricken homes.

Such is the fast growing tendency of *avarice;* the silly worship of "dollar and cent aristocracy," without regard to mind or merit, that injustice stalks abroad in its selfish aggrandizement, demanding "the upper ten to oppress the lower million," with its fearful influence upon the rising generation, striking at the very *heart* of a nation's prosperity, its *industrial Democracy*—the only true *wealth and capital* of any country.

When, oh! when will we learn to draw the line of distinction that will elevate *labor* and *compensation* to its noble standard of mental and moral appreciation; protect it from the insults of fashionable tyranny; the disgrace of vice and ignorance, because of oppression.

Let this subject be agitated by reformers; written upon our "*Banner* and Journal of Freedom" to humanity; form one of the corner-stones of our institution for *human rights*, until justice is demanded by the suffering of our race; until male and *female labor* ceases to be insulted with its insignificant compensation, and other avenues of light employment, now closed, be opened to her, thus reducing the excess of supply in the needle market.

I should be happy to see a portion of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL devoted to the subject of *Woman, her education and sphere of usefulness*, to which department I will cheerfully contribute occasionally, hoping others will feel equally interested to do likewise, until our standard of *Truth and Emancipation* will awaken *thought*, and then *action*, throughout the land.

Yours for progression,

ALCINDA WILHELM, M.D.

July 18th, 1865.

Letter from Mr. Rouse.

To the Spiritualists and other friends of Progress in the West:

For more than seven years I have been an humble worker in the Father's vineyard. During that time a great need has forced itself upon my observation. I allude to the want of something like a missionary enterprise. There are many localities where the strongholds of conservatism are established, in which are souls famishing for the bread of life. There are many earnest workers in the field who could, and who would carry the gospel of peace to those benighted regions, if they could be sustained, but who is to clothe and feed their wives and little ones? The enemies of our philosophy will not do it, and the laborer cannot see his dear ones suffer.

If our glorious philosophy is life, and light, and

peace, then the inspiring sound of its voice should be heard by every hearth stone, and its holy benisons be shed upon every heart in the land. Cannot rich and influential Spiritualists do something in this direction?

And now a word of myself. For seven years my work has been a pioneer work. When the friends of our beautiful faith were weak, and its enemies many and strong, I have gone forth, aided by the strong angels, and have striven to do my work.

Sometimes my feet have been weary, and my soul has shrunk from its Gethsemane, but still I have pressed forward. It would be sweet to rest the over taxed energies, and receive words of cheer and sympathy from the strong and self-sustaining, but then I do not repine. I am blind, and am accompanied by my wife.

Spiritualists and other friends of progress in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, desiring my services as a lecturer, or to hold intellectual circles, can arrange with me by addressing J. T. Rouse, Osseo, Hillsdale Co., Michigan, till further notice.

Communication from Saml. Underhill, M. D.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You desired me to furnish for your paper, a scientific article. I promised to do it. May I substitute for the promised article, a few preliminary thoughts on scientific investigation? Opinions, beliefs, assurances, knowledge, are truly distinct relations of the mind to propositions, very often mixed, and frequently confounded by careless investigators.

In 1830, I commenced reading on Animal Magnetism, by perusing three lectures by Dr. DuCommon, delivered in 1829, in Fanny Wright's hall of science, New York. Next I obtained several volumes in German, one of which, entitled the Archives of Animal Magnetism, contained reviews of many authors, it being a series of quarterly numbers on that subject. I became interested and much desired to talk with persons who had personal knowledge of the subject. About this time, I met a Catholic priest, a learned German, and now, said I, he must know all about it. Judge of my disappointment, when to my question, "Mr. Henne, do you know anything about Animal Magnetism?" he replied, "No, I know nothing about it." I remarked, "I have been reading much about it and am inclined to believe it true. He replied, "Seeing you believe something in it, I will say this much about it; I have seen a great deal of it, but as I have never investigated it, I know nothing about it. I boarded two years with a physician who had many patients at his house," and he related many facts which he witnessed.

The German Catholic priest is now, I believe, and has been for many years, Bishop of Wisconsin. How badly we are educated, few seem conscious of. Bright, active, and really capable men, men in positions demanding well-trained minds, will give opinions and advice on subjects which they have never examined, about which they really know nothing. This is not confined to the uneducated portion of society. All the opposition that new truths ever meet with is from the most learned of the times. The confessedly ignorant never act only in response to the dictum of the great leaders of the day. All this comes from pretending to know, when they have never investigated the matter which they oppose. To the question, what do you know about it? the answer, if honest, must be "nothing"—"though they swear the Lord liveth, surely they swear falsely," was the language of one of the true prophets, when speaking of the false ones. It is perjury to swear the truth, when you do not yourself know it to be truth, though thousands of others may know it. Our courts allow you to tell under oath only, what you know in the matter before the court. Not what you believe, nor your opinion, nor your guess, but what you know—what is usually called "my opinion" is your guess. The well trained mind expresses no opinion on subjects which it has not investigated. But there are few who to my certain knowledge, within the last thirty years, denounced as a humbug Animal Magnetism, whom I have not put into the magnetic sleep and taught to magnetize others.

S. Underhill, M.D.

Peru, Lasalle Co., Ill.

Letter from Henry C. Wright.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1865.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I cannot express to you the gratification and interest I feel in the success of your Association and the Journal. I seek to interest my friends in the Journal wherever I go. The great West and the nation needs such a Publishing Association and such a journal. The world needs them, and I believe Chicago is the place for their location.

The world in all ages and nations has been befooled, befogged and bedeviled by a religion of *fiction*; it calls for a religion of *fact*. The God of Christendom and heathendom is but the hero of a stupendous romance. Angels, men and devils are minor characters of the romance; and eternity the great stage on which they have performed, and are still to perform. The human soul is fast outgrowing the religion of romance. It is calling loudly for a religion of reality; for a simple matter of fact, everyday, practical God, and an immortality that shall come to it as a living *reality*. The *progressive* human soul calls for a God of immortality, that shall come to it and be made manifest in living men and women, and in all living relations. Millions are calling for a God to live with them to care for them in going out and coming in. Millions are looking and longing for a *flesh and blood* God, whose presence and endorsements they can *see* and *feel*. They long for a God that can look at them through two living, loving human eyes; that can hear them with two human ears; that can love them through a loving, tender human heart, and fold them in a gentle, unselfish human bosom.

My friends, my heart is very full when I speak or write on the needs of human nature, as they are being made manifest. I have one great starting point in my religion. It is this: *Man's natural demands are God's only commands.*

God speaks to us only in the *demands of our nature.* God never speaks to one through another, but to each one directly and individually. *Hunger* is the voice of God, saying "*eat.*" *Thirst* is the voice of God, saying, "*drink water.*" *Drowsiness* is the voice of God, saying, "*sleep.*" Longing for society, is the voice of God, saying, "Take society, and make yourself *loveable.*" In the longing for a wife, God says, "Get a wife, and make yourself loveable to a woman as a husband." In the longing for offspring God says, "Become a *parent* in accordance with the fixed laws of parentage." Thus God ever talks with men and women in the demands of their nature.

What shall we know and do to be loved? Know the demands of our nature, and then naturally and healthfully supply these demands, and this is all we need to know, and all we need to do, to be all we are capable of being, and all we are required to be. A perfect knowledge of these demands implies a knowledge of our relations to the material, intellectual, social and spiritual universe. Oh, that the time I have spent in looking after God and eternal life in that old Bible and among the dark sepulchres of the dead past, had been spent in studying the record engraven on my own body and soul.

Of all the obstacles to the freedom and progress of man, the popular theology is the greatest. To free the human soul from its despotism is the one great work of the present age. Heaven grant that your association and your journal may lead off in this great work of substituting *fact* for *fiction; reality* for *romance;* the *present* for the *past;* the *living* for the *dead*, in the august drama of human life.

Pardon me, dear friends, for the above. Burn it if you can't read it. How long before the Journal will begin to appear weekly? By the first of January? I wait for it longingly, so do many others.

The National Convention in Philadelphia! For God's sake (as personified in humanity) do, if possible, let it result in a national combination of some kind. I long much to be there. I shall be there. My *body* may not, I fear I shall not be able to transfer it there, but my *thought*, my *sympathy*, my *soul* will be there, to beg and pray that all minor matters may give place to the one great end—to organize the Spiritualists and friends of progress, and make them a *power* that shall be felt in every relation of life, a *power* competent, in a measure, to meet the demands of the hour. It seems to me so weak and so foolish to refuse to organize for fear it will end in despotism. How can there be tyranny in a combination where ingress and egress are optional with the individual, without loss of reputation? I shall be there bodily if I can, but if not I will send a word or two of exhortation. I will pray to the Convention.

"THE LIVING PRESENT AND THE DEAD PAST."

I have just published a work with this title. A copy of it will accompany this. When you begin regularly to issue the Journal you will oblige me if you will give it such a notice as, in your views, it deserves. I am sick of all religions and government; all Bibles and creeds; all churches and states; Gods and institutions, that sacrifise man to his incidents; the substance to the shadow; the head to the hat. Let man be the one holy, invisible object in the universe, and all else second and subsidiary to him. That he may be so, let man be the one object of our highest and holiest reverence and worship. I would live for one object, *i. e.*, to perfect the nature I bear in myself and others, in the body and out of it, to all eternity; be this the sole and single aim of my existence.

Henry C. Wright.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

☞ *For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.*

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each $3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each $1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

Thoughts.

The origin of thoughts—who can give? When and where had they birth? Are they children of the brain, tangible in soul land? or are they shadowy and latent sounds, waiting speech to give them birth and brief existence? These questions the world is asking. They are the problems the soulologist is trying to solve. Thus far metaphysicians disagree. The *anti*-materialists decide that thoughts, like the spirit, have no actual being; that they are mere vague conceptions, shadows of things conceived in the brain. They come and go, no one knows whence or whither. A class of ontologists declare thoughts to be inherent—entities—ensouled in the *All-soul*, too subtle to be analyzed by human chemistry. This materialistic philosophy commends itself to our consciousness, carries its testimony with it to our understanding. If heat, electricity, magnetism, have always existed, and are among the eternals; if they have evaded weights and measures, who will deny to spirit, to thought, and other imponderable bodies, like existence? To us the idea is no Utopia, no dreamland fable which the light of reason will dispel. If we generate thoughts, why may not they be the creators of the circumstances which called them into action? We may give them names, and places, and empower them, as we do the elements, for good or for ill. That is all. Heat, cold, sorrow, pain, health, the glad voice of love, the angry tone, the shroud and bridal robes—all are servants, conducting the fairy denizens of soul-land down through the ages. The argument is: Man is a microcosm, hence a generator of ideas, and accountable for his thoughts—the arbiter of his own destiny. To some extent, this is true. Man controls his destiny just so far as he does the air, the water, and all other surroundings, and no farther. The very fact of his being nearly or remotely related to all things in the earth, in the hells and in the heavens, is proof positive that his thoughts, too, have their kindred in these localities. The phosphate of lime in our bones, may contain in some degree the thoughts of former proprietors. The tiny vines, reaching out their tendrils to cling and to climb; the strong roots thrusting down and out for a stronger earth-hold; the miasmatic ponds; the venomous serpent; the noble mastiff, asleep upon the rug at our feet, give tone and direction to the thoughts of this generation, and they will all have a hearing in the eternities. Upon your to-day's dinner your to-morrow's thoughts depend. A Confederate soldier was asked why he ate raw beef and drank whiskey, just before going into battle. "Because these are the best breeders of murder," he replied. Ice-water and vegetables are not easily provoked to bloody strife.

The kinship of thought is more perceptible among humans than between man and brute, because of a nearer and *soul* relationship. But even among people of the same color, blood and speech, thoughts do not always flow freely. These persons are soul-wise, but distantly related. Their thoughts have taken different ways, and the inducement to return and unite is not sufficient to hazard the undertaking. If my friend is indeed a soul-friend, if our thoughts are ensphered, if they blend and set toward the same sea, the speech-gates turn back; we fetch forth our goods and chattels, and forthwith commence comparing and exchanging. Another may be bone of our bone, his appointed place beside us. He may be the guardian of our lives, and provide for our needs as faithfully as for those of his stalled ox. Between him and his brute the understanding may be quite as good. It is no fault of his that a bridgeless gulf lies between us—none of ours. But it is a misfortune—this linking of alien souls.

You sit opposite your wife at table, year after year. You eat and drink in silence. You turn to your books or to outside companions for social life. Your wife is as silent and sombre as yourself. You are both respectful; neither disregards the marriage obligations. But why are you tongue-tied the moment you find yourself alone with your wife; and why is she as merry as a blackbird in the presence of her soul companion? The fact is clear enough; you belong to another thought-sphere. You are friends, and should be nothing more—nothing else. We do not argue that to love, and talk, and live harmoniously, a complete thought-blending is demanded. We often admire and demand in others what we do not possess; but the pivotal idea, the central thought, must harmonize, if peace would be secured. If the stage is our forte, if the foot-lights guide our feet, why, there is our place—our kingdom. If your way leads you among the cloistered nuns, the linking of our lives would be a sin against our better selves. The Shakers are attracted by the central idea, celibacy; the Mormons, by polygamy.

Speech is not important to the development and execution of thoughts. There is an element, silent and subtle, that creeps into our homes, steals into our furniture and clothing; it hides in the walls, nestles in the air, in the food we eat, and finally finds place, voice, action, in our lives. You go into a strange house. Exteriorly, all things are beautiful. The walls are scattered with pleasant pictures; the furniture is suggestive of rest, refinement; but gloom, discontent, plans for wicked deeds, flock like ghosts of evil into your soul-chambers. If the better angels in your hearts are not *positive* to these children of darkness, you may be led to the commission of crimes that else had never been committed. Your friend was slain, but an unseen hand directed the blow. A man once arose at midnight, and, unprovoked, murdered his own brother. He was executed for the crime. A person who was sleeping upon the same pillow confessed, years after, that he, on that night, contemplated that very deed. If we come en rapport with persons who harbor the demons' envy, scandal and ill will, we sink to the same pit of corruption; but if we dwell in thought with the grand, the aspirational, and the loving, we grow great-hearted and go up to dwell in the mountains of the Beautiful. Reasoning from this fact, we would suggest the propriety of negative people choosing wisely their associates.

We are sad; there is no brightness in our sky; the song-birds in our hearts are hushed; all the world, once so rose-tinted, wears a leaden hue. We see no reason for this; the world goes well, and friends are not faithless. But in the sphere in which we live a kindred soul suffers; and it may be that sufferer has turned to us, and asks of us sympathy and strength. Upon invisible wires these messages come to us, pleading and praying for the heart that aches. We hear, we listen to the call of sorrow and the wail of want. Time, distance, hills and seas are annihilated, and in thought-land we stand face to face with our sorrowing ones. We whisper "hope," and to the fainting "take heart." To the tempest-tossed we send sweet peace, and the winds and waves are hushed to a cradle calm. The prodigal hears his father's call afar off, and hastens to the feast. The wandering daughter, listening at heaven's gate, hears the unspoken plea sent there from a mother's crushed spirit, and she makes haste to reply, "I am saved!"

There are those whose thoughts, like musical strains, blend and flow on together. They may have no need of speech, indeed, words seem sacrilege. These united souls, like the Eden pair, are alone in the garden of Nature. Their thoughts harmonize because of the holiness of their hearts, the purity of their lives, the like development and education of their spiritual natures. One may meet these kindred souls among strangers—in the rail cars, in the social circle. No word may be spoken, no sign given, yet the genial love-light shines into the soul with potent power. The ice barriers give way, and all the streams of life break forth into singing.

From these unions brave spirits are born; life's battles are won; poems are written; sermons vitalized with inspiration fresh from God's own altar preached; dry bones resuscitated, spiritualized and put to service.

Blessings upon the souls whose thoughts, simple and pure, brave and earnest, have scattered the soul-world with light, even as God's thoughts have sprinkled the sky with star-lights. The mere earthling may never know whose hand brought him blessings, and the benefactor may be, while here, defrauded of his meed of praise; but his deeds have gone on, and in the hereafter the Cæsars will not be richer, nor kings wear costlier crowns.

S. P. Leland.

Some two years ago, S. P. Leland paid roundly for one of his notorious falsehoods, in regard to Spiritualists. The libel, with his signature, was published. It often finds its way into his public meetings, and bears testimony against the author. Mr. Leland, true to his unfortunate organization, invariably denies all knowledge of the matter, and commences, forthwith, to scandalize those who witnessed the libel. George W. Winslow, Esq., of Kalamazoo, Mich., has taken the trouble to get the original libel photographed. He will send it to any one who will enclose fifty cents with the order.

Mr. Leland is an ambitious young man, and certainly owes Mr. Winslow a debt of gratitude for helping to rescue his name from its merited oblivion.

The New Stock Yard Hotel.

The new Stock Yard Hotel, to be constructed on the corner of Halsted and Egan avenue, is to be a model of modern architecture, heated by steam, lighted by gas manufactured on the spot; will contain 250 sleeping apartments, a drawing room 40 by 90 feet, a business office 40 by 48, a billiard room 36 by 96, a reading room, a saloon, kitchen, laundry, drying rooms, bath rooms, and a variety of other public rooms of dimensions corresponding to those above named; long, airy halls and spacious stairways, all constructed on the most approved modes of modern architecture; the whole will cost only $85,000.

Delegates to the Convention.

At a meeting of Spiritualists held in Chicago, October 1st, the following delegates were chosen to represent the Spiritualists in the National Convention to be held in Philadelphia, October 17th, 18th and 19th:

Thomas Richmond, Mrs. Rachel Martin, Warwick Martin, Mrs. J. S. Fuller, J. S. Fuller, Mrs. Oliver Avery, T. W. Taylor, Wm. Butler and J. E. Cox.

M. W. Leavitt, *Pres.*

Wm. Butler, *Secretary.*

Impostors.

Of all classes of impostors, those who impose upon afflicted and mourning friends and relations of the deceased, are the most despicable.

Counterfeit spiritual mediums are not unfrequent. There is nothing genuine in the universe that is not liable to be counterfeited. Where there is nothing genuine, there is nothing to counterfeit. Therefore, in every community there are those who make hypocritical pretensions to dealing in genuine articles, when in fact all they have is a mere illusion. Let all seekers after truth in spiritual philosophy, beware that they are not deceived by mere charlatans, miserable impostors, under the name of Spiritual Mediums.

Good mediums are always willing to submit to conditions that will place the question of genuineness beyond controversy.

We do not mean by these remarks, that mediums should suffer uncourteous or unreasonable tests to be practised upon them to gratify the whim of an ignorant skeptic; but we do mean that mediums should so comport themselves that reasonable investigators of the truth of our beloved philosophy, will have no good cause to suspect them of deceiving in matters so sacred to the human heart.

Our attention has recently been called to a kind of test practised by either genuine or professed mediums, for the *moderate* fee of five dollars and upwards! The test consists in this: The inquirer is required to write the questions, one at a time, with a pencil, on a strip of printing paper, close at the top of the paper, then fold the paper over twice, thereby concealing from view—as the inquirer supposes. It is so, unless held up so that the light can shine through the paper, then it is read with all ease.

We are informed that these impostors require the investigator to address these inquiries to the spirit consulted, by name and relationship, so, as the impostor says, that there may be no mistake made by some other spirit answering. Then he takes the paper up and invariably holds it up between his eyes and the light, either day or artificial light, and goes through certain manipulations with his fingers, to divert the attention of the investigator from his true object, which is to read the question asked, so as to give a responsive answer.

If you write more than a single question, or write it anywhere except at the top of the strip of paper he gives you, he will impudently tell you to ask but one question at a time, and to write it at the top of the page, or you will get no answer, and at the same time tear off the questions you have written, and require you to write again as he tells you, or else take up no more of his valuable time.

Now any one by trying the experiment, can readily see that a paper thus written on and folded, can be easily read. A genuine medium has no occasion to treat people rudely, nor to unnecessarily subject himself to suspicion of being an impostor by such practices. Impostors would be likely to resort to just such tricks.

In conclusion, we will say to all inquirers into the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, beware of this, as well as all other species of deception in investigations; and while we say this, we most respectfully solicit you to treat the feelings of mediums with all due consideration. There is no class of individuals who suffer more from unjust aspersions than mediums, and were it not for the unbounded love and kind protecting care of guardian angels, there is scarcely a medium in the land who would suffer himself or herself to be subject to spirit control.

While we mean to expose and rout out impostors, our journal shall ever be the fast friend of all genuine spirit mediums.

Thoughts for Reformers.

A thorough practical reformation is needed in every department of human existence; and this reformation must be *perennial* in its duration, and *individual* in its application, to every human being, if he is expected to be permanently benefited thereby. Unlike the volcanic eruptions in the material world, great revolutions in the moral world are seldom produced by sudden and violent convulsions. Those influences which produce the widest and deepest reformatory results, are silent and unostentatious in their operations. These influences are truth, justice and purity, working inwardly upon the individual mind and heart, and reflecting outwardly, through exalted and generous words and deeds. Neither are the rampant, ostentatious vices, common among the lower grades of society, those that are most likely to seduce the unwary masses. Those that at first most surely elicit the toleration, and ultimately the approbation of the average of mankind, are those insidious, insinuating, fashionable vices of the so-called *respectable* circles of society. Inch by inch the huge dragon of popular crime and injustice, like a glacier of the Swiss mountains, coils itself onward, an anachronism of summer, and surely but stealthily encroaches upon the sunny borders of the peaceful vales below. But this frosty Python, with his glittering scales, and crest of ice, has his destroying limits prescribed by the kindly forces of nature. The silent arrows of the benignant sun of truth, sooner or later, prove fatal to this inexorable devastator; and we all may assist in speedily advancing the time when nought shall remain to indicate its previous existence but "the scratches of its talons, and the gnawed boulders scattered where it made its lair."

The fallow ground of reform can only be broken by honest, sturdy, *unflinching* reformers, *genuine men and women.* Those who fear not the rebuffs of conventional society, and the unscrupulous rabble, or the scorn and derision of sycophants and bigots. Those who, with rectitude, sobriety, firmness of purpose, holy and intelligent zeal are willing, though they receive not the plaudits or gratitude of their cotemporaries—to labor unceasingly to emancipate humanity from the thraldom of creeds, both religious and political, the tyranny of public opinion, and the vulgar subserviency to fashion—the bane of modern society.

The institutions of the age, ecclesiastic and scholastic, have become crazy and rotten. Their foundations are being gradually crumbled by the disintegrating influence of progressive and humanitarian principles; and unless they are re-cemented by the elements of freedom and truth, and their superstructures thoroughly remodeled from foundation to turret to suit the exigencies of the age, they will be swept away like an old tottering castle before the whirlwind, and their massive, but dilapidated walls will fall like an avalanche upon the heads of the people.

The cloister and the sanctuary must be made to recognize the equality of unsophisticated man to man, if they would be rendered subservient to the highest interests of humanity.

This age, though unprecedented in history, for its progress and humanitarian improvements in the mechanical provinces, is yet, in its institutions for the advancement of either scientific, philosophic or theologic information, sadly unprogressive and pedantic. But despite the unfavorable tendencies of our institutions, *individually*, humanity is struggling to break the bonds of constriction and precedent, modes and customs. Untrammeled liberty, freedom of thought, expression and action, is the goal for which the great heart of humanity is struggling. The thought of liberty is the great thought that stimulates every brain and every heart. Every deed and struggle, and aim of man is tending towards this ultimatum.

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life, its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."

The great questions of reconstruction and suffrage, are subjects that largely interest the reformers of this country, the final decision of which will be prolific of good or evil, in the exact ratio that the decision accords with the principles of justice or injustice. The future state, if it would be rendered permanently substantial, must be founded upon the granite rock of political equality. There must be no distinction of color or sex. Intelligence, only, should be the test for franchise qualification; while honesty of purpose and purity of character, combined with intelligence and culture, should be the essential requisites for holding office. Liberty, equality and fraternity, should be the motto indelibly engraven upon Columbia's fair escutcheon.

Alcæus of antiquity, asked and well answered the question—

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd:
No! Men, high minded men—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain."

The Church of the future shall be founded on moral science, and its temple of worship shall be no Gothic cathedral with towering spire, or Roman Pantheon, with august dome supported by pillars of architectural grandeur; walls decorated with paintings and sculpture; or golden censer illuminating its sanctuary, or gilded cross adorning its altar, or thunder toned organ pealing its anthems; nor resplendent forms, and dramatic ceremonies to celebrate the memory of its saints and heroes; nor robed bishops and cardinals, administering its rites and sacraments; but it shall have the broad universe for its temple, with earth for its beams, and heaven for its rafters, without shawms, psaltery or sackbut. The religion taught therein shall be intellectual, as well as spiritual; *that which is its own evidence.* Its music shall be the voice of adoring angels and seraphs, whose songs of praise make the wide heavens resound with celestial anthems; its chancel shall be illuminated only by the steady light of truth, and its altar made sweet by the fragrant incense of love, and purity shall be the queen rose of its architrave; and its priesthood shall be neither learned scoffers nor devout fools, but only those who can stand on the common level and utter before multitudes, as if in joyful soliloquy, the regenerating word, with tenderness and sincerity; those who have divested themselves of ecclesiastical cant and hypocrisy, emotion and snuffle, those who employ only science for illustration, and ethics for symbol. Such a church has no need of visible decorations, for it is adorned with arts diviner than those of Phidias or Praxiteles, Raphael or Wren; arts infinitely superior to the Vatican or the Alhambra. In the catholic religion of the future, though it be as stern and exigent as stoicism, it shall contain enough beauty, music, poetry, and devotion, for the heart and the imagination. The ceremonial institutions with which religion is at present encumbered, will, as fast as the people can bear it, give way to the simple and earnest worship of the ancient children of nature, to whom the fields, fragrant with the daisy, the violet, the lily and wild rose; the melodies of the babbling brook, the caroled anthems of the winged songsters, the varying tints of the forest foliage; the cloud-capped mountain; the surging ocean reflecting those orbs floating in the infinite abyss of motion, taught wondrous lessons of divinest poetry and holiest religion. Yet all the Pantheons, Tabernacles, Pagodas, Mosques, Cathedrals and Chapels, are but "the Ethnic four-court of the Invisible Temple, and its Holy of Holies."

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Freedmen.

The present condition of the Freedmen of the South is a thousand-fold worse than before their emancipation. Then they were clothed, fed, doctored and protected by their owners; to do their owner's bidding was alone their daily and yearly routine of duty—no cares, no preparations to make for their future; even their children and families were cared for. Now they seek in vain for food and raiment; their former owners have turned them away empty, after long years of toil and drudgery, and having been for years used to slavery and subjection, they are careless and improvident, and know but little about the troubles and duties of providing for themselves or families.

Suddenly turned loose to shift for themselves, thousands are utterly incapable of making a living, and at the present moment numbers of them are positively starving to death in the interior of Georgia and other places.

Moreover, the sudden transition from slavery to freedom, is more than their uncultivated natures can bear; they are becoming insolent, which the Southern people—Union or Secesh—will not tolerate. Only a few days ago the 9th Tennessee cavalry volunteers—brave men as ever lived—got into a melee with the negro troops at Loudon and Knoxville, and killed and wounded several.

Something should be done—done quickly, too—to ameliorate their condition, or in a few years the black race will melt away as have the red men of the past. The practical fruits of the rebellion and the strong arm of the government have freed them, and it will take its strong arm, or some other, to emancipate them from untold misery. One word more as to negro suffrage—it is impolitic at present in the South; in New England it might do, but it will not here yet. The blacks here and there are as different as Hottentots and Laplanders. I am a native of the South, live here, and know whereof I speak; but only give my opinion for its worth.

Wm. A. Simpson.

Loudon, Tenn.

Remarks.—The writer of the above letter endeavors to present the condition of the bondman in its most attractive light. The idea conveyed is, that because he is clothed and fed—has no care—subject alone to the will of the master, who kindly provides for, *perhaps*, his own offspring—that slavery is preferable to freedom. Food and shelter are most certainly needful; but is not the freedom of the soul of far greater worth? It is to be regretted tha

those who have so high an appreciation of the condition of the slave cannot enjoy the benefits of the institution. He who believes that repose in chains is better than the most menial toil in freedom, is wanting the energy and spirit which characterizes the colored race.

"Their uncultivated natures cannot bear the sudden transition from slavery to freedom." The transition must be sudden if at all. There is no middle ground. A man is a slave or he is free.

"The slave is insolent." A very weak charge to be preferred against one who has never been encouraged to respect his manhood. The slaveholder has no rights that the slave is bound to respect. Hasn't the slave been stolen, put into chains, compelled to toil un-remunerated, robbed of citizenship, manhood, children—*all* that makes life of worth? Insolent is he? Strange! isn't it?

"Negro suffrage in the South will not do." What has the suffrage of the white man done? Trampled upon the most sacred rights of negroes, women and children; compelled them to obey unjust laws and to support an unrighteous government. Resign the government entirely to the colored race, and we predict that no greater injustice will be practiced, than we have already suffered by our white male protectors.

Excursion to Philadelphia.

Excursion tickets from Chicago to Philadelphia, and return, will be sold at the office of the Chicago and Great Eastern Railway, under the Matteson House, and at the Passenger Depot of the Great Eastern Railroad in Chicago, from the 9th to the 16th of October, inclusive, to be used going east any time between the 9th and 20th instant, and to return by the 5th of November, for twenty-five dollars each.

The excursionists to the National Spiritual Convention, at Philadelphia, will go over the Great Eastern Railway, Richmond and Columbus, and Pittsburg, Columbus and Cincinnati, and Pennsylvania Central Railroads, instead of by way of Baltimore as previously advertised. This change has been occasioned by some misunderstanding with railroads East.

Tickets to be procured at the Great Eastern Railway office, as before advertised. Rates same—$35 round trip.

Arrangements have also been made with the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad Company, by which those who attend the National Convention from any point on that road, will receive return tickets over that road for one-fifth of the usual fare—that is to say, they will pay full fare to Chicago, going, and one-fifth fare returning, provided they return before the 10th of November. To insure this, it will be necessary to receive a certificate of attendance at the National Convention.

Excursion tickets will be issued anywhere between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia for half of the usual fare. Full fare will be required going to Philadelphia with a free ticket back. To insure a free ticket back, a certificate of attendance will be required from the Secretary of the Convention.

Half price tickets will also be issued from Cincinnati, New York, and probably over most of the railroad and steamboat routes.

All who desire to be benefited by the greatly reduced fare, (about one-half,) will be required to present their excursion tickets to the President or Secretary of the National Convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia, for endorsement, any time during the Convention, from the 17th to the 21st of October, inclusive.

There will be ample time to attend the great National Convention of Spiritualists, and visit Washington City, Baltimore, Mount Vernon and many of the noted places in the late war.

The undersigned endeavored to make arrangements for excursion tickets over other lines, but was unable to do so.

Will the friends at once endeavor to make similar arrangements from other points on other roads, and especially from other points on the lines designated east of Chicago, as no such arrangement could be effected here for points on the line east of Chicago, unless tickets were bought from Chicago through to Philadelphia.

We hope there will be a great gathering from all parts. The excursion tickets will be good for everybody who attends the Convention, no matter how short a time.

Such an opportunity to visit Philadelphia, Washington, and adjacent cities and country, seldom offers.

On some of the railroads excursionists will simply pay regular fare going to the Convention, and have free tickets back. In such cases they must be careful and get a certificate of attendance from the Secretary of the Convention.

S. S. JONES,
Chairman Nat. Ex. Committee of Spiritualists.

OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women, who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences that very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

Illness.

We learn with deep regret that Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Coonley, and Moses Hull, are suffering from illness. We hope they will soon know, by blessed experience, the value of good health.

Remember!

All persons sending us Drafts or Post Office orders, will please make them payable to GEORGE H. JONES, Secretary.

Medium.

Mrs. Caroline Jordan, Healing and Prophetic Medium, No. 74 North Dearborn street. Price, one dollar for a sitting.

Clippings and Comments.

WHEREIN DO WE DIFFER?

The great gulf between the Spiritualists and the more popular Christians is only imaginary. We talk of religious antipodes, and look to the far future to annihilate distance, to bridge chasms, and melt the dividing ice-mountains; but those who seem afar are our soul companions, drinking of the same fountain, worshipping at the same altar, speaking our thoughts, and praying for the inauguration of a universal religion. Rev. J. L. Corning, in a letter to the *Independent*, says: "Every man must have his own faith in the invisible life. No other man's witness can be like the testimony of your own soul. Some men have a vast traditional faith in heaven, and yet burrow and hoard as if earth were invested with immortality, and the unseen life a poet's dream. But never a man had a personal faith in heaven, springing out of the hungers, the hopes, and the fellowships of his own soul, but was lifted by it to unearthliness.

"Undoubtedly the same law of social affinity prevails in the invisible as in the visible life, divested, of course, of many of the minor falsities which custom ordains. Yet here truth seeks truth, as the needle seeks the loadstone. Exalted minds come together by necessary fellowship; there needs no artificial decree to forecordain this, for it takes place by the force of an inherent destiny."

Henry Ward Beecher in a recent sermon, preached to his society in Brooklyn, N. Y., said:

"I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, who are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bat's eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume, which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of.

"An evil spirit may be consummately refined, may be learned. Our first thought in contemplating this subject is, that an evil spirit must be a vulgar thing. Doubtless there are vulgar spirits; but it does not follow at all that spirits that are most potential, and most to be feared, are vulgar. On the contrary, where spirits are embodied, it is supposed that those that are the most cultured are the most powerful for evil.

"It is a thing which is beyond all controversy, that God does permit evil spirits to act in this world, with plenary power, so far as their own sphere of willing is concerned. Wicked men do have power, according to their education and experience, as well as good men; and they have the same opportunity for exercising their power that good men have. God makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good alike, and sends his rain on the just and on the unjust alike. Wicked men in this world have a fair field and full sway. And why should you suppose that wicked spirits have not? I think modern mawkishness in this matter borders on the absurd. Men seem to be drifting away from their common sense on this subject.

"Because the conceptions of timid men respecting the inhabitants of the other world have been accompanied by superstitious notions of witches and sprites and hobgoblins, does it follow that that which lies behind, and which gave rise to them—the belief in the existence of spirits—is a superstition also? I trow not.

"I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God. I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but also that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger; so these ministers of God not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversaries, caution us against them, and assail them, and drive them away from us.

"The economy in detail, of this matter, no man understands. All we can say is, in general, that such antagonism exists; that there are spirits that seek our good, and other spirits that seek our harm; that there are spirits that seek to take us to glory, and honor, and immortality, and other spirits that seek to take us to degradation, and destruction, and damnation; and that God superintends the mighty trial. Human life comprises a vaster sphere than it ordinarily enters into our narrow minds to conceive; and God looks on to see the results of the experiment which is being wrought out."

DR. J. B. FERGUSON.

Dr. Ferguson, it will be remembered, left this country for England, a year since, in company with the Davenport Brothers. He has been warmly welcomed among the best minds in Europe, and his Spiritual philosophy has received considerable attention. As the Doctor was about leaving England, his friends called a meeting to present to him a testimonial of their appreciation of his works.

We copy from the *Spiritual Magazine* (London,) a part of the occasional address, by Robert Cooper, Esq. Mr. Cooper said:

"We would wish to convey by you to our brethren in America some expression of our feelings of good will and friendly regard toward them. Tell, we beg of you, the friends of freedom and progress in your country, that the ocean cannot separate our sympathies—that we are one with them in all labors for the good of our common humanity; that we share their aspirations and their hopes, and believe that not we alone, but the great and good whom we honor and revere—Washington, Lincoln, Clarkson, Cobden, LaFayette—live, and in their sphere of action, as we in ours, labor for the same divine ends. Say to our brethren that we feel united to them, not alone by ties of kindred, of language, and of many dear associations which we hold in common, but by spiritual ties which we trust may knit us ever more closely together, and that we would cordially welcome all ministrations from them that tend to this result. While we look hopefully forward to the early connection of our respective countries by the electric telegraph, we feel how far more important than all external, visible connection, is the union of mind with mind, of heart with heart; and the consciousness of a common labor, duty, and destiny.

"Tell your countrymen, our brethren, that we rejoice with them in the restoration of peace in their midst, and in the establishment of freedom without restriction of race or color; that while we abhor war in all its varied forms, still more do we detest bondage of every sort and degree; that we regard humanity as an organic unity of many members, or races, of which if one member suffer, the others also must suffer with it.

"Tell them, too, that we shall encourage some of our laboring millions to emigrate to their shores—to tunnel their mountains, level their forests, build their factories, work their mines, cultivate their fields, and in all ways we sincerely hope to aid them in carrying forward the work of civilization throughout their great Republic, to whose future the toiling millions of all lands look with utmost interest and hope."

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A friend, writing from California, sends us the following incident, and asks, "Do you find anything in the 'Footfalls' more wonderful than this?"

"Among the passengers by the Del Norte, which sailed for Crescent City on Friday last, was Mr. Charles W. Plass, of Napa, who went up to the scene of the Brother Jonathan's disaster, to recover, if possible, the bodies of two daughters and a grandchild. Mrs. Brooks, one of the daughters, and wife of Captain Norman C. Brooks, of the bark Cambridge, came down from Portland some weeks ago, on a visit to her father and sister, Miss Mary Plass, bringing with her her two children, Charlie Brooks, aged three years, and an infant. Mrs. Brooks took passage on the Brother Jonathan for Portland, expecting to meet her husband. She took with her their infant child, leaving little Charlie at his grandfather's ranche, near Napa. Miss Mary Plass also went along with her, with the intention of making a voyage of pleasure on the Cambridge to Honolulu, in company with her sister and brother-in-law. That they are both, together with the infant, among the lost, there can be no doubt, and the sorrowing father has gone for the poor satisfaction of recovering, if possible, their lifeless bodies. An incident is related in connection with this family, which may strike different minds differently, but is nevertheless stated as a fact. It savors somewhat of clairvoyance. When Mrs. Brooks and her sister left the ranche at Napa, for San Francisco, for the purpose of taking passage to Portland, little Charlie Brooks, who was left behind, was kept in ignorance of his mother's intended departure from California, and made to believe that she was merely coming on a visit to San Francisco. On Sunday, July 30, little Charlie, being still at the ranche, and utterly ignorant of his mother's real whereabouts, seemed all at once seized with a paroxysm of grief and stood transfixed, having told his grandmother, who was sitting by, that he had just seen 'Ma and Aunt Mary go down into the water in a ship.' In vain Mrs. Plass endeavored to pacify him, and during the whole afternoon his grief was so violent that the family were fearful that he would go into spasms. A few days afterwards came the dreadful tidings of the loss of the Brother Jonathan, with nearly all on board, *the day and hour exactly corresponding with the singular vision—or whatever it was—of little Charlie.* We do not mention this as having the slightest bearing on any of the modern metaphysical theories, or as laying claim to supernatural causes. It may have been a mere whim of the child's, and the harmony between the facts of the wreck and the incident at the Napa ranche a mere accident. We leave others to decide."

Reduced Fare.

Hon. A. G. W. Carter, in a note from Cincinnati, says: "General P. W. Strader, the general ticket agent of all the railroads centering here, has signified that he will sell half-fare tickets here, to delegates to the Spiritual Convention, as far as Pittsburgh and return, by way of Columbus and Steubenville. I have just received a letter from Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, who says: 'You will see by the *Banner*, that we have arranged to have half-fare from Pittsburgh, or to give return tickets to all delegates who come on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.' So that Spiritualists can get to Philadelphia, from here and return, upon half-fare tickets."

THE DUTIES OF THE DAY.—General Hooker penned a sentence on taking his last command, which will live in history:—"No one will consider the day is ended until the duties it brings have been discharged." If every man in the public service should observe this rule we should have less loafing at the public expense, as there are many who shirk as much as they can, and work only when they are obliged to. In short, their main purpose is to enjoy themselves,—and they considerately "devote their leisure time to business."

CONSOLATION IN AGE.—Why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old; if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow of age, for it is the emblem of peace and rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

GEOLOGY.—What is Geology after all, but the history of the world, written by itself; Time's own biography, printed and paged, collected and bound by the fingers of Omnipotence? And here it is, written down to the last sunset; not a leaf lost, not an illustration dimmed since the first form of Creation's recorded smile was flung off, damp with the night and welcomed with a star song.—*B. F. Taylor.*

The log hut in which, thirty odd years ago, the first white child was born who ever inhabited Chicago, was recently pulled down upon the very day that child was married—Chicago not possessing taste or romance enough to preserve so interesting a memento of its marvelous growth, but consenting to sacrifice its birth-place because a marble-front would pay better than a log hut!

I do not mourn selfishly. I am one among the many that suffer, and though my afflictions have been bitter, others have suffered as bitterly as I. Let me possess myself with patience, and hope for the time when, walking down the "Dividing Waters," my darlings will meet and conduct me to the celestial shore.—*Letter from an Officer's Wife.*

HOW TO PRESERVE MILK.—A spoonful of scraped horseradish put into a pan of milk will preserve the milk sweet for several days, even in the hottest weather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Book Notices.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. A Manual containing directions for the organization and management of Sunday Schools, adapted to the bodies and minds of the young. With Rules, Methods, Exercises, Marches, Lessons, Silver-Chain Recitations, Hymns, Songs, &c. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 316 pages, 80 cents; postage 8 cents. Boston: Bela Marsh.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. By Belle Bush. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 270 pages, $1.25.

Miss Bush is not a new singer. She has sung long and well, but her voice till now has only been heard in fragments of song. She sings sweetly always; but there is often a sadness in her tones, like the low wail of the dying or the sound of distant muffled drums. This is not strange. Her book is dedicated

"To all who sorrow for the early dead,
Whose blood on Freedom's altar hath been shed."

The Williamsport (Pa.) *Bulletin*, in speaking of the book, says: "Not one hath died in vain. It is one of the greatest poetical effusions which the battles and incidents of this war has inspired."

We have received from Hon. A. G. W. Carter an address, delivered by himself, on "The Life and Character of his Grandfather, Rev. Adam Hurdis," the first preacher of Swedenborgism in the West. Mr. Hurdis was remarkable for his energy, perseverance and fidelity to principles. The book is well worth careful reading.

SUPRAMUNDANE FACTS IN THE LIFE OF REV. JESSE BABCOCK FERGUSON, A. M., LL.D., including twenty years' observation of Preternatural Phenomena. Edited by T. L. Nichols, M. D. Published by F. Pitman, London, England.

This is a handsomely printed and well bound book of 264 pages.

Mr. Ferguson is a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, born January 19th, 1819. When he was quite a child his parents removed to the romantic valley of the Shenandoah, in Virginia. By a sudden reverse in his father's fortunes, young Ferguson was, at the age of fourteen, thrown upon his own resources for an education.

He, like all brave souls, consulted his tastes and constitutional adaptation to the various branches of business that came within his sphere. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a popular printer in Winchester, Va., James Gordon Brooks.

But energy and love of letters induced Jesse to devote his leisure to books. It is said that at seventeen he spent the hours of study in the Woodstock Academy, kept up with, and was afterwards in advance of his class, and, while sustaining himself by his labor, became a Latin and Greek scholar.

We next find the young student the popular editor of a religious miscellany—then an eloquent preacher, moving all hearts by his earnest and persuasive power.

"At the age of twenty-five Mr. Ferguson received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Bacon College, Kentucky, and at thirty-four the degree of Doctor of Laws from Franklin College, Tenn."

We place but little value upon titles. Mr. Ferguson, no doubt, regards them quite as lightly; but they show the estimation in which the individual is held upon whom they are conferred; and they show, too, that an individual, by indomitable perseverance, may rise to responsible and honorable positions. But what we most admire in Mr. Ferguson is, his freedom of thought, his readiness to accept truth, however unpopular that truth; for his readiness to put honors and titles by to make room for the new—the manger-born principles—that ask of him a hearing, an advocate. When the world's praises were sweetest, most needed—when the political arena offered him place and power—he turned away—turned from the forum and from the pulpit—to learn of the young child of the skies—Spiritualism.

Mr. Ferguson had, all his later years, been conscious of the guidance of an unseen power. A prophecy had often escaped his lips of the coming of a Saviour—a teacher of natural laws—whose presence would bring the *sword*, the sword of *peace*. The Chaldean shepherd did not watch more faithfully for the signal star than our brother watched for the sign of the second coming of the world's Messiah. He was among the first to welcome the Harmonial Philosophy—first in the South to proclaim the gospel of spirit-communion. Spiritualism has no abler advocate than he, no one whose soul and spirit are more deeply imbued with the holiness of his work.

The book abounds with facts, incidents, experiences, which prove the existence of the soul and its power to communicate. We will give an extract from a chapter of communications. It is one of the many grand "messages" which were given to our brother from a loved one in the Hereafter:

"Life is substantially the same in all worlds. It is a mistake to suppose that we cease to pray, or, in other words, to work, when the labors and trials of earth are done. If these works have been wisely done; if these trials have been worthily borne; then we are by them made worthy to enter into rest—that is, into a higher work, which, by grace, is so easily and readily accomplished that it is indeed rest. The poor criminal who is chained to the galley, and uses all his strength on the hard, monotonous stroke, would consider working in an art that he loved, a rest almost or quite divine. Disorder makes the burden of labor. When we labor, or cause others to do so, to feed wants that are false, there is a complex burden and misery in our work. False wants are a burden, and thus wring out the life, by means of the evils they cause in many directions. They necessitate a labor like the rolling of the stone of Sysiphus, that returned ever upon him who was upheaving it. The labor that is prayer is wise and orderly work which achieves happy results. There is selfish prayer and disorderly work. I may suffer in wisely working and praying for another, making, in some sense, atonement for their sin. If my sister, by selfish indulgence, induced sickness, I might be obliged to bear much of the burden of her sin, in caring for her, in nursing her into health, and perhaps sacrificing my own health or life in this laborious, practical prayer. Thus sisters of charity, in all departments of life, offer themselves a sacrifice for sin, uniting themselves to our Lord, by His grace, which enables them to labor and suffer for others. All sickness is the result of sin—of the individual or of individuals who preceded him—the progenitors of his or her life. The prayer of faith (that is, wise labor and trust in our Lord, and in His Spirit, which alone is life) shall save the sick and raise him up. Man has left the life of wisdom that is lived by grace. He would be taught the things that make for peace in all worlds, if he were but humble and attentive to the divine life in the soul."

Business Matters.

DR. J. P. BRYANT AT MILWAUKEE.—We copy the following from the Milwaukee *Daily Wisconsin* of Sept. 28:

DR. BRYANT, THE HEALER.—A subscriber to the *Wisconsin*, by the name of Elisha F. Crosby, residing at Plainville, Adams County, called at our office to tell us how he had been relieved of paralysis of one side by a few moments' treatment by Dr. Bryant. Mr. Crosby says that for three years he had been more or less afflicted, a part of the time so much so as to lose his speech and the use of his right limbs. He applied to Dr. Bryant, and in a few moments he was almost entirely relieved from the paralysis. He can now walk and jump nearly as well as ever, and speaks with ease. He considers himself well, and that he shall be able to go to work. This is really a wonderful cure, and may be relied upon as we state it. Dr. Bryant is certainly making a great sensation by his wonderful cures.

REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC—CHICKERING PIANOS.—We clip the following from the Chicago *Journal:* It certainly sustains the reputation of the Chickering Piano, which instrument Gottschalk declared "*superior to any in the world,*" when it becomes known that the Chickering Piano exhibited by Reed's Temple of Music has received *ten first prizes* within three weeks. Three were awarded at the Michigan State Fair, two at the Wisconsin State Fair, three at the Iowa State Fair, and last of all comes three at the Indiana State Fair. If any one doubts the place Chickering's Piano holds, we think this will assure him. It is to be remembered, while speaking of premiums, that the same piano was awarded a medal at the World's Fair in London. The Temple of Music was also awarded a premium at the Wisconsin State Fair for the best *medium* sized parlor piano, made by W. P. Emerson, Boston, which, while not equal to the Chickering, is especially adapted to those who desire a *good* instrument at a very moderate price. A still further first prize was awarded the well known Treat & Linsley melodeon, exhibited at the Iowa State Fair, making thirteen first prizes for the Temple of Music.

DR. HATHAWAY'S HEALING INSTITUTE—No. 119 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, (opposite the post office,) has been refitted and newly furnished and is now open for the reception of patients. All diseases treated by the most approved methods, to meet the various wants, so that each patient will have the especial treatment required, whether it is Eclectic Medicines, Water Cure, Electricity, or Animal Magnetism, good operators being always in attendance. Dr. J. P. Bryant, one of the greatest healers of the age, will practice at this Institute for three months from the 15th of August, 1865. 2-tf

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6326, Chicago, Ill.

M. C. BUSH will speak in East Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 22d; in Moriah, N. Y., Nov. 5th; Ludlow, Vt.

MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 434, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. COONLEY, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1st and 8th; in Rochester, Oct. 15th; will attend the National Convention at Philadelphia, in October, and lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

J. G. FISH will speak in Hammonton and Vineland, N. J., during October; in Cincinnati, O., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Alton, Ill., during September; in Elkhart, Ind., during October; in Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 5th and 12th; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape street, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during November.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. T. ROUSE may be addressed P. O. Box 303, Elkhart, Ind.

BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further notice.

A. B. WHITING, of Michigan, will lecture in Washington, D. C., during October. Address as above (care G. A. Bacon, Box 208,) till November 1st.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

E. V. WILSON may be addressed till Nov. 1st at No. 15 Water street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Marriages.

By marriage we mean the union of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea.

In this city, on the 8th inst., by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mr G. C. Howard and Miss Mary L. Rowley.

In St. Charles, Oct. 7, by Hon. S. S. Jones, in accordance with the rites of the Religio-Philosophical Society, Mr. J. L. Hart and Miss Susan Smith, both of Oswego, Ill.

At the Falls of Minnehaha, Minnesota, Oct. 4, Hon. R. G. Fuller, of Coldwater, Michigan, and Miss Lizzie Carley, of Ypsilanti, Michigan. The marriage ceremony was solemnized by Rev. H. Risbee, Pastor of the Universalist church of St. Paul.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals, and give the weary rest.

Passed to the Summer-Land, from Auburn, Ohio, August 2d, 1865, OLIVER W. LUDLOW, M. D., aged 65 years, 7 months and 2 days.

By the faithful discharge of professional duties, and the kindness and generosity of his heart, Dr. Ludlow had greatly endeared himself to a large circle of friends. He was a free, liberal, deep thinker, and for many years was the target at which sectarian bigots hurled their envenomed spears. Viewed in the light of common sense, death is not the great event of man, but a "change that ever marks the upward progress of the human spirit from its earthly individualization to its archangelhood in the eternal future." As our friends lay aside the worn-out garments of mortality, we can truly say in the beautiful language of the poet:

"Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Auburn, Ohio. GEO. WM. WILSON.

Railroad Time-Table.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINZIE STS.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Day Express,	*9.00 a. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Night Express,	*1.30 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation,	*6.00 p. m.	*2.15 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation,	*3.00 p. m.	*10.00 a. m.
GALENA DIVISION.		
Fulton and Cedar Rapids,	8.30 a. m.	7.10 p. m.
Fulton and Iowa,	†5.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith,	9.00 a. m.	4.40 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith,	10.30 p. m.	5.45 p. m.
Rockford and Fox River,	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Dixon,	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin,	5.30 p. m.	9.40 a. m.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.		
Detroit Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Detroit Express,	†5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
Detroit Express,	††10.00 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Morning Express,	*9.00 a. m.	*3.30 p. m.
Night Express,	†5.30 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN—DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.		
Day Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*11.00 p. m.
Evening Express,	†5.30 p. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Night Express,	*†10.05 p. m.	‡12.30 p. m.
DETROIT TRAINS.		
Express, via Adrian,	*6.00 a. m.	*12.30 p. m.
Night Express, via Adrian,	†5.30 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.		
Day Express,	†6.00 a. m.	*8.30 p. m.
Evening Express, daily,	5.30 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
Night Express,	*†10.10 p. m.	*†12.30 p. m.
Cincinnati Express,	†6.00 a. m.	†8.20 p. m.
Cincinnati Express,	5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
(CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.)		
Leave Pittsburg,	3.00 a. m.	4.35 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg,	1.30 p. m.	2.45 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
Arrive at Philadelphia,	5.45 p. m.	7.05 a. m.	12.50 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Allenton,	10.30 p. m.	10.00 a. m.	5.45 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Philadel.,	10.27 p. m.	12.00 m.	5.42 p. m.
Arrive at Baltimore,	5.45 p. m.	7.00 a. m.	12.30 p. m.
Arrive at Washington,	10.10 p. m.	10.35 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)		
Day Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*2.40 p. m.
Night Express,	†6.45 p. m.	†7.30 a. m.
(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Mail Express,	*6.00 a. m.	2.40 p. m.
Mail Express,	†6.45 p. m.	7.30 a. m.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.		
Day Passenger,	*9.30 a. m.	*9.53 p. m.
Night Passenger,	†10.10 p. m.	*7.00 a. m.
Kankakee Accommodation,	*4.45 p. m.	
Hyde Park Train,	*6.25 a. m.	*7.45 a. m.
do do	*12.10 p. m.	*1.45 p. m.
do do	*4.00 p. m.	*5.25 p. m.
do do	*6.50 p. m.	*7.30 p. m.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.		
Day Express and Mail,	8.20 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express,	12.00 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Mendota Accommodation,	4.30 p. m.	9.15 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.		
Eastern Mail,	8.10 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Night Express,	7.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet and Wilmington Accomodat'n,	4.00 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.		
Day Express and Mail,	8.10 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express,	12.00 m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet Accommodation,	4.45 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.		
St. Paul Express,	*8.05 a. m.	*8.30 p. m.
Express,	*4.30 p. m.	*11.30 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation,	5.40 p. m.	8.45 a. m.
Night Accommodation,	11.30 p. m.	1.00 a. m.
Evanston,	2.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays excepted. ‡Mondays excepted.

GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

10,000 Shares of the stock in the "Prescott Consolidated Mining Co.," embracing Sixty-one Mines of Gold, Silver and Copper, near the Capital of Arizona, of unsurpassed richness and profitable yield, are offered for sale. Price, $10 per share.

For full information of the solidity and value of the enterprise inquire of

P. S. POSTON
Real Estate Office,
No. 2, Smith & Nixon's Hall.

3m*

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO answers sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing $5.00 and four three cent postage stamps. The letter, after being prepared, must be enclosed in a second envelope, with the necessary fee, and directed as below.

He will delineate character, advise in regard to business matters, give prominent traits, peculiarities of disposition, changes in past and future life, physical diseases, with directions what business they are best adapted to be successful in; the physical and mental capableness of those intending marriage; also gives instructions for self-improvement, by sending him your photograph, or the photograph of any one, autograph, or lock of hair. Terms, $2.00.

Mr. Jackson also treats diseases with great success, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Piles, Eruptions on the Face, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness, Lassitude, Insanity, Gravel, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, all kinds of Head-aches, all Throat Diseases, Dropsy, Jaundice, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, Giddiness, and all Nervous Diseases, Diarrhea, Palpitation of the Heart, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Send two three cent stamps for circulars. Medicine sent to any part of the United States, California, or Canadas.

Address all communications to WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois.

THE WORLD'S FRIEND, a new book, just published, by William Jackson; a work beyond all comprehension, a great book for the young and old of both sexes, as it contains truths, which all are anxious to understand. It treats upon diseases, how they can be cured, their symptoms, the effects of disease upon the physical system, how the young people can know who is to be their future companion for life, it gives great advice to all, it will guide all to a happy and harmonious position in life, it teaches various things too numerous to mention here. It is something handed down from the Invisible World.

Sent to any part of the country, securely done up, on receipt of $1.00.

Address WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall County, Illinois. 2-tf

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

Sunday, Oct. 1, 1865.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, another beautiful day is past, and the shadows of evening are gathering upon us. We turn our thoughts unto Thee, realizing that it is from Thee and Thee alone that we receive that light which illuminates our pathway, that otherwise would be dark and drear.

As the day which has just past is one that has been set aside by man as a day to worship Thee, and also a day of rest, both from mental and physical labor, except for Thy children, who feel that they are chosen by Thee to preach from Thy "Holy Book" and thereby be instrumental in saving millions of Thy children from *eternal* death.

O, our Father! may Thy children learn that when they rest from their physical labor, that they still exercise their reasoning faculties and learn more of Thee. May they learn that Thou art light. May they learn that Thou art love. May they learn that Thou art not a vindictive God. May they learn that Thou created not to destroy, that all Thy children are alike unto Thee, and that there is nothing lost in nature, and though Thy laws are such that each and every one of Thy children hath to commence on the lower round, yet through Thy law they shall all reach the higher, and become more like unto Thee.

May we all listen unto Thee, and realize that Thou art our Father. May we have more of Thy spirit and forgive not only seven times seven, but seventy times seven, and realize that we are all Thy children. May we ever live up to the highest light we have within us, and for that light we would ever love and praise Thee, our Father.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. When persons first become conscious after passing the change called death, do the spirit friends they meet who were known to them in this life, look as they did before death; if not, wherein do they differ, and how are they recognized? Please answer at length.

A. They certainly do look to them as they did when they knew them in earth-life, otherwise they would not be able to recognize them. It is a well known fact that the appearance of an individual is very much changed by their clothing and style of clothing, so much so that it is often remarked, I should scarcely have recognized you! If persons are so changed by their style of dress, is it to be wondered at that the countenance should be changed by the condition of the spirit that is mirrored forth upon its features.

As the condition of every individual is more favorable to the development of the spirit, it is not strange that in time they become very much changed, and so much so that they would not be recognized by their newly arrived friends, did they not assume the appearance they had in earth-life.

At the meeting of those friends the condition of the past is brought forth in their memory with such force as to show itself at once upon their countenance. And if they had been accustomed to wear a particular style or color of dress, that also is mirrored forth and recognized by the friends, as spirits have the power of changing their dress and appearance at will, without reference to their purse or tailor.

Q. Do our friends, now inhabitants of spirit life, frequently see us in this life, and do children who die in infancy see and know parents and relatives, and continue to be as familiarly acquainted with those parents and relatives, as if they had continued to live in the earth life?

A. All friends, mark you, who pass to spirit-life, for there are many who are such friends that the tie of friendship is stronger with them than though they were relations, do return to friends, and they do manifest themselves to such friends, and many times do, in various ways, have power to see them at will.

Children do see parents and relatives sufficiently frequent to know them, but not so frequent, and are not so familiar with them as they would have been if they had not left the physical form.

Q. How are infants disposed of who pass to spirit life in an infantile condition? Please explain fully.

A. They are taken care of as their condition demands. There is a supply equal to every demand. Children who are deprived of what are called natural parents, and enter upon spirit-life in their infantile moments, are at once taken by their guardian spirits. (Every human soul has a guardian spirit.) So sure as human spirits are born into the world they have guardian spirits attracted to them; many times they are relatives, at other times they are not. These guardian spirits watch over the new-born souls all through their earth-lives, and are with them as a parent is with a child on their entrance into spirit-life, and continue with them.

Q. How do children who are old enough to enjoy the usual social relation of parent and child, feel on becoming conscious in the spirit world?

A. They feel happy for the reason that there is no child but that you can present sufficient attractions to, so that they will scarcely think of parents.

The guardian spirits can show them their parents or conceal them from view, as shall be for the happiness of the child. They can present them with anything that their natures demand to make them happy, at pleasure.

Q. Is there such a feeling as we denominate homesickness, known to spirits on their first becoming conscious in spirit life, and for any considerable time afterward?

A. It is not uncommon for individuals to be homesick on their becoming conscious in spirit-life, or otherwise to be dissatisfied with the new conditions that surround them; some are dissatisfied because they do not find things as they expected; others are unhappy because they do not have those with them that they desire to have. This feeling wears off by degrees, the same as in earth-life.

Q. What is the nature of the apparel with which a new born spirit is clad in the spirit world?

A. The new born spirit is clad with apparel prepared by guardian spirits and spirit friends, the same as a new born child is clothed by kind loving friends.

Such apparel is furnished for the new born spirit as is supposed by spirit friends to be agreeable to the taste of the spirit—always corresponding to the new plane of life entered upon. It appears as real as any they ever wore. Spirits are capable of aggregating from the elements just such apparel as desired. The spirit changes its apparel at pleasure, and at any time appears in any style of apparel it chooses. In this way spirits are capable of identifying themselves.

Q. Are there in spirit life changes of the seasons—cold and heat—storms and calm?

A. I know of no change of seasons in spirit life. We have neither excessive cold nor hot weather. The weather is comfortable and pleasant.

We have neither storms nor cloudy weather. That condition is incident to earth life alone, so far as my knowledge extends.

Q. Are there in spirit life health and sickness?

A. The spiritual body is not subject to disease.

Q. Do spirits of different temperaments and different magnetisms, affect different individuals or mediums that they come in contact with, pleasantly or unpleasantly, to a degree so as to make such individuals or mediums feel depressed or buoyant in feeling, corresponding with the spirit, with which they become *en rapport*?

A. Any person who is familiar with spirit control knows well that mediums are very much affected in that way. Spirits often come *en rapport* with individuals in earth-life, and such persons are happy or depressed thereby, and yet they know not the cause. The intention of the spirit is good, though the effect may be unpleasant to the person thus affected.

Q. Can spirits withdraw their influence or magnetism at pleasure, when they see the painful effect produced?

A. Some can, and some cannot.

HARRY WILDER.

Mother made a mistake, she took the wrong bottle and gave me the wrong stuff. I went to sleep, but I did not die.

Do you suppose I am dead? [No.] Be you writing down everything I say. [Yes.] What are you going to do with it? [Going to publish it in the Journal.] Mother said when I died I would see father. I have not seen him yet. I guess I be dead. This is not my body, is it? [No, it is the body of the medium you now control.] They say I can't stay but a few minutes; I would like to, this is more like our house. My name is Harry Wilder. I was 14 years old; I had a cholic and mother gave me something to cure it. It was the wrong medicine, and it made me go to sleep. I lived in New Orleans. My mother's name was Catharine. Now I have got to go.

Saturday, Oct. 7.

GEORGE M. DAY, of Bridgeport, Conn.

I have been trying more or less, for five years past, to communicate with my friends. I have many reasons for trying, and by long and continued perseverance, I hope now to be able to accomplish that which I have desired to do ever since my death. I was informed by my friends who died before I did, that I could and would in time be able to let those I had left know that I am not dead nor asleep! I have felt it to be my duty to inform my friends that I had left in earth life, of the error of the belief they are now living in. All have many things to learn. Those who are living in the darkness of the religion which is taught them from the pulpits of many of the churches, of to day, have many, yes, very many things to learn. My relatives, I am sorry to say, are living in that darkness. Feeling that I am a free born spirit, and that by perseverance I can enlighten them in regard to their future, I feel it not only a duty, but a pleasure so to do.

I know it is hard for an individual or individuals to break from a belief which they have long been chained to. Truly, I feel that they are chained, and to an enlightened mind such bonds are harder to be borne than those of African slavery. It is said that the slave is bound both mentally and physically; but I say they are not bound mentally, for they have done their thinking, and those thoughts have gone forth, and have at last gained for them their liberty. But those who are bound by the chains of theology expect others to do that which they should do for themselves, and that is to learn of the future by a thorough investigation of the present.

They should learn through mother Nature of the beauties of their Father—God. Of his laws which are made manifest in all nature. By studying nature in all of her varied changes, they would find that *death*, which they now look upon with such perfect horror, is but a simple change, and in accordance with natural laws; and that instead of realizing the beauties of the heaven they had pictured, or the tortures of the hell they had portrayed, they will learn that they were enabled through that change, to continue their investigations; and comprehend more of that principle which governs the universe—more of that which we term or call God.

If every individual would go to work and investigate themselves, they would find that the power was within themselves to produce happiness or misery.

That is what I wish my friends to do.

I am thinking of what I should say to give the most thorough conviction of my identity to my wife and children. I will recal an incident that transpired some four years before my death. While on our way from Mr. Brown's, one of our neighbors, where we had been to spend the evening, we had to cross a creek; it being dark, Jennie, for I always called her Jennie, stepped her left foot into the water. I remarked that I feared she would take cold, (her health was not very good, and I feared should she be taken sick, she would be taken from me, and then what should I do?) She replied, "better that I should be taken, George, than you." I think she will remember that.

I was sick, and they at last settled upon my disease, as being lingering consumption. It was five years the eleventh of June last, since I left my family and passed to spirit life. My home was in Bridgeport, Connecticut. I believe that is the best I can do. My name is George M. Day.

MATILDA E. DALTON, Green Bay, Wis.

It seems to me I could do better if the light was shaded from my face. [Holding the medium's hand between the light and her face. The light was accordingly then shaded.] Thank you.

My name is Matilda E. Dalton. My home is Green Bay, Wis. I have been thinking whether or no our brother Day, who last spoke, takes into consideration that his friends that he left on the material plane reason from their stand-point precisely the same as he reasons from his.

The change, and his experience during the past five years, have opened his mind to a clearer understanding of the laws of nature.

We never meet with two individuals whose experiences are the same, any more than we find two that look alike. As they differ in looks, and also in experience, they of course differ in their standpoints of reason.

I feel that it is impossible for any person or persons to step aside from the course which is marked out for them.

It is well for us to caution and warn them of their false positions, for that is a part of *our* work. At the same time we must bear in mind that their position—that seems false to us—is nevertheless true to them.

Our every act, word and thought are true to ourselves, and aid in the unfoldment of the one great and human family! Then let us learn to be charitable to every condition that we may find our brother or sister placed in. Also bear in mind that although we may feel our condition to be far superior to theirs, that there are those whose condition is as far superior to our own. And as we would ask, expecting to receive, of those that are above us, in wisdom and knowledge, let us ever remember to be willing to grant it to those whose condition we feel to be below ours.

Sunday, October 8.

I was never in the habit of finding fault with anything. If I had been, I should find fault now. The idea of these folks, because they think they have got into a little better condition, (and I suppose they have,) *pell melling* into others because they are in the same condition they were once in themselves. By thunder! it is exactly like those preachers that are eternally pitching into folks for breaking the Sabbath to earn a living, when God knows they break it in the same way every Sunday when they can get a chance to preach; for they earn their bread and dinner on that day.

They won't allow anybody else to do the same thing they do. Some of those who have communicated here go in for natural laws, and so do I.

There is a spirit here who says he has got a brother here, and points his finger to the man that sits by the window there. [Gentleman alluded to sat by a window.] Another spirit who is here, and is called Henry, says the one referred to died suddenly. [The gentleman referred to, sitting at the window, said, it is a brother of mine; he died one year ago the 11th day of last February. On the same day of his death, he had attended two funerals and was apparently in perfectly good health until the moment he died. He further said that the Rev. A. J. Fishback, then a Universalist clergyman at Sycamore, Ill., but who has recently become a Spiritualist, preached the last of the two sermons referred to, and in his discourse, while apparently under spiritual inspiration, said: "There is a person within the sound of my voice that will be a corpse before the setting of the sun." My brother, whose spirit is above referred to as being present and pointing to me, started to go home, and died without a moment's warning.] Spirit controling medium said, "Yes; your spirit brother says that is true."

My object in coming here was to get word to my wife and child. My wife is in Memphis; at work out. She don't know whether I am dead or where I am.

She was in for your side of the question in the war, and I was d—d fool enough to be on the other side. I went into the army, and the result was I was killed.

I am told by those that have charge here of this institution that she will read this in your paper. I hope to God she will. And after reading it I want her to go to the first medium she can find, and I will try and tell her lots of things, and I guess I can, too.

My name was Henry Reardon.

I am obliged to you. Good day.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 2.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

We may find in the Persian mysteries of Mithias the common source of the Revelations of St. John the Divine. The Supreme Being was "time without bounds," the *I am, was and is to be* Creator of *Light*. Out of this light proceeded Ormuzd, Christ, or "the Principle of Light who, by his omnific word, created the world. He produced also the superior Genii, Amstaspanids, who surround His throne as the messengers of his will, and the inferior Genii, Izeds, who are the guardian angels of the world, and whose chief is Mithias. The Supreme Being also created Ahsinian, the Principle of Darkness, and the Dives, or evil Genii, under him. These are incessantly at war with Ormuzd, endeavoring to corrupt the virtue and destroy the happiness of the human race. But their efforts, the Zend Avesta declares, are vain, for assisted by the Izeds, the triumph of the good principle has been resolved in the secret degrees of the Supreme Being. Mithias resided in the sun. Hence that luminary was worshipped as the abode of the God of Light."

Compare this, from the "Lexicon of Free Masonry," with the Revelations of John, and see whereunto the ancient Words will grow—the spirit being everywhere poured out from a common fountain. The same order of beings is in the Persian Jerusalem, the mother of us all; Mithias or Michael, against Dives or the Dragon. "No one," says Gregory Nazianzen, "would be initiated into the mysteries of Mithias, unless he had passed through all the trials, and proved himself passionless and pure. The aspirant at first underwent the purifications by water, by fire and by fasting; after which he was introduced into a cavern representing the world, on whose walls and roof were inscribed the celestial signs. Here he submitted to a species of baptism, and received a mark on his forehead." He then declares himself in search of the crown of glory, the crown of Mithias, the Sun or the Christ, and is there prepared to pass the seven stages of initiation, and to pass the terrible six troubles of Job. At first God dwells in thick darkness, as in Jeny, except when the cave was illuminated by the fitful glare of terrific flashes of lightning, as in the Sinai mysteries, amidst thunder and lightning, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; God, or the Hierophant Aaron, answered Moses by a voice. When the Persian initiate had passed the six troubles of Job to the holy of holies, "in the seventh cavern, or Sacellum, the darkness was changed to light, and the candidate was introduced into the presence of the Arctcimagus, or chief priest, seated on a splendid throne, and surrounded by the assistant dispensers of the mysteries. Here the obligation of secresy was administered, and he was made acquainted with the sacred Words, among which the Tetractys, or ineffable name of God was the principal." The initiate having thus been made perfect through suffering, and having come up through great tribulation from the influence of the star called wormwood, he was invested with the clean linen, pure and white, of the saints, and was in full freedom of the New Jerusalem—a God, knowing good from evil; a Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle, or "golden serpent, which was placed in his bosom, as an emblem of his having been regenerated and made a disciple of Mithias; because the serpent, by casting its skin annually, was considered in these mysteries as a symbol of regeneration. On the loose tunic of Mithias was depicted the celestial constellations; the zone, or belt, contained a representation of the figures of the Zodiac, while the pastoral staff, crosier or cross, alluded to the influence of the Sun in the labors of agriculture," or, as the sun shineth in his strength. These things are cited from Maurice's Indian Antiquities, but are also graphically set forth in the Revelations of John, whose New Jerusalem was reached in the same manner, by ascending on Jacob's ladder, through much tribulation, the six rounds, or troubles of Job, the horror and great darkness of Aham, the dreadful place of Jacob—though the Lord was there and he knew it not, yet it led to the very house of God, and the gate of heaven in the seven, where no evil shall touch thee. Philo also informs us that God gives "deliverance from evil by means of angels and his Word," the equivalent to the Gentile Gods and their Word. So to Stephen that "the law was received by the disposition of angels, though in Mosaic language, God spake by a voice." Philo exclaims, "Open your ears, O ye initiated, and receive the most sacred mysteries," the same as "he that hath ears to hear let him hear." He claims also to have been in the Spirit as well as John—that his "soul was accustomed frequently to be seized with a certain divine inspiration, even concerning matters which it could not explain to itself." And he shows that the cakes baked by Sarah for the three angels, were allegorical cakes, known to the "initiated into the perfect mysteries"—made "secret cakes, because the sacred and mystic statements about the one uncreated Being, and about his powers, ought to be kept secret, since it does not belong to every one to keep the deposit of divine mysteries properly." It appears that God could only furnish the Word in "secret cakes" as a "warning to adopt new, flourishing and vigorous thoughts, in order that we may not embrace false opinions from being nourished among the old fabulous systems which a long lapse of ages has handed down to the deceiving of mortals." While the better or outer man "looks upon ceremonious worship as equivalent to sanctity," the "inner or true man dwells within the soul," and knows how to feed upon "secret cakes," and while "the lovers of virtue" (like the Epsenians, or first Christians) "are nearly all of them men inglorious, easily to be despised, lowly, in need of necessary things, more dishonorable than subjects, or even than slaves."

As Sarah was an allegorical personage in the calendar of astronomical saints, for the baking of "secret cakes," it may have been from this consideration that the moon had its status in the mystical "sage cheese," as a flanker of the cakes, hence the Mosaical "precious things put forth by the Moon." This Queen of heaven is alike significant in genuine and spurious Freemasonry, and "is found in the lodges, bestowing her light upon the brethren, and instructing the Master to imitate, in his government, the precision and regularity with which she presides over the night." In all the ancient mysteries the Moon was the symbol woman of husbandman, the Sun. Says Mackey, "Masons retain her image in their rites, because the Lodge is a representation of the universe, where, as the Sun rules over the day, the Moon presides over the night; as the one regulates the year, so does the other the months, and as the former is the King of the starry hosts of heaven, so is the latter their Queen, but both deriving their heat, light, and power from Him, who, as a third and the greatest light, the Master of heaven and earth, controls them both."

Thus we see that the King of the starry hosts, in the Mason's lodge, is the same as the King of Glory in jurydom; and when spread upon the universal expanse in outstretched wings, he was the Lord God of Hosts, whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. He was a great God, a mighty God, and had twenty thousand chariots in his train of excellency in the sky.

From the Stone of Israel, through the inlaying of the visible heaven, came the Mosaic Pavement, and the crystalized New Jerusalem. In cryptology, or secret writing, *Moses* is not a person, but a representative of the *Muses* or Word of the *Elohim*, or Gods as manifest in the *Signs*, as manifest to the secret wisdom of the ancients throughout the "ample room and verge enough" in the scope of the oriental soul-wings. The numbers are mystically significant throughout all the ranges, as well as the superficial letter, or Word, which everywhere killeth alike, on the anatomical as well as on the firmamental plane. The better instructed of the initiates were the artists of great genius, who readily comprehended this building of houses not made with hands, while the ignorant multitude, as in our churches of to-day are groping in bonds to Hell, nor know the way of an eagle in the air, or the spirit with full fledged wings. So it was with the popular theology in the ancient world, the non-initiated multitude fed upon the symbolic husks, as being the veritable corn, and were prostrate in the worship and bonds of the letter, nor could discern the wisdom wherewith the Light, or the Christ made free, though it had a common source in Gentile and Hebrew Freemasonry—the Holy of Holies, through the grace of both, being essentially the same. To all who sought to lay up treasures in heaven, to them, through initiation, it was given to understand its mysteries. It was the hidden truth, or Word of God in a mystery. Says Mackey: "Mysterious was the name given to those religious assemblies of the ancients, whose ceremonies were conducted in secret, whose doctrines were known only to those who had obtained the right of knowledge by a previous initiation, and whose numbers were in possession of signs and tokens by which they were enabled to recognize each other. For the origin of the mysteries we must look to the Gymnosophists of India, from whom they passed through Egypt into Greece and Rome, and from whom, likewise, they were extended, in a more immediate line, to the northern part of Europe and to Britain. The most important of these mysteries were those of Mithias, celebrated in Persia; of Osiris and Isis, celebrated in Egypt; of Eleusis, instituted in Greece; the Scandinavian and Druidical rites, which were confined to the Gothic and Celtic tribes. In all these various mysteries we find a singular unity of design, clearly indicating a common origin, and a purity of doctrine as evidently proving that this common origin was not to be sought for in the popular theology of the Pagan world. The ceremonies of initiation were all funereal in their character. They celebrated the death and resurrection of some cherished being, either the object of esteem, as a hero, or of devotion, as a God. Subordination of degrees was instituted, and the candidate was subjected to probations, varying in their character and severity; the rites were practised in the darkness of night, and often amid the gloom of impenetrable forests, or subterranean caverns; and the full fruition of knowledge, for which so much labor was incurred, was not attained until the aspirant, well tried and thoroughly purified, had reached the place of wisdom and of light."

Thus we see in significant outline, that esoteric Gospel of the Kingdom which was taught in all the ancient mysteries, and thus we see that the Essenian, or Christian, was a continuation, but in progressive and better unfolding than that of the Chaldea-Mosaic plane; but all, however, much perverted, were born of "wisdom and of light," or of the spirit. So the initiated into this way of life, were to possess the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The regenerated, holding these keys, and living the pure and upright life, could readily unlock the chambers of the South, and go in and out of fine pasture. They were the Magi, or Wise men from the East, Brahmins, Gymnosophists, Druids and Priests of Egypt, who "living in sequestered habitations, obtained great reputation by their discoveries in astronomy, chemistry and mechanics, by their purity of morals, and by their knowledge of the science of legislation." "It was in these schools," says Mr. Robin, "that the first sages and legislators of antiquity were formed, and in which was taught the unity of God and of the immortality of the soul, and it was from these mysteries, and their symbols and hieroglyphics, that the exuberant fancy of the Greeks drew much of their mythology.

"The candidates for initiation were not only expected to be of a clear and unblemished character, and free from crime, but their future conduct was required to be characterized by the same purity and innocence. They were, therefore, obliged, by solemn engagements, to commence a new life of piety and virtue, upon which they entered by a severe course of penance.

"The mysteries were held in the highest respect by both the government and the people. It was believed that he who was initiated would not only enjoy an increased share of virtue and happiness in this world, but would be entitled to celestial honors in the next."

But when the "Scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites," or conservatives, fossils, or fogies, shut up the kingdom of heaven, and would neither go in themselves nor let others, the keys were lost, so that our modern church theology presents but little more than the very excretio of the ancient mysteries, or holy of holies. Our blind pulpiting of the letter fails to find the sepulchre of Moses, nor knows of the newer tomb where the Lord was laid. Thus have our clergy, preaching to the level of the pews for a thousand of mammon at sight, taken away the key of knowledge, so that the blind lead the blind, and fall into the ditch, instead of finding the highway over the Jordan.

Our modern churches have seemed rather to burrow like the moles, and to remain in the night of bats than to rise on eagle's wings through the full compass of the wisdom and the light. Hence the burrow-mongering status of our theology which so compresses to niggardliness of soul. Let us move in full with what the heaven of heavens can give us, directed by the star in the East, along the Mosaic pavement, through the New Jerusalem street of transparent glass, where the morning star shall greet us, and the spirit and the bride say, come. "All the mysteries," says Plutarch, "refer to a future life and to the state of the soul after death;" and addressing his wife, he says, "we have been instructed in the religious rites of Dionysius, that the soul is immortal, and that there is a future state of existence." In the mysteries of Ceres, or the virgin mother, at Eleusis, "the initiated," says Cicero, "were taught to live happily, and to die in the hope of a blessed futurity," while Plato informs us, "that the hymns of Musaeus, which were sung in the mysteries, celebrated the rewards and pleasures of the virtuous in another life, and the punishments which awaited the wicked."

Freemasonry is the head church, alike open to every sect and every creed, and its mystic tie, "that sacred and inviolable bond which unites men of the most discordant opinions into one band of brothers, which gives but one language to men of all nations, and one altar to men of all religions." Heathen, Hebrew, or Christian without the Sunday blarney, where ignorance gulls folly, though there is sometimes a disposition of the pulpit Pharisee to call his heathen brother a spurious Freemason. Though the Bible is a record of ancient Freemasonry from the traditions of the elders, "so too," says Dr. Mackey, "is the allusion to the unutterable name of God to be found in the doctrines and ceremonies of other nations, as well as the Jews. It is said to have been used as the password in the Egyptian mysteries. In the rites of Hindostan, it was bestowed upon the aspirant, under the tri-literal form of AUM, at the completion of his initiation, and then only by whispering it in his ear." In the mystical metamorphoses the name was often of many fold. "The Cabalists reckoned seventy-two names of God, the knowledge of which imparted to the possessor magical powers," while with some IES, with variations, was the only name given under heaven, whereby a man could be saved." "The Druids invoked the omnipotent and all preserving power under the symbol I. O. W. The Mahommedans have a science called Ism Allah, or the science of the name of God, that God is the lock of this science, and Mahomet the key," or name given under heaven, whereby to come to a knowledge of the truth and be saved. "That it familiarizes the possessor with the Genii, who are at the command of the initiated, and who instruct them—that it places the winds and the seasons at their disposal, and heals the bites of serpents, the lame, the maimed and the blind." The gospel of the name of God according to Lanci, consists of *Ai*, the Aleph, and Tau, the Alpha and Omega of the symbolical Tetragrammation. 2. *Ihoh*—with 3. *Hohi*—the eternal absolute principle of creation and destruction, the male and female principle, the author and regulator of time and motion. 4. *Jah*—the Lord and remunerator. 5. *Oh*—the severe and punisher. 6. *Jao*—the author of life. 7. *Azrael*—the author of death. 8. *Jaa-Sabaoth*—God of the co-ordinations of loves and hatreds; Lord of the solstices and equinoxes. 9. *Ehie*—the Being, the Ens. 10. *El*—the first cause. The principle or beginning of all things. 11. *Elo-hi*—the good principle. 12. *Elo-ho*—the evil principle. 13. *El-raccum*—the succoring principle. 14. *El-cannum*—the abhorring principle. 15. *Ell*—the most luminous. 16. *Il*—the omnipotent. 17. *Elohim*—the omnipotent and beneficent. 18. *Elohim*—the most beneficent. 19. *Elo*—the sovereign, the Excelsus. 20. *Adon*—the Lord, the dominator. 21. *Eloi*—the illuminator, the most effulgent. 22. *Adonai*—the most firm, the strongest. 23. *Elion*—the most high. 24. *Shaddai*—the most victorious. 25. *Yeshurun*—the most generous. 26. *Noil*—the most sublime. The God *Elgibal*, says Urquhart, was "the master builder."

Individual Sovereignty.—No man is fit for freedom, in its broadest signification, but he who has subdued all his passions, appetites and impulses within the limits of moral and spiritual justice and equity. He must be self-harmonized and equilibriated in every department of his nature. He must have a clear perception of justice and equity in all things relating to his individual, social and moral destiny, and make them his supreme delight, so as to insure, in his every latitude and longitude of life, their rigid and spontaneous observance. He must be "a law unto himself." While he is not developed up to this standard, he is not qualified for freedom, and must come under the external restraints of human law and government. His own internal harmony and developed sense of right, purity and justice must first raise him above human law and police, rendering them nugatory and a dead letter to him, before he can claim exemption from them.

Relic Hunting.—All that can be said about the degrading folly of relic-hunters, is outdone by the announcement that "collectors" have chipped away portions of the outdoor steps of the house in which lived Pritchard, the poisoner. Some visitor at the house of a well-to-do Glasgow citizen will hereafter curiously peer at a bit of stone carefully preserved under a glass shade upon the mantelpiece; and when he inquires its meaning, his host will triumphantly say, "That sir, is a portion of the doorstep repeatedly trodden by the celebrated Dr. Pritchard, who poisoned his wife and his mother-in law, and was hanged for it." What ethical emotions such an announcement will cause! how refined and ennobling the recollections the sight of which that bit of stone will call up!—*London Patriot.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Lost Dream.

BY EMMA F. PRATT.

A bright little home was ours, that stood
In the flowery depths of a dark old wood;
Where the soft, green light o'er the low roof spread
Like a gleam from the heart of an emerald shed.
Two fair forms played round the old doorway;
Two gladsome voices made music all day;
Two tired forms, in the twilight shade,
In the spacious crib were gently laid.

And beside my babes I bent the knee,
And prayed the Father to spare to me
My jewels, he had so kindly given—
They seemed too fair for aught but Heaven.
O! was it a boding of ill to come
That taught me to pray in my silent room?
E'en then the angels were hovering near
To bear one babe to their own bright sphere.

I knew it soon, by the fever glow,
Like the ruby's gleam on a bank of snow;
By the cold damp sweat, by the gasping breath,
By mortality's struggle to conquer death.
And so she died, my first sweet flower—
Died, as dieth the summer hour;
And we laid her away in dreamless rest,
With her small hands pressing her pulseless breast.

But a thought of joy gleamed through my tears,
That *she* never would feel the weight of years;
Of sorrow, of sin, of the deep unrest
That was rending, e'en then, her mother's breast.
And my eye on my other dear babe fell,
And my sad heart whispered, 'tis well, 'tis well;
The Shepherd hath left me one star alone,
To gleam and burn in my womanhood's crown.

The months passed on, till eight were told,
When again death entered our sweet homefold;
And my *one lone star* was silently set
In the Saviour's dazzling coronet;
And I clipped a tress of his shining hair
From the moist, white brow death had left so fair;
And while clasping his form to my heart so riven,
I cried, "Bless God, I've two babes in Heaven."

Randolph's Letters---No. 8.

An erroneous opinion crept into my first letter, to the effect that there was but little Spiritualism existing here; when in fact, there is a great deal—but of a character quite different from that to which we give our countenance. Of course, I refer to what some people laugh at and others believe in, under the name of Voudouism.

Voudou spells, tricks, enchantments and sorceries, are as prevalent in New Orleans as frogs in a western morass. The thing that goes by that name, is a vestige of ancient African Fetishism and the so-called "diabolical" Obi worship of the sunny land, and it consists in compacts between embodied persons, and other intelligences, invisible, but powerful, whom some wise people assert to be the devil and his angels, but whom other people affirm to be disembodied human spirits; but whatever be the real facts as to the origin of Voudouism, certain it is that most astonishing things are performed by its votaries, and effects produced—mainly of a malignant nature—of so wonderful a character, as to challenge the most serious and earnest attention of the wisest and best in the entire community, in the midst of which its very strange antics are played.

All dark races are more or less spiritual, and the degree thereof, depends, of course, upon their moral and intellectual culture. If a people, (or person,) is of plain No. 1 in point of cultivation, refinement (or grossness) and mental power, as a matter, of course, their or his spiritual affinities will correspond; hence it is no wonder that the negroes have attracted to themselves spirits in unison with themselves, and whose delight it is to deal in the black art or black magic. In New Orleans, there are thousands of believers in this thing, not all of whom are either colored, ignorant or poor, for secretly there are hundreds of wealthy and white, and worldly wise men and women who do not scruple on the score of conscience to avail themselves of the aid which it unquestionably affords them to carry out their schemes, which usually lay in the direction of love, money or revenge. The Voudous have tribes or families, at the head of each of which there is a queen, and over all a supreme queen or empress—with the latter of whom I am personally acquainted, and some of whose revelations in regard to the matter, I propose to receive and transmit to you at an early day.

The rationale of the whole matter, is, as might be expected, simply magnetic and spiritual. B loves A, and is rejected by or cannot approach her, whereupon B goes to a "Boubou," C, who exacts all the money that B can muster—often to the tune of thousands—which being paid, she, C, immediately calls a council of from ten to fifty of the fraternity, and a grand supper and dance is forthwith on the *tapis*, and during that dance or Orgie Delphic Ridivivus, the spell is worked by means of which B carries his point with A, and A finds herself suddenly beset with the most diabolical infestations; she makes herself obnoxious to all her other lovers, and it usually ends in her utter subjugation to the will of B. Do not think I am romancing, for these things are verifiable here by hundreds of persons, and I have seen more than one case of its successful action, with my own eyes, and publicly lectured on it, said lecture being attended by three of the leading Voudous of Louisiana.

Gathered round an obscurely lighted room, in the centre of which is a table sumptuously spread, the weird sisters dance and whirl slowly at first, and then faster and more furiously, as I have often seen the dervishes do in Africa, until a wild and terrible madness seizes upon them, and they lose all respect, decency and self-command, and a scene too abominable for description ensues, during the whole of which they invoke the aid of VOUD—*i. e.* Astarte? Dagen? Moloch? and they implore whatever aid they want at his hands. In the midst of this orgie, the food on the table is often removed, as if eaten, but not by mortal or visible consumers; and an audible voice promises to help them, and from that moment the victim, asleep or awake, is continually infested, harassed and troubled, until longer resistance is impossible, and another victim is added to the thousands already gone before. Spirits beset them day and night, nor can the spells be easily shaken off.

Revenge is obtained by spells (magnetic) that *look* puerile, but are really far from it.

The hell-broth of Shakspeare's Macbeth is an absolute fact to-day in New Orleans; and nothing is more common than for those who have offended the fraternity, to find their doorsteps besmeared with some damnable compound of pepper and salt, ordure and vinegar, snakes heads and live lizards, red beans and broken needles, which are supposed to exert a baleful influence on intended victims.

In a love or revenge case, they resort to a singular practice, that of filling your bed or pillow with curiously wrought wreaths and woven rolls of feathers, bits of coffins and dead children's bones (easily obtained here where no one is buried in the ground, but in little cells above it,) all of which are not only *thought* to, but actually do exert a wonderfully disturbing magnetic power over you, so great that you can scarce get a wink of sleep for weeks together as I *know* to my cost, and by my own personal experience. Of course, these low spiritual effects can be counteracted by resorting to higher spiritual aid, but in no other way. At first the victim succumbs and visibly becomes emaciated, until higher powers are invoked, whereupon he is surrounded by a wall of fire utterly impregnable to low assaults, and impassable to the infesting forces of ASTARTE, or VOUD.

A. H. The "Empress" of the fraternity promises to recount her experience to me, and you shall have it, thrilling it must be—true, beyond a doubt. Lovers go to them, and purchase charmed rings, which, when worn by the recipient, exert a very powerful magnetic influence, through which and by which, the lover is enabled to exert a strong subduing force; nor will it do to laugh at this, for it occurs here daily. More anon.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 4, 1865. P. B. R.

HOW THE RACK WAS ABOLISHED.—Torture, applied to extort confession, was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstance:

A conscientious judge, having observed the effect of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime, in that country, to kill a horse or mule, and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care one night to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds he stole thither himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had the sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

SECTARIAN INQUISITIONS.—Henry Ward Beecher, the liberal Orthodox divine, thus scourges our popular sectarian institutions:

"Liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumbscrew of criticism by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the student consists of a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence, it has now come to pass that the ministry dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or if they do search and study, they cannot show the people what they find there. There is something criminal to say anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mold of ages upon them."

"SUGAR-COAT."—Some of our correspondents fear we, for mere policy, will attempt the "sugar-coating system." Our friend K. Graves writes:

"I hope you will not, in your forth-coming 'RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,' pursue the temporizing policy which characterizes the movements of many Spiritualists—that of attempting to re-model or 'sugar-coat' the errors of the old religion. It is only putting the evil day afar off. Most certainly, the Colenso policy of a direct, full, and candid exposure, is the best."

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to *recommend*, believing that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful, to guard sacredly INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the *general laws* governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a *type of Religion*, based on *sound philosophy*, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and *all* progressive minds boldly contend.

S. S. JONES, *Chairman*,
St. Charles, Ill.
WARREN CHASE,
Battle Creek, Mich.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia.
W. F. SHUEY,
Elkhart, Indiana.
MARY F. DAVIS,
Orange, N. J.
SELDEN J. FINNEY,
Plato P. O., Ohio.
M. M. DANIELS,
Independence, Iowa.
H. B. STORER,
Boston, Mass.
MILO O. MOTT,
Brandon, Vermont.
F. L. WADSWORTH,
Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.

Chicago, August 15, 1864.

PLAN RECOMMENDED — RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the First Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The *Religio*-Philosophical Society:"

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lecturers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"—such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the *Religio*-Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our ..... as a public Lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and recognize ..... as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorize ..... to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at ....., this ..... day of ..... A. D. 18..

.....PRESIDENT }
.....PRESIDENT } Executive Board of the
.....CLERK } *Religio*-Philosophical Society.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident*," That we are all children of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be suspended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the *internal forces of his own being and external surroundings*; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action—thoughts, and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before provided.

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing articles of association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 18— and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz:

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

EXAMINES AND PRESCRIBES IN SPECIAL CASES ONLY. Diseases affecting the nerves, brain, sight, memory, which arise from exhaustion of the vital powers, prematurely, from disease or excess, rendering the patient emasculent in mind, and powerless in body. *Such and such only!* The system of cure is an improvement on that acquired by Dr. R. in Turkey, Egypt, Syria and France. It is dynamic in operation, and therefore true. Terms, $5.00—Medicines extra. Address "New Orleans, Louisiana." 2-tf

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A RELIABLE, RESPONSIBLE, ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, of almost a lifetime business experience, going to Europe soon and returning next spring, wishes, to execute some orders for first-class American houses, or private persons. Would not object to act as business agent for a superior Test Medium. Apply immediately to

J. LOEWENDAHL,
2-2t Williamsbridge, Westchester Co., N. Y.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS. Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, $3.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address 1179 Washington street, Boston. 2-tf

AN EXHIBITION

OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA, will be held at *Concert Hall*, on the evening of the 19th of October, during the session of the SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL CONVENTION in that city. The programme for the evening will be arranged with special reference to affording our friends and the delegates from distant sections of the country an opportunity of witnessing and becoming acquainted with the general working and exercises of the Spiritualists' Lyceum movement. It is therefore hoped, that the numerous associations of Spiritualists throughout the land will embrace this opportunity of sending delegates to this convention, not only for the objects stated in the call, but with a view of establishing these institutions in every section of the entire country.

M. B. DYOTT, Conductor of the Lyceum and member of the Local Committee.

NORTH-WESTERN PATENT AGENCY.

TUTTLE & CO.,

Solicitors of

AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS.

INVENTORS' GUIDE,

Containing important information, sent to applicants gratis.

UNION WASHING MACHINE

AND

Clothes Wringer Combined.

MACHINE—simple, durable. DOES THE WASHING PERFECTLY. WRINGER—Galvanized iron frame, cog wheels, drain board, and

SOLID WHITE RUBBER ROLLS.

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. All questions connected with the machine settled and fully disposed of in following the "Special Directions," which are very simple and easily learned.

☞ Local Agents wanted.

PRICE COMPLETE, $35.00. Terms Cash with order. Send for descriptive circular, &c.

VAN NAME & CO., Western Agents.

No. 82 Madison st., Chicago. No. 231 Walnut st., Cincinnati, Ohio. No. 78 N. Sixth st., St. Louis, Mo. 1-tf

F. W. KRAUSE, Agent,

FRANKLIN IRON WORKS,

S. E. Corner Washington and Jefferson Sts.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Manufacture Steam Engines, Sawmills, all kinds of Hoisting Machines, Derricks, Pulleys, Shafting, Hangers, Gearing, Mill Work, Tobacco Machinery, Lard Presses, and all kinds of Wood and Iron Machinery.

☞ All kinds of Machinery Repaired. 1-tf

LAMB'S

KNITTING MACHINE

Knits the Heel into the Stocking and Narrows off the Toe Complete,

LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTE'S HAND-KNITTING.

LAMB'S MACHINE

Is the only one in the World that can set up its Own Work.

IT KNITS ANY DESIRED SIZE without removing needles, from four loops forming a cord, up to its fullest capacity; widens and narrows by varying the number of loops, the same as by hand, and knits the web either tubular, double or flat, with selvidge, producing Shawls, Nubias, Breakfast Capes, Jackets, Hoods, Sacks, Wrappers, Drawers, Comforts, Leggings, Smoking and Skating Caps, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamp Wicks, Gloves, Mittens, &c.

All other machines knit merely a straight tube, into which the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability.

IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter" and the "Crowning Triumph."

☞ Wanted, Agents. For circulars address (enclosing stamp) to 148 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, or 128 Clark st., Chicago. [1-tf] S. BRANSON, Agent.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME,

ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN.

R. T. TRALL, M. D. }
M. NEVINS, M. D. } Proprietors.

THE INVIGORATING CLIMATE, clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, and charming scenery, render this region unrivalled as a resort for invalids affected with consumptive, dyspeptic, bronchial, rheumatic, and, indeed, all chronic diseases. The building is replete with all the appliances of the Hygienic System, and has accommodations for 500 or 600 persons.

Send stamps for circulars to the *Home*, or No. 15 Laight st., New York.

HYGEIO-THERAPEUTIC COLLEGES.—The lectures of the Summer terms will hereafter be given at "Western Hygeian Home," St. Anthony, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in June*. The winter terms will be held in New York, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in November*. Fees for the course, $100. Graduation $30. After the first term Students or Graduates are charged $10 for every subsequent term. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted on precisely equal terms.

☞ The Honorary Degree of the College is conferred on properly qualified persons, on payment of the Diploma fee of $30.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME PRIMARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—In this School *Physical Culture* is as much a part of the educational programme as is reading, writing, arithmetic, Geography, &c. A superior system of Light Gymnastics is taught; and the health and development of both body and mind are carefully and equally attended to. 1-tf

HEALING THE SICK

BY THE

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the Dynamic Institute, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground overlooking the lake. Our past success is truely marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

TESTIMONIALS.

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee—three years totally deaf in one ear, and eye-sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eye-sight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee—rheumatism in heart, chest and one arm, cured in less than 10 minutes.

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau,)—white swelling and rheumatism in both limbs with bone disease—could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes was made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.—60 years old, very fleshy. Hip Ail and falling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis.—by falling from a building 15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in Aug., 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as twenty-five in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis.—diptheria, a very bad case, cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.—ovarian tumor and falling of womb, cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.—white swelling and rheumatism, was unable to use her limbs since last May; made to walk in twenty minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.—typhoid fever for two weeks, cured in five minutes.

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.—by a fall from a load of hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine, drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm, suffered for six years, spent $700 dollars and received no benefit. Cured in three minutes.

The above cases we have certificates of which may be referred to.

Special References:—Col. Geo. H. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

Those who are absolutely poor are cordially invited to call on each Saturday afternoon. We will treat them free of charge. Personal cleanliness absolutely required in all cases. The institution is located on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, and within 100 feet of the Street Railroad. Post Office drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.

Milwaukee, August 1, 1865.—[1-tf

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TALLMADGE & CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GREAT WESTERN DEPOT

FOR ALL

Spiritual and Reformatory Books

AND PERIODICALS.

Also—Agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Banner of Light*.

☞ These Publications will be furnished to patrons in Chicago at Boston prices, at **No. 109 Monroe Street,** (Lombard Block), two doors west of the Post Office.

Catalogues of books and prices sent on application.

Address, TALLMADGE & CO.,
1-tf Box 2222, Chicago, Ill.

A. JAMES,

The MEDIUM ARTIST,

THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given, will send to any address, for 20 cents, a History of the CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send a Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPATION. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 52x88 inches—"Life Size;" said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this country.

☞ *It can be seen at the Artesian Well.*

Address A. JAMES,
1-tf Chicago, P. O. Box 2079.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.

BY MRS H. F. M. BROWN,

This is a Liberal Juvenile, made up of short stories—gems which are calculated to please and instruct Youth.

☞ Price, plain, 50 cents; half gilt, 65 cents. For sale at this office. 1-tf

FURST, BRADLEY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

No. 46, 48 and 50 West Lake St.,

CONRAD FURST,
DAVID BRADLEY,
JOHN SALISBURY,
HENRY SHERMAN. } *CHICAGO, ILL.*

1-tf

C. H. WATERMAN,

CHICAGO UNION TOBACCO WORKS,

22 Market Street, Chicago.

Manufacturer of FINE CUT, SMOKING and PLUG TOBACCO. Also—CIGARS.

All orders promptly attended to. Address 22 Market st. [1-tf

S. S. HOLBROOK. O. C. POMEROY. J. CLOUGH HAINES.

HOLBROOK, POMEROY & HAINES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

79 Dearborn Street. J. C. HAINES,
Room No. 3—P. O. Box 1442. [1-tf] Notary Public.

O. S. POSTON,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SMITH & NIXON'S BLOCK, No. 2. 1-tf

DR. J. P. BRYANT,

(Of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

FOR

CHRONIC DISEASES,

HAS OPENED ROOMS AT

THE HEALING INSTITUTE,

No. 119 Wisconsin Street,

(OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE),

MILWAUKEE, - - WISCONSIN,

Till November 15th, 1865.

CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS!

NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations Performed.

But five to thirty minutes are required for inveterate cases of almost any curable Chronic Diseases; and so certain is the effect, that many diseases require but few operations, excepting Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy and Consumption. Exception is also made to Broken Bones, Dislocations, Bad Curvatures of the Spine, and Suppurated Tumors. Even these will be much benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. Diseases which are most certain of being cured, with a few exceptions, are: Weak Spines, Internal Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Diseased Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Falling of the Womb, all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weakness of the Limbs, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Diabetes, Nervous Debility, &c.

Paralysis is the most slow and uncertain with this treatment; sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. So many thousand are already acquainted with the method of treatment, as practiced by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghampton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., and at Detroit Mich., that it seems unnecessary to say more than that by it the vital forces become equalized; and what seems more wonderful is, that diseases heretofore considered incurable—like the Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Weak Spines and Fever Sores—are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who come from a distance, to have a second.

TESTIMONIALS:

During three years practice I have performed 60,000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I give the names of a few who have been *cured* lately.

Miss Eilza A. Fleming, Port Hudson, St. Clair co., Mich., bedriden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficulty, Female Difficulty; (Retroversion) and Complete Nervous Prostration. Perfectly cured with a few operations. Will reply to inquiries.

Miss Gertrude Titus, 72 Shelby st., Detroit, Mich. Rheumatic Affection for three months. Elbow badly swollen and unbendable; unable to open or shut the hand. Perfectly cured with operation of five minutes.

Mrs. N. Y. Forsyth, 108 Farmer st., Detroit, Mich. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. One year unable to walk without crutches. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mrs. Sarah A. Mason, corner Cass st. and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Amaurosa, or Paralysis of the Optic Nerve. Cured instantly Can now see to read fine print distinctly.

Miss Mary E. Bentham, Grand Rapids, Mich. Epilepsy, Female Weakness and Spinal Difficulty. Bed-ridden for upwards of a year. Brought into my operating room in arms. Made to walk, strong and active, as well as any one, in five minutes.

Mrs. A. A. Fish, Detroit, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Mr. John Tarbell, 45 Washington avenue, Detroit, Mich. Dyspepsia. Three years a great sufferer. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. J. T. Bloomfield, Conductor on Detroit and Toledo railroad. Deaf 15 years. Made to hear distinctly in five minutes.

Mrs. Margaret McCormick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Chronic Rheumatism. Unable to move without assistance. Made to walk as well as any one in two minutes.

Vivalda White, Chelsea, Mich. Complete loss of voice. Perfectly restored in one minute.

Mr. W. L. Robson, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis, Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket shot wound at the battle of South Mountain, Md., 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Miss Eliza E. Richards, Bass Lake, Washtenaw county, Mich. Prolapsus Uteri, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Mr. Oliver Ruby, Macomb county, Mich. Paralysis—unable to stand or walk. Made to walk in ten minutes.

Mrs. Eliza Donaldson, Wyandotte, Wayne county, Mich. Epileptic Fits and Complete Nervous Prostration. Unable to stand alone. Perfectly cured in an instant.

Mrs. Philander Ewell, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Alonzo Briggs, New Baltimore, Macomb county, Mich. Fever Sore. A great sufferer for ten years. Perfectly cured with one operation.

Mrs. P. B. Sherwood, Newfield, Tompkins county, N. Y. Ovarian Tumor and Prolapsus Uteri. Perfectly cured, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss Jane A. Sheridan, 114 South Fitzhugh street, Rochester, N. Y. Hip Disease, eight years. Obliged to use crutches six years. Left crutches and walked away without assistance, after a single operation. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Eliza Vahue, Niles street, Rochester, N. Y. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. Very sensitive and painful; unable to move without crutches. Cured in five minutes. Left her crutches and resumed her usual vocations.

Mrs. Mary Pero, 37 South Washington street, Rochester, N. Y. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and General Debility. For several years a great sufferer. Fully cured with two operations, and may be referred to.

Mrs. Henry E. Spaulding, Elmira, N. Y. Complete Loss of Voice. Had not spoken above a whisper in ten months. Was made to talk loud and distinct with one operation of fifteen minutes.

Miss Martha N. White, Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bed ridden most of the time for two years; only able to sit up a few moments at a time. Cured by touch—instantly—and will reply to any inquiries.

Miss Maria Duel, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease and Spinal Affection. Obliged to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured and left her crutches.

Mr. Elmer Dimick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Epileptic Fits every five days for four years. Perfectly cured.

Mrs. Harriet Lincoln, Spencerport, Monroe county, N. Y. Asthma. Perfectly cured in one minute.

Mrs. Martin Edgerton, Orangeport, Niagara county, N. Y. Great Mental Depression—almost insanity. Instantly cured.

Mr. H. C. Clark, Kendall Mills, Orleans county, N. Y. Rheumatism. Cured instantly.

Miss A. Maria Walt, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. Sciatica, of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches, and walked away.

Miss Emma Lee, Dunkirk, N. Y. Hip Disease. Unable to walk without crutches. After one operation could walk with ease.

Mr. Edgar A. Gay, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism, seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly restored in four operations, and may be referred to.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Hayward, Clayton, Lenawee county, Mich. Sciatica, Spinal and Kidney Disease. Four months unable to walk without crutches, and (although pronounced incurable by three different physicians) was made to walk as well as any one in five minutes, and left his crutches.

Mr. Lewis Lobdell, Adrian, Mich. Dyspepsia and Nervous Rheumatism. Perfectly cured with two operations.

Prof. J. W. Hartal, Adrian, Mich. Complete Nervous Prostration, Night Sweats, &c. Confined to bed for five months, constantly. Almost instantly restored.

TERMS OF TREATMENT

Always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money or price. 1-tf

Our Children.

"A child is born: now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

The Wonders of Nature.

No. II.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"I saw you reading yesterday a description of what has poetically and truly been called the Island World of the Pacific."

"Is it not charming, papa? Such warm seas and balmy breezes, and great tracts of shallow ocean, clear as glass; so clear that you can look down into its crystal depths, and see rich carpets of rarest dyes, such varied forms and fine coloring do the corals and sea anemones and astors assume; and then the low islands reflect their fluttering palm trees—most elegant of plants—in the mirror-bosom of the long Pacific swells. And just think, papa, the groves are loaded to breaking with oranges and cocoanuts!"

"Ah, Rosa, I fear you think more of the oranges and cocoas than the wonders of the deep you so picturesquely described. I have a drawing here of these wonders. You look down into the warm and tranquil sea, and behold the strange forms of that mystic realm. You see here the nautilus. It has been up to the surface, and the gentle winds have wafted it a long journey in its magic boat until it became weary, folded its sails, took in its oars, withdrew itself into its vessel, and gently sank to rest on the mossy bed of the sea. Above and around it grows many a traveling coral, and on the opposite side you see a sea fan, such as the fabled mermaids were once supposed to fan themselves with after being weary roaming the diamond halls of the ocean. And the purple mullet and cuttle-fish are also represented sporting among the branches of the coral."

"Percival has poetized your poetical prose, papa, and if you will allow me I will repeat what he says of the Island World."

"With pleasure I will listen, if you will strive to repeat it so well as to give the poet's full meaning and feelings. The beauty of poetry depends very much on the manner in which it is spoken."

The floor is of sand like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, when the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are as bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving leaf of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:

And when the ship from his fury flees,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky seas,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore.

Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
And the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

"Very well spoken. Your mamma has been a faithful teacher, and you an apt scholar."

"Is it not fine, unsurpassed, charming?"

"Indeed, very beautiful, and we rarely find such a gem. It was not, however, the corals of the Island World to which I desired to call your attention; but to one of the largest volcanoes, Kilauea, situated on Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands. It is one of the most active of volcanoes, and has thrown up a very high cone or mountain."

"Are mountains thus produced?"

"Volcanic peaks are not always, but generally thus formed. Sometimes the earth is upheaved and a mountain formed, as a bubble rises on water, or as a blister after a severe burn, and the crater or mouth of the volcano is placed on the summit; usually, however, a fissure or opening is formed in the earth, and lava and ashes flow, or are thrown out, piling up around the mouth higher and higher, until a cone is formed—sometimes, as that of Cotopaxi in South America, the highest volcano of the Andes, as perfectly rounded as though turned in a gigantic lathe. Kilauea is said to have poured forth a vast stream of lava or melted rock, and travelers who visited it several years afterwards, found that although they could walk over it, a rough crust having cooled over it, only a few feet below it was yet melted."

"I read the description, but could not understand how it can be so. At the furnace, when the liquid iron runs into the molds, it soon cools, and the lava can certainly be no hotter than the iron."

"Yes, it is much hotter, for the furnace in which the iron is melted is made of rock, which of course is not melted with the iron. Lava is such *rock* melted, so that it must be hotter. But this is not the reason for the effects you observe. At the ice-house why does not the ice melt during the heat of summer, when the sun pours its burning rays on the roof, and the surrounding earth is parched and dry."

"Because you have surrounded it with sawdust, which you say keeps the heat out."

"Exactly. The sawdust keeps the heat out, and thus preserves the ice. Now, did it ever occur to you that if the heat was in the place of the ice, and the ice on the outside, the sawdust would then keep the heat in?"

"Why, papa, your rule works both ways!"

"Very good. We are now resting on this hillside. Suppose a well to be sunk at our feet to an undefined depth. The thermometer now says eighty degrees—a very warm day. If I should lower it into this well fifty feet, it would read, say forty degrees. We will take this temperature and depth as a standard, although it is rather unsettled and ill-defined. If I should lower the thermometer 54½ feet deeper, when I drew it up it would read forty-one degrees.

"So I might continue lowering the thermometer, reading at each pause one degree more. Now suppose the rocks through which our well descends are melted into lava at 7,000 degrees, how far must we go down before they are melted?"

"Water boils at 212 degrees, so that at the depth of 9,429 feet water would boil, and at the depth of 381,555, rock would melt and become lava. Oh, papa, what have you made my figures tell?"

"The truth, child. You are startled when you think that we are standing on a partially cooled lava-tide; that all beneath is fire. A thin crust which you state is only 381,555 feet thick, keeps the boiling lava from devouring us."

"I shall never enjoy myself again, it is so frightful!"

"Not at all. It acts the same always. If the ice-house were filled with melted iron, it would be a very long time in cooling if the wood and sawdust could be preserved. The same effect would result if we made our ice-house of some material which prevented the passage of heat equally well. A very extensive bed of ice was found on the side of a volcano, preserved by having a thick layer of ashes spread over it. Lava, when cooled, or ashes blown from craters, are good non-conductors of heat."

"Why are some substances so good and some so bad for this purpose?"

"I cannot explain the cause to you, but I can make you comprehend the facts. When bodies allow light to pass through them, as glass, we call them transparent, because we can see through them; but a piece of wood will not allow the light to pass through it, and we call it opaque. So some substances allow heat to pass through them readily, as the metals, and we call them conductors; while others, as wood, will not allow it to pass, and we call such non-conductors. For a moment we will imagine ourselves walking on the lava-stream described by this traveler. It is of a dark brown ash color, full of cracks and fissures, which you must carefully avoid, or you will fall into them. It is hard and rough on the surface, and gives no appearance of internal heat. Presently we come to a deep fissure, and we can look far down and see the crust growing red hot, and lower still becoming melted."

"My traveler says that he carried some eggs and coffee with him up the mountain, and placing a kettle over a fissure, he boiled his beverage, and placing the eggs in another small fissure, and covering them with ashes, in a few minutes had them nicely roasted."

"Did you ever consider, Rosa, how the volcanoes came; what makes them spout forth such vast volumes of molten lava sometimes—as in the case of Hecla—several times the entire mass of the mountain?"

"Please tell me?"

"The lava comes out of the interior of the earth. If we could descend into the earth we should find that for the first few feet the thermometer would show an increase of cold, but we would soon reach a depth where a constant degree of heat is maintained, that the heat of summer nor cold of winter changes not. After we passed that point the heat would increase one degree for every fifty-four and one-half feet. In deep mines and artesian wells this is always found true. I will state the question and solve it with your pencil on this piece of bark. We are on a partially cooled lava stream. I put the thermometer in a deep fissure. I find for every foot I lower it, an increase of 100 degrees. Supposing lava becomes melted or fluid at 7,000 degrees, how far must I go down through the crust before I shall come to the fluid matter?"

"Just seventy feet."

"You never thought, did you, when in a vessel, that a few inches of wood kept the water from drowning you? The danger apparently is great, but not really. So of this crust; it is thin and yielding, and beneath is 7,000 miles of lava, yet there is not the least danger. When there is danger, the volcanoes give vent to the confined lava, and earthquakes, which generally do little damage, are all we have to fear."

"Please be more minute."

"You desire to know so much about everything, I begin to find how great the task is I have assumed, before you will be fully satisfied with the length of my story. Again we will call fancy to transport us to the Island World. We will rest beneath the shade of an orange tree, which fills the air with the fragrance of its blossoms and ripened fruit. Gather a large globed orange. It is of the exact form of the earth—a sphere slightly flattened at the poles. Its rind represents the earth's crust; its pulp, the internal, melted portion. Cut a small hole in its side. That perfectly represents a volcanic vent. Now when you press the orange what takes place?"

"The juice flows out."

"What then would occur if the earth were pressed?"

"Lava flow out, I suppose; but papa, I press the orange with my fingers, but by what means is the earth pressed, or who, grasping it, can give it a gripe that will send lava, sparkling and boiling, to the top of Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, or Etna?"

"No one grasps it in that manner, but there are causes which produce the same effects. You know everything becomes larger by heat and smaller by cold. The earth's crust formed once liquid lava. Now you know that this cooling process is yet going on, and the crust constantly thickening by additions to its under surface. As the crust cools, it contracts, and of course presses on the enclosed lava, which cannot escape except at the volcanoes, just as when you press the orange, the pulp flows out. Thus you see I have a power sufficient to account for the effects, without a gigantic hand to clasp the globe in its encircling palm, and with tremendous gripe force the lava out of its numerous rents and fissures."

Remark.—I have given the usual determination for the increase of heat as we descend into the earth's crust, without further illustration, as the subject is too intricate for a child's comprehension, but I would state, in case the mature reader should criticise, that this increase of heat cannot follow a given ratio, but as the center is approached, the increase must be slower, so that the crust is probably more than twice as thick as the computation shows it to be. The number 54½ feet is the means of numerous observations which vary from 40 to 150 feet for a degree, according as the subjacent rock is a better or worse conductor of heat.

The Little Quakeress.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time in New England. It so fell out that a young couple became very much smitten with each other—as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker; the young man was respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey, that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She "met him by moonlight," while she pretended never to see him; and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let concealment like a worm in the bud prey on that damask cheek, however; but, when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old man was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given away before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breathing out:

"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly up to him, and took both his hands in hers.

"John," said she; "father says I may have thee."

And John got directly up from the dinner-table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

Grove Meeting at Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill.

The Second Annual Three Days' Meeting commenced on Friday, September 1st, and continued throughout the session under most favorable circumstances of weather, and harmonious expression of feeling.

F. L. Wadsworth and Mrs. E. F. J. Bullene were present as regular speakers, with several mediums, retired and incipient lecturers, and active workers in other portions of the reform field, taking part in conference meetings.

Called to order Friday morning, and A. Cady, Esq., chosen President.

No one, for this day, to act as reporter, proceedings were briefly given, from memory, by one present, to the Secretary.

We first had a few remarks from Belle Scougall and P. L. Ellis; then Frank Wadsworth and Mrs. Bullene gave words of welcome and greeting to the assembled audience.

After adjournment, one hour's conference.

Discourse by Mr. Wadsworth. Subject: "Comparison of Christianity with Spiritualism." The principal idea was, that the Christian world believe God to be outside of Nature, while Spiritualists believe him in and working through Nature's laws. The discourse was characterized by cogent and powerful reasoning.

Evening lecture in the hall, by Mrs. Bullene, in her usually beautiful and effective style.

Saturday morning in conference. An old man rose to testify that it was good for him to be there, that he had feared to come; and his good old tone, and stereotyped phraseology of Jesus' saving power, showed what school he had been trained in. But as the power of the spirit swayed his tottering limbs and whitened locks, we knew that power would work within him, until a truer knowledge would gladden his heart.

Belle Scougall said a few words upon the vague ideas given us by different teachers, of the proper worship of God, as each had his own ideal, and such as that was, his worship became. Defined the office of prayer, and the blessings attendant upon that belief and practice which did not crush out nature's teachings.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman endorsed the spoken sentiments of yesterday in regard to the education of children. Better to organize and fashion them in proper, natural conditions, develop them spiritually, then let them choose their own theology. Advocates living out beliefs. Persons are not necessarily spiritual because they believe in spirit-communion. Sometimes we find more toleration among the Orthodox than among Spiritualists. She, as a physician, finds people everywhere dying for want of living up to the law of magnetic relations.

Mrs. A. M. L. Potts, M. D., said she, too, was on the physical plane. Made a short address on physiological subjects, in her earnest and spirited manner, eliciting much applause.

Mr. Dayton next took the stand and came down sharply on radicalisms—had worn them out himself. Wished the word *reform* was blotted out of the dictionary. Once thought everything wrong himself; thought he could save the world; found it wasn't saved; was now willing everybody should do just as they pleased. God placed us here to enjoy ourselves; do not believe in wading through hell to get to heaven. Do not be made to believe anything. Do just as you please; take everything calm and easy.

Belle Scougall arose, saying she thought Mr. Dayton now just as radical as ever, only on the other extreme; to which the audience seemed to assent.

Lecture by Mr. Wadsworth. Subject: "Relation of the Infinite to the Finite." A conceded point that human beings represent within themselves the primates of nature. There is a method to obtain a knowledge of the things necessary to us; told by some that all knowledge is given us in the Bible. Discourses comprehensively and with illustrations from Nature upon revelation. Said there could be no such condition between the Infinite and Finite. He understands it transmitting intelligence from one to another among men. God is the same ever, Nature the same in an infinite sense. Man gains and appropriates a knowledge of things through the practical. In proportion to his perception, will perceive truths. Each sees that akin to himself. There is no revelation of truth to any, beyond the practical capacity to perceive and apply it. Some affirm Moses and Christ received above the limit of humanity. Moses was governed by the same laws as men at the present time. When his desires and passions were subdued by the solitude and calmness of his mountain retirement, he could receive the divine laws; but when the people, not being in the same conditions, would not receive them, he got mad. On the mountain, he said *not kill*, in the valley, he said *kill*. This was in keeping with Moses' condition, not referable to God as a revelator. God revealed nothing, on the mountain, Moses perceived. The calm, peaceful expression of Jesus' life, was the counterpart of his nature. He told his disciples of the peaceful condition of the kingdom to be. They quarreled for the honors. He saw spiritually, they materially. If God revealed specially, why not see alike? Paul, seeking to persecute, became convinced of a fact, not a system. Paul, educated as a Jew, wrote with that influence upon him, and his writings to his congregations have since become canonized. Special revelations bear, everywhere, marks of human nature. It is the nature of childhood to be superstitious; science is taking it away. Naturalism is to-day making strides everywhere to break down supernaturalism. Believe in unchangeable, perfect law; and we must adjust ourselves to the requirements of that law. We must act, and use efforts to discover the divine harmonies of nature, and reduce them to practice. We cannot bring the millennium at will; it must be outwrought by the clearest perception, calm consideration, and in simplifying and harmonizing life. We must discover God and apply His ways to life. Peace always comes in compliance with law; discord, for want of it.

Conference for a short time in the afternoon. A few appropriate remarks by Mr. Parks.

Dr. George Haskell said twenty-five years ago, he, with others, met there to organize a Baptist Association. He had now been ten years satisfied of spirit-intercourse; was never before satisfied. He rejoices in the liberty he enjoys. One after another of the old beliefs became torn away; the last, was that of vicarious atonement.

Mr. Snow, among other good sayings, said we may apprehend, if we cannot comprehend, God.

Regular speaker, Mrs. Bullene. Subject: "City and Country." She spoke in glowing terms of the beauty of the country and its life, in many respects, but it was deficient in producing beauty of form and quickness of intellect. Why? Because people become absorbed in toil, and take no time for the cultivation of the beautiful. Mothers become so exhausted with physical labor, that in sleep their spirits cannot receive new and beautiful ideas, as the physical absorbs all for its refreshment; so there is not that softness and roundness of muscle which our idea of beauty demands. They should not be so intent on accumulating; exercise the principles of economy in preparing for old age, and let children learn to accumulate for themselves. Furnish them books and pictures, and take some portion of each day to read, and assemble together in the best room. There is no farmer in the land who may not invest something in the beautiful, and give time to his children to read. They are angular and more unrefined, merely because their whole natures are not cultivated. There should be an equilibrium brought about between city and country. In city life the chief end is gain; more temptations to vice; too much inequality in conditions; there is enough in one palatial residence to furnish half-a-dozen dwellings, and many in squalid misery. All should aid in trying to bring about a reform; put every good thought and idea into practice; teach the destitute how to make the most of life. These reforms are not visionary. Every mechanic has his ideal perfect before it is wrought out. Then all let in glad sunshine; use the beautiful things; cultivate music; bring out all the better parts of your natures, and your children will be more beautiful, and you will all be more harmonious and happier. Go on with your missions, physiologists and condemners of fashions; every time you overcome a weakness, or reform an error, you give out a sermon more potent than any words, because *practice* is more potent than words. Let practice be the teacher of the present age. People in the country and towns should interchange conditions, and build up each other.

Another short lecture was given by Dr. Dunn. He felt it almost useless to offer more after such a satisfactory and eloquent discourse, but would say a few words upon the theology of to-day and the past. Said love was the grandest and most powerful weapon ever wielded. Bible worshippers feel as if the Book was marred if it was handled. He told of the different Bibles of many nations. Ours had been admitted by its believers to need forty-four thousand corrections. Thirty-four thousand had been made by the committee. Then how can it be pure inspiration? He gave a spicy relation of an argument with an Orthodox Christian. Who shall define where Christianity begins? Said that church members in his town rent grog-shops, and that Five Points was owned by Trinity Church. Said some sharp words on reformers not living up to their teachings, and related most thrillingly Florence Nightingale's visit to the madhouse, where her love and sympathy subdued the fiercest maniac.

Mrs. Bullene then described spirits she could see in the audience, most of whom were recognized by their friends.

In the evening, Frank Wadsworth gave another of his deeply logical discourses. Subject: "Progress." Some contend that man was in a higher condition at first and has degenerated. If we are going backward or standing still, we ought to know it. He proved by a series of arguments that each succeeding generation was in advance of the preceding. Moses was to his generation the means of inspiring them to higher thought. Pythagoras was another man of noble earnestness, benefiting the men and women that clustered around him as disciples. Socrates first introduced true philosophy; he taught his followers to struggle for independence. Jesus, the All-Good, stilled the storms of passion around him. He was called Saviour, to which he agreed. What is it to save? To strengthen one, to prevent committing sin, to save from punishment from committed sin. God cannot save from punishment, nor any of those old worthies, saviours. To save is to elevate. He gave an elaborate illustration of the law of progress by comparison of chemical admixtures, introducing the seventh primate of equal potency to the six preceding; their natures become changed, and all become exalted and attain a higher degree of life. Each reformer of all the preceding ages was that potent power. Martin Luther's relation to the Catholic Church was like a chemical primate. He refused to be absolved, and stood out as a nucleus for aggregating a new compound. John Murray, with the convictions of his great and noble heart, cried out against the theology of his day, and in favor of universal love. All new inventions had been called the work of the devil, and their introducers persecuted—Roger Bacon for spectacles, Benjamin Franklin for lightning-rods, etc., all the way down to the present time. Human nature does not walk backwards, and the means of progress lie within the reach of all.

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Bullene became entranced and gave utterance to a sweetly-thrilling spirit song.

Early Sunday morning, met again in conference. All the speakers heretofore mentioned spoke animatedly upon their several specialities, and Mrs. Parker read a poem and made a few earnest and sensible remarks upon the injurious effects of fashionable dressing, and woman's never yet having been allowed a voice in making or sustaining laws. She was quite willing the negro should be allowed to vote, and hoped women would be permitted to do so after, if not before him.

Mrs. Dr. Potts sparkled and flashed through sentences of truth, held up as in a mirror to men and women, who gazed abashed as they beheld themselves.

Then followed a lecture by Mr. Wadsworth, on "The Measure and Method of Human Responsibility." Responsibility is everywhere proportioned to capacities and relations. Human organization is the cap-stone of the universe, the conscious and unconscious recognition of law. All forms of matter recognize law, the human above the unconscious, therefore he becomes responsible to law and its relations. The father and mother are responsible for violated law if the child is vicious or diseased, the responsibility being proportioned to degree of consciousness. Man cannot subject divine order to his own will, but he can adjust himself to it. His power to do so increases as he unfolds the life within him. Ignorance exempts persons from blame, but it does not insure them from consequences. All are responsible for the wrongs they inflict. No one can define laws by which all shall be governed. All should acknowledge the supremacy of law, and seek to relate themselves to it, to avoid conflict. Make not a scapegoat of spirits, for the gratification of miserable appetites. It is no disgrace to commit a mistake, but it is to shirk the responsibility. Stand up and say, "I am," and take the consequences, doing better to-morrow.

At the afternoon conference, Frank Wadsworth spoke on systematizing efforts for the dissemination of free thought, the Sunday School system, etc., followed by Dr. Haskell, on the need and prospect of reform schools, after which Mrs. Bullene took the stand, and after an appropriate invocation, announced as the subject of her discourse, "Spiritual Growth." The mass of the people have but little idea of the necessary growth and culture of the spiritual nature. Labor earnestly to impart such knowledge. The spiritual region of thought belongs as much to us now as it ever will. We imbibe, more or less, the spirit of the thought sent out by authors, therefore we can discriminate between them. Why is it that we are repelled by some persons when they look agreeable? It is the natural action of the force within, that something which tells our spirits that there is an adaptation wanting to us, that they are not conducive to our growth. This is the guiding star to human beings. There is no mutual benefit in the intercourse of such. Study in children their peculiarities. The majority of wrecked happiness is caused by the natural desires of the spirit being warped and cramped, in spite of surrounding influences. Let us yield as much as possible to spirit growth, and by the volition of our wills throw off that which is repulsive to the spirit. Spirit growth is a principle. A gnarled and knotted condition is not a growth. Growth makes beauty. If the gospel of beauty were practiced, children would be born models of spiritual beauty. The spiritual is formed first, then accumulate the particles of physical matter. The principles of correct generation should be understood. Maternity should not be forced upon woman. Intolerance is passing away, and the knowledge of true conditions is rapidly moving on. Men and women are educating themselves. The gospel of beauty enforces a knowledge of these things. Children born of proper conditions are removed but by a thin veil from spirits, can reach out their hands and touch them. The lecturer closed by a powerful appeal to men and women to search into these things, the subject yet being only in its germ.

Another inspirational song closed the regular exercises.

A call being made for an election of a delegate to represent this Convention at the National Convention, to assemble in Philadelphia in October, Dr. George Haskell was appointed to officiate as such delegate. Mrs. A. C. Spalding, Secretary.

A NEW MANUAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THIS VOLUME, recently prepared by Mr. Davis, contains complete details and all necessary instructions for the

ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It is comprised in a volume of 316 pages, 32mo., is printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth.

Price per copy, 80 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail; do. for 12 copies, $8.40; do. for 100 copies, $63.00.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2-tf

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

A MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS will be held at *MUSIC HALL*, in Corry, Erie Co., Pa., commencing on Friday, October 27th, 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and closing Sunday evening, October 29th.

Speakers Engaged.—Frederick Douglass, Cora L. V. Scott, Selden J. Finney, C. C. Burleigh, Lyman C. Howe, Geo. W. Taylor. Others of talent are expected.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will be provided for, free of expense, as far as possible.

Corry is at junction of Philadelphia and Erie with Atlantic and Great Western Railroads.

Committee of Arrangements.—E. Wright, H. Lang, L. J. Tibbals, Olive H. Fraser, Mrs. R. A. Northrup, Mrs. M. Lang, Mrs. E. S. Tibbals.

DR. J. B. GULLY.

HYGIENIC HOUSE, GENEVA, KANE CO., ILL.

Letters, Telegrams, and Patients punctually attended to in all parts of the country. 2-tf

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are, by a peculiar process, magnetically charged, one kind with Positive and the other with Negative Magnetism. They therefore act as *vehicles or carriers* of the magnetic forces into the very blood itself, and through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Womb, Stomach, Kidneys, Reproductive Organs, and in fact to every organ and fibre of the entire body. They equalize all magnetic disturbances, a loss of electric equilibrium, (which constitutes disease,) and thus restore the diseased organs to health. Their operation upon the system, and *their magic control over disease is wonderful beyond all precedent in the history of medicine.*

The Positive Powders Cure:

All *Positive Fevers:* as the Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles.

All *Positive Nervous Diseases:* as Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Colic, Cramps, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

Positive Female Diseases: as all Menstrual Derangements, Leuchorrhœa, Falling of the Womb; also, the Vomiting, Nausea, Cramps, and Painful Urination of Pregnancy.

Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, &c.

The Negative Powders Cure:

All *Negative Fevers:* as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.

All *Negative Nervous Diseases:* as Palsy, Amaurosis, or Blindness, Deafness, Sunstroke, Double Vision, Weak Sight, Catalepsy, Hysterical Insensibility, Apoplexy.

All *Negative States:* as indicated by Coldness, Chilliness, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Relaxation, or Exhaustion.

Negative Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.

Circulars, with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanation and directions, sent free to any address. All questions and inquiries promptly answered, and medical advice given free of charge. Those who prefer that we should give them special written directions as to which kind of the Powders to take, and how to take them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

Wanted.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—*particularly mediums*—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States and foreign countries. The most liberal terms given to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

Price, $1.00 per box; $5.00 for six; $9.00 for twelve.

Money sent by mail is perfectly safe, *and at our risk.*

Office, No. 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

Address PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Deliver, New York City. 2-tf

THE EASTERN STOVE, RANGE AND FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE BEST BARSTOW COOKING RANGE.
THE BEST POND'S MAGIC HEATING FURNACE.
THE BEST CRUSADE COOKING STOVE.
THE BEST FIRESIDE PARLOR.
THE BEST OFFICE AND STORE STOVE IN THE CITY.
THE BEST LAUNDRY STOVE.
THE BEST FARMERS' BOILERS OR LARD KETTLES.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF KITCHEN FURNITURE IN CHICAGO.
THE BEST TINWARE.

And in short the best place to trade is at BANGS', No. 8 Monroe Street, Chicago. 2-tf

MR. E. H. EDDY.

PHYSICAL TEST MEDIUM,

Will hold a series of Circles, for the development of Physical Manifestations, similar to those produced through the agency of the Davenports. Will also sit during the day for communications.

Circles convene at Room 51, Reynold's Block, cor. Madison and Dearborn streets. Doors closed at a quarter to eight.

Admission to evening seances, 25 cts.

G. C. HOWARD, Manager.

2-3t

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In fact we intend to make our journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

This journal will be published by the

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be published every Saturday at

84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Journal is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the ordeal of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the same, and no more consideration, from their antiquity and general acceptance, than a fallacy of modern date. Believing that the Divine is unfolding the Human Mind to-day, *through Spiritual intercourse* and general intelligence, to an appreciation of greater and more sublime truths than it was capable of receiving or comprehending centuries ago, so should all subjects pass the analyzing crucible of science and reason.

A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs Governmental. While we stand aloof from all partizanism, we shall not hesitate to make our journal potent in power for the advocacy of the right, whether such principles are found in the platform of a party apparently in the minority or majority.

A large space will be devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, and communications from the inhabitants of the Summer Land.

Communications are solicited from any and all who feel that they have a truth to unfold on any subject; our right always being reserved to judge *what will or will not* interest or instruct the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

One Year,.....$3.00. | Six Months,.....$1.50.

Single Copies, 8 Cents each.

CLUB RATES:

Any person sending us $30,00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and ONE EXTRA COPY for the getter up of the club for one year.

Ten copies of the paper will be sent for one year, to one Post Office address, for $27,00.

Any getter up of a club of five or more subscribers, to one Post Office address, will be allowed TWENTY-FIVE CENTS to be deducted from each three dollar subscription, and half that amount for six months.

Post Masters everywhere are requested to act as Agents and will be entitled to receive FORTY CENTS out of each three dollars subscription, and half that amount for each six months subscription.

When drafts on Chicago, Boston or New York cannot be procured, we desire our patrons to send, in lieu thereof, United States Government money.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 26 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.—It is useless for subscribers to write, unless they give their *Post Office Address* and name of *State.*

Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the *Town, County and State* to which it has been sent.

☞ *Specimen copies sent* FREE.

Subscribers are informed that twenty-six numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comprise a volume. Thus we publish two volumes a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above prices.*

All letters must be addressed R. P. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Matter for publication should be marked on the margin "Editor;" all matter for the corporation should be marked "President;" all matter of subscriptions should be marked "Secretary."

S. S. JONES, President of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association.

AGENTS:

All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States and British Provinces will be supplied with the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Boys in the cities and on the cars.

John R. Walsh, & Co., corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the United States and British Provinces.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Talmadge & Co., Lombard Block, next building west of the Post Office.
John R. Walsh, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets.
McDonald and Thorpe, No. 84 Dearborn street.
McNally & Co., 81 Dearborn street.
Graham & Cogan, No. 102 Madison street.
Bamford & Baldwin, No. 121 to 127 Munroe street.
P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.

☞ *Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the* Religio-Philosophical Journal *one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUL 2 19
Order Number
1923 D
Copy

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1865. VOL. 1.—NO. 4.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Martyrs.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Through scorn and pain, through dust and heat,
Up Calvary, with bleeding feet,
The first *great Martyr* went;
And down the ages dim and far
The light has shone, like Bethlehem's star
That lit the Shepherd's tent.

Where frowned the Coliseum's pride,
And Tiber poured its yellow tide,
The Christian martyrs stood.
The lions shook the dens beneath,
Like flame the tiger's eager breath,
Expectant of their blood.

Pale virgins look from canvass old;
Their martyrdom wild legends told,
And shrines their names repeat.
Missal and breviary's clasping tome
Hold sacred lore, while heathen Rome
Yet held the imperial seat.

Reproach passed from the Christian name—
Pomp, power and prestige to it came;
Then pride and bigotry.
Again for truth witnesses must dare
Dungeon and gibbet, inquisitor
And fires of "auto da fe."

To-day, cathedral masses roll,
And Pope sends forth encyclic scroll,
Canute-like, bans in vain
The march of progress, but its time
Is kept by hosts, whose words sublime
Thrill earth with hope again.

The pioneers of truth to-day,
Hail from the ramparts, far away,
The new recruits that come;
Of old their whispers thrilled the ear
Of pallid saints, who quailed with fear
At their impending doom.

Brave men are stronger for the Right,
Frail women speak with fearless might—
With the hosts of Error cope;
The Martyr's seed of blood and tears,
Periled through all the adverse years,
Blossoms with love and hope.

Sycamore, Ill.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS

EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
No. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

CHAPTER II.—[Continued.]

Having destroyed this beautiful production, I obtained gold through murder, rapine and treachery; and as I carefully reviewed this feature of my life, and then looked around me at my present condition and surroundings, I perceived that although there was no gold here to be acquired, either honestly or dishonestly, there were other things here, of which gold on earth was the type and emblem, which could be obtained through similar processes. Here there was opened to me devious paths, such as I had trod on earth.* I entered these and began to gather to myself the possessions of others, as I had done there, with little or no respect for their rights. I will endeavor to give some idea what the things were that I stole. Most persons, on their entrance into this life, and during the time that they dwell in the border land of spirit-life, are like little children in their love of toys and other articles that have but little intrinsic value. Everywhere, then, in the ideal world of the border land, which is linked with, and is but a continuation of, your own world of ideas, are to be found types of these unimportant articles, representatives, not only of all this class on earth, but many which have never been brought to the plane of the outward. These trifling gewgaws are gathered here and prized highly by certain spirits. There are men who have lived to old age on earth, who devote their time and energy to gathering up these simple things; they have playhouses filled with useless toys, and they must ever be so while men are on the plane that they now occupy. For it is the inward motive and desire, and not the outward manifestation or profession, which gives to every man his real status.

In this state these men accumulate trinkets that seem to be of gold, silver and precious stones. They have also models of all the various machines and inventions that are among you, and many others that have not yet been discovered among men.*

Every artizan has his own tools. Whether his profession be really useful and practical, whether it be merely calculated to gratify the artificial wants of humanity, or whether it be, as most are, a mixture of both of these, every one gathers around him the most beautiful types and models, representing his own particular profession. Here things in almost endless variety constitute the wealth of spirits in the border-land. They exceed in variety and extent all the wealth of earth, because the inhabitants of this land are advanced beyond the dwellers of earth in the means of producing wealth. Here, then, we find abundance of all that is needed for man in this condition, and we find those whose avarice prompts them to hoard everything they can get possession of. Others have strong desires to continue in the business of exchanging their products, and they find ample means to gratify this feeling. Every disposition, every faculty, finds a field for action here. The man who has been accustomed to acquire things by deception and fraud on earth has similar opportunities here to continue his pursuits. It was in this way that I stole, or, as I then said, *took possession of*, certain finely wrought mantles, some jewelry and the insignia of a certain officer of rank and influence. Although I readily obtained these articles, for I had the power, it was not easy to conceal the manner in which I came in possession of them. There were spirits around me who could see everything that I was doing, and although they stood mute and only looked on, it made me feel uncomfortable. I tried to get them to go away, or to go away myself, but I never succeeded fully. I could get away from some, only to find others surrounding me. This led me to a serious contemplation of my course. I repeated to myself the arguments that I had heard, such as this, for instance, that being of a superior race I had a right to take from my inferiors anything I desired because I could make a better use of it than those from whom I took it. I had often attempted to accept this proposition, but I never could. Such, however, was my constant weakness, that although I knew the right, I was ever pursuing the wrong. Now I saw more clearly the fallacy and wickedness of this proposition—this tyrant's plea—that has led to so much wrong and outrage everywhere, and especially in the New World, where the native of the soil has been driven from his home and the land of his fathers, and despoiled of all his possessions, because the invaders, possessed of a higher civilization, could make better use of the land. When I rose above all selfish and personal ends, and looked, without prejudice, calmly and serenely in the face of truth, I clearly perceived that the right of the lowest, the meanest and most abject human being, to that which he had honestly acquired, was as sacred and inviolable as that of the most lordly prince, the strongest and most powerful man, to anything which he had obtained in like manner; and when the plea, that the strong may take from the weak, was analyzed, it was not only weak, but mean and cowardly. The conflict was unequal. It was the strong trampling upon the weak—might attempting to make right. This, simple and plain as it now seems, was a hard lesson for me to learn. I became convinced of its truth, but my habits were such that it seemed almost impossible for me to act out this conviction.

At this time, as I mused and turned the matter over and over again in my mind, I was met by good Father Salvonica, who had been my mother's priest and intimate friend, and who had officiated when I was christened. He was a plain, simple-hearted man, who had kept himself aloof from the corruptions of the church, and now, in his simple way, was able to give me much instruction; and I had been so long isolated from such things that I felt a real need of it. When he spoke to me I recognized him, and was very happy to meet him and have his counsel. He told me that there was but one way to escape from my condition, and that was to go under temptations similar to those to which I had yielded in earth-life, and said he: "The first and most important duty for you now is, to measure your own character and estimate accurately your powers, and to resolve never to place yourself in a position where these powers will not be able to sustain you in the path of rectitude." I accepted his proposition, feeling conscious that it was right. And then seeking the most retired position I could find, I passed in review all my life, and began to classify the different actions and their effects. I saw clearly where I had stood firm amid temptations, and where I had begun to yield, little by little, until I had been swallowed up in the vortex of crime. After mature and careful deliberation, I laid my plans, and though more than three hundred years of earth time has elapsed since this was done, it is all clear and fresh on the tablet of my memory, and I will give an account of it.

In the first place I knew that many of my wrong acts were the results of my association with certain persons, and I determined therefore to avoid, as far as possible, all intercourse with those whom I found to exercise, either intentionally or otherwise, any such influence upon me. There was no difficulty in knowing when such were around me. This was a very important step, and I have maintained my position well in it. The next was to select a point to which I could go, in the way of temptation, and resist it. I had always felt so conscious of my powers, that I scorned to rob a single individual. I had no difficulty, therefore, in going anywhere where persons were alone, nor had I ever taken anything from my own countrymen. I proposed, therefore, to go among the Indian natives, where my acts of plunder and rapine had been most frequent, and I took the precaution to make short excursions, and I was successful in these. By degrees I became more confident, and ventured into places where it would not have been safe for me to have gone before I was sincerely desirous to overcome this feeling. I had many very severe trials. I was obliged to visit every one from whom I had stolen anything, and make the best acknowledgments I could to these. This was a very hard struggle, but I was enabled to do it, and I succeeded in making the *amende honorable* to many in spirit life. Some of these were still suffering from a want of the things I had taken from them, and it became necessary for me to procure that which was an equivalent for these and give it to them. Others had outgrown all desire or need of these things, and it was only necessary for me to establish proper relations between them and myself. In this way I labored, at times, for half a century. There were many still in the form to whom I was under similar obligations. I visited these, and endeavored to impress their minds with my presence, and the desire I felt to acknowledge my wrong, and, if possible, make restitution; and, in some instances, this was successful, and though the parties were not aware, either of my presence and influence, or the great joy it gave me to perceive that they were raised above the feelings of hatred and revenge towards me, it was a source of real happiness to me. Never before had I so fully realized the blessings of forgiveness.

My visit to the Incas of Peru was among the most difficult as well as the most satisfactory. I found him entirely willing to forgive me, but this made me feel more deeply than ever the wrong I had done in the guilty participation in the matter of his death and the reception of the gold which was so unjustly obtained from his subjects. He received me with the same dignity and cordiality which had marked our intercourse on earth; and when I had made the statement to him of my feelings, he remarked that he hoped I would be relieved from any further trouble on his account. He said that he appreciated my condition, and had respect for me. After several visits and free intercourse with him I was much relieved, because I felt sincere regret for my conduct in the affair. There were many others whom I had robbed in earth-life, whom I visited from time to time, and I found that as I became entirely willing to do so I was generally released from all of the claims. One old man who had been, and still was, very miserly gave me considerable trouble, because I could not satisfy him, and I found it difficult to return him that which would gratify him. I mention his case particularly, to say that, although it was more troublesome than some of the others, still I did not feel so bad when I visited him as I did with those who freely forgave me. His conduct seemed to take off part of the weight of my guilt, while in the other cases it was all thrown upon me. In thus relating my experience on the subject of robbery, it may seem to be a very easy matter to escape from it, but I find it very difficult to convey an accurate idea of my feelings on this subject, which, as will be seen, was not the hardest work I had to do. Let it be remembered that it was more than half a century before I attained to the state alluded to. The year 1600, which found me one hundred years old, did not see me clear of this vice, but, as I said before, there were beautiful islands in the storm-tossed ocean of my life, on which I rested, and had comparative ease during this time. Occasionally I was tripped up by an unexpected temptation, and then I had to go over the ground again; but I had turned my face away from this, and was growing stronger and better able to tread my way out of the tangled mazes of this course.

I found that this crime of theft, which was my first and most common vice, was intimately connected with and lay at the basis of all my other crimes. Rapine and murder had this for their keynote, hence this was the most intricate crime that I had to overcome. During this time I received kindly assistance from many spirits and mortals, for I found that by coming into rapport with some persons I was much aided. The good father whom I have mentioned, visited me frequently, and through him I received a number of very kind messages from my mother, and I learned that my wife was near to and in frequent communication with her. This was both a trial and a gratification to me—a *trial*, because I could not see them, and a *gratification*, because I felt that if they were together I should certainly, at some time, see them both. But to return to my narrative. I found that in laboring to escape from the results of the habit of stealing, the habit of confessing my faults and laboring to restore, as far as practical, that which had been wrongfully taken, became as natural and easy as those whose place it took. The next resting point that I shall describe, was that in which I contemplated and sought to remove the effects of rapine, by which term I mean the wanton destruction of the property of others, often pursued by roving adventurers and warlike bands of invaders. This is a higher degree of crime than theft, for it often happens that that which is stolen may be judiciously appropriated for the benefit of some individuals, while in the other case it is not only taken from its rightful owners, but, being wantonly destroyed, no one can ever be benefited by it. This had been a very common offence with me, and with those under my command, for which I was, in a great degree, responsible. To remove the stain of this crime from my spirit it was necessary, in the first place, to overcome all desire, or even willingness to do it, and to go through a similar course in regard to temptation to that which I had pursued in reference to theft. Then I was obliged to seek out all those of my companions in arms whom I could find, and teach them this thing, and get them to aid me in finding all the victims to their crimes, and then to satisfy them, first, of our sincere regret for the course we had pursued, and of our desire to make the best restitution we could. I found the same variety here in the dispositions and feelings of the parties. Some would yield at once, and, as I said before, throw the whole weight of guilt upon us; others would resist our offers with more or less firmness, and thus apparently divide the guilt, or, at least, take some of the weight off of us for a time. As my intercourse of this kind was almost exclusively with the Indian natives of America, I had a very excellent opportunity of studying their character, and reading the secret springs that prompted them to action. They are certainly a noble race of men, and very seldom have I found them guilty of treachery or deceit, until they have been schooled in it by their white oppressors. They generally possess great boldness and firmness, and a keen sense of honor. These feelings give them a stoical character under suffering that is noble and praiseworthy in any race. As a result of this combination of faculties, deep and long-continued vengeance often marks their characters. Though they are believed to be an older race than the European, they are not destined to remain much longer on earth. A few years more and every trace of the Indian, save the records of his history, will be effaced from earth. It is sad to contemplate this fact, and yet I see upon every tribe, family and nation of this once noble race, the words "*passing away*" written; and when there is no longer a succession of recruits from your sphere to this, the noble band that now hold an important outpost in the border-land as pioneers and laborers on the physical plane, will, one by one, pass on to the higher spheres, and leave their posts to be filled by the men of other races.

To return to my narrative. I found it incumbent upon me not only to visit those against whom I had committed these acts of rapine and wantonness, but to satisfy them of my regret for my course and my desire to do them all the good I could. I summoned those who had been with me on these predatory excursions, and we had to make an equivalent for that which we had destroyed, if not to the parties to whom they had belonged—and in many instances these had outgrown all desire for them—for the common use and benefit of humanity. This work cost us the painful labor of years, and though it was an arduous task we were more happy in it than we had been before, because the consciousness of doing right became stronger and clearer with every act. When we had accomplished this we were then on the plane of theft, which was not so high a crime, and we already had considerable experience in escaping from the effects of this. There were many other crimes of a lower grade which I had to expiate, but I need not enter into the details of these. You will get them from others. I had but little experience in one of the most common and terrible hells of the border-land, that which results from the abuse of the sexual relation. This is a monster evil, existing throughout all the ramifications of society, within and without the conjugal state. In ignorance, and in bold and open violation of the law of nature, under the mask of religion and hypocrisy, everywhere in high and low life is this to be found, poisoning the springs of life, feeding the demon of jealousy, and debasing the entire race.

The revelation of the hell through which this crime leads, will be one of the most fearful and terrible that you will have to relate, and your friends here will seek for the proper person to give it. I will now endeavor to give you a faint picture of the hell of the murderer through which I was more than one hundred years in passing. The year 1700 opened upon me before I had finished my labors on this plane. Your learned jurists have made out three or four degrees of murder; with us, there are hundreds of degrees. Anything which shortens the duration of human life belongs to this category, either premeditated or by mistake. Let it be remembered that the motive, which is always the measure of criminality, is much better understood here than with you, and that the errors and mistakes of a man's life do not bring the same deep remorse that results from moral violations.

There is a feeling of regret and a willingness to labor to correct the results of these mistakes. Criminality begins where there is gross carelessness or an intention to violate the rights of others. The degrees of criminality compose a scale from a simple and unintentional mistake, which shortens human life, and which only involves and requires an effort to aid, either the unfortunate one, or, where that is impossible, some other one in a similar condition, to a higher degree of progression, to the highest crime which man can commit, cold blooded murder of an innocent and unoffending victim.

I was two hundred years old before I had worked out my salvation from murder, and I am now to give you an account of my labors in this field. First—there I found there were hundreds of persons whom my awakened and delicately refined sense of accountability pointed out to me as those whom I had inadvertently consigned to a premature grave. Among these were my first labors in this particular field directed, and firstly among these were some African slaves whom I had owned, and who had been sent here prematurely by unjust and oppressive labor which I had compelled them to do. I found these very loving, docile and teachable, and when I pointed out to them the best way I knew for them to progress, and aided them all that I could, I was soon relieved of those feelings. There were not many of these, nor had they been very harshly treated—still it was a severe trial for a proud man who had been accustomed to ruling over men of all classes to come down upon a level with these poor benighted children whom he had injured. But I had learned by this time that when a certain conviction came to me, that I must do *anything*; there was no use in stopping to debate the point; it *must* be done. This may seem to be a small matter, but it was exceedingly important, and would be to all in every sphere, were they willing to come to it.

I found many individuals here to whom I had done more or less wrong in my intercourse with them, which had made so little impression upon me that I had lost all recollection both of the individuals, and the acts done to them. Now these all came to me as clearly as though they had just occurred. I had first to ascertain what I had done to each of these, and as I came near to them the impression of this came plainly to me, and then, under proper feeling toward them, I had to make the best reparation I could. I found, that in some cases, an apparently trivial act, owing to the sensitiveness of the party against whom it was committed, became very serious in its consequences.

I labored earnestly and faithfully with all these, and in time removed the difficulties and set them all on the right pathway, so far as my connection with them was concerned or had retarded them.

Another class to whom I was under obligations, on account of my position and surroundings, I found to have claims upon me for what may be called sins of omission and neglect. These required a very considerable amount of labor before all was right in our relations. There was a class of persons who had been killed in regular battles, conducted according to the rules of war. These were not very numerous, for our battles were seldom conducted in this way. They needed aid, and there were those who were glad to give it to them. The largest and most important class were those who had been killed in our skirmishes, raids, guerilla warfare, and surprises. I found a long and fearful list of these. And of all my experience here, this was the most terrible. To lift the weight of these crimes from my soul was an enormous task. I summoned all whom I could find who had been with me in any of these encounters, and gave them all the instruction I could in regard to our responsibility towards these victims.

In giving these instructions, I found that I was benefiting myself as well as them, for there are few things more difficult than to discover clearly the correct line of duty here, after we have been for a very long time away from it. Indeed, I have seen so many persons here entirely at a loss on this point, that I have come to the conclusion that this is the hardest lesson many have to learn here, and it is more emphatically true here than with you, "that to know one's self diseased is half a cure." I found many of my old companions both willing and able to aid me much in this work of restoring these to a better way of life, but it was a long and arduous labor, and we all suffered much in the performance of it. I will give you an instance illustrating our labors in this particular field. It was that of a young and beautiful Indian chief of Florida. At the head of our party I rushed upon him during the night, and slew him with my sword, in the presence of his wife, a noble Indian maiden, who had three little children with her. When I saw what I had done, I felt such compunction that I ordered the men away at once, and left her with her dead husband and her children, and though I strove hard to banish this tragedy from my mind, it would come. It was the most horrible one that I had ever been guilty of, and in this life the memory of this came to me again and again for many years before I became willing to go and have an interview with him. I saw his mangled body and heard the shrieks and groans of agony from his loved one. I saw her, and perceived how she was impressing their minds with the horrible truth in regard to the pale faces. At length, after many very severe struggles, I obtained an interview, and all that I had suffered before in the terrible agonies of this sad and ever to be remembered interview, I shall give you a minute account of, for it is an illustration of a part at least of the labor that every one whose soul is stained with the crime of murder must perform, ere they can lift themselves out of the deep and damning hell that this crime brings upon them.

At first he recoiled from me; he knew me, and remembered the inhuman and bloody interview that we had on earth, the only one that had ever taken place. While he thus stood off from me, I saw emblazoned around me everywhere these facts, "You rushed upon this innocent and unoffending man, in the flush of his early manhood, in the full vigor of life, surrounded by a lovely family that were dearer to him than his own life, with the brightest prospects for the future, and a lofty and towering ambition, and in a single moment by that fatal stroke, you blasted all those fond hopes, and sent one whom you had never seen or known, into that dread land of mystery." This painful interview lasted a long time, and it was only by the aid of mutual friends that I could speak to him. I told him that it was with deep remorse and sincere repentance that I had come now to endeavor to make amends to him for the wrong I had done him. He looked at me with utter astonishment, and could not realize what it meant. After some further effort, he became sufficiently calm to relate his story, the substance of which I have given above.

(To be continued.)

*Edward says here: "When spirit photography is more fully developed, we shall be able to introduce some of these models by this process, and thus aid in the discovery of new and important inventions."

THE WHITE HOUSE FAMILY CIRCLE.—President Johnson has introduced into the White House the largest family circle that ever occupied the Executive Mansion. His family consists of his wife, a son, a son-in-law, two daughters, and a number of grandchildren. The son-in-law is Judge Patterson, recently elected a senator from Tennessee. Mrs. P., who is to be the lady of the house, was educated at Georgetown, during Mr. Polk's administration, and was then a frequent guest of his family.

My Guest.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

The fire is dead in the gloomy grate,
And the shadows are heavy along the wall,
I sit alone in my study chair,
And look on the cold dead ashes there—
My wife has gone to the ball.

She came in more than an hour ago,
In flowers and satin, and costly lace,
And stood, one moment to be admired,
By this chair of *mine*—I was wan and tired,
But I smiled at her lovely face.

She never blushes—her cheek was cold,
With the pride and grace that are always there;
But her eyes were dimmed in wells of light,
And I swear the flowers seemed stars to-night
In the sable of her hair!

She will dance, of course, with the foreign count,
And all the lions who grace the ball;
And many, I know, will envy the one
Who is silently watching here alone,
The shadows upon the wall.

She is petted and flattered everywhere—
Her life is the world's, and the world her life;
And she laughs sometimes, with a careless glee,
And says 'tis honor enough for me
That she is my peerless wife.

Perhaps it is; but a dull, dead pain
Will come at night, as I sit alone—
A dead pain born of the early tears
Shed long ago, and I dream of years
That are all of the past and gone.

And sometimes into the chair of my wife,
That stands on the other side of the grate,
A slender shadow will softly glide—
A something that comes at eventide,
To sit with me as I wait.

So tender a face you never saw,
All shady with tresses of brown and gold;
The red curved lip, and the sunny eyes,
Half raised, like a child's, in their sweet surprise,
And the brow that never grows old!

It comes from whence I cannot tell—
It goes like a breath of the idle wind;
Its step is noiseless, its lip is still;
But a prayer, like music, seems to fill
The air it leaves behind.

Always the same through the lonely hours—
A shadowy thing in that empty chair;
Lingering just where the light is red,
And fading away with the first faint tread
Of my wife upon the stair!

My darling—mine! No other eye
Has ever looked on this midnight guest—
This haunting dream of a boyish love,
Returned to my heart, as a wandering dove,
To a long-forsaken nest!

Oh, long is the time since I heard her voice—
That best and dearest of all things dear!
The gay June roses have unclosed and blown,
And the long green grass, I know, has grown
On her grave for many a year.

But I still remember the olden sights,
Of uplands cradled in creeping mist—
Of summer moons low-hung in the sky,
And sunsets treading the mountains high
In purple and amethyst.

And I dream of the stile and the garden gate,
And I hear the reapers' songs in the grain.
And I see her once more in the chair by the grate—
The same sweet lily that used to wait
For my steps in the orchard lane!

Oh, could I live over the years again!
Hush! hark! 'tis the step of my wife in the hall!
She has danced with the count, and she comes to me
With his honied words and his flattery—
The peerless queen of the ball.

And my guest is gone—I am left alone,
To miss the gleam of her golden hair,
And yearn for the pure, sweet face again,
When I hear the sob of the midnight rain,
Or sit in this study chair.

I know what it is—what *might* have been
Will it ever better my life to say?
When I look on my wreaths shall I think of their cost,
The golden honey forever lost,
And the red wine flowed away?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Harmonial Dispensation, and the Approaching Crisis.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

Truth has never as yet had a Dispensation. That is, though *truths* have, in every age, by prophet and seer, by priest and poet, by scientist, artist, and governmentalist, flowed out into forms of use and beauty to the world of men, never has *the* Truth, in its universality and unity, appeared. We have had fragments, not wholeness; and the reason is clear. The partial developments of the race, this so one-sided and often antagonistic mind, state of man, would not admit of, nor permit it. Hence a Revelation from the Unseen, rounded, universal, unitary and reconciliative, was not possible. But the time for this advent has nearly come; and the reason for *that* is clear. The spirit of the age, that unseen but sensed magnetic, mental life around, and above us all, so widening in its breadth and deepening in its investigating depths, so bold, so grasping, so remorseless of the past, and so expectant of the future, now bids us, as with the solemn whisper of a divine decree, to be prepared to welcome the august new-comer. For *that* spirit is informed with the spirit of angelic intent; and, inspired of God, lets in upon prophet and seer the spirit of the possible, the ideal characteristic of that which is to be. Nay, it is not too much to say the *child* is born, though we see not the *man*.

What do I mean? Simply that, that Dispensation prophesied by the lips of the Nazarene, is already forerun. The Truth in its Unity is gently knocking by its heralds at our mental doors. Spiritualism on the one hand, as the *feminine* factor, and the Harmonial Philosophy as unfolded by Davis, as the *masculine* factor, on the other, foreshadow the figure of the regal and radiant universal Truth-comer.

Now I cannot admit, that either Spiritualism as it is, or Harmonialism as unfolded, or both together, constitute, in its unity and fulness, the *Third Era*. The one is too chaotic, and the other too incomplete; the one lacks system, the other unction; and both are but the crude Spring-promises of the Summer-fruit to come. Out of each must arise, conjoined in one, the *Celestial*, which is the especial *divine*. And it is that Celestial, (in harmony with the Spiritual and the Natural) which is *Universal*. Hence, from that holy height, when reached, must be received, as from a new Sinai, the scheme of the Truth-Dispensation in its *universality*, the fulness of the Gospel of the *Third Covenant*. By Moses came the First,—of *Force;* by Jesus the Second,—of *Love;* by the central representative—ere long to be revealed—of the New Age, the Third,—of *Truth*. And as Christianism took up and absorbed in itself Judaism antecedent to it, so will this the other two. Hence, the grand tri-unity of *Truth*, *Love*, *Force*. That is the triple Dispensation we are to get, and Wisdom, divine Wisdom, shall rule over each factor of it.

But what is your authority, I may be asked, for such specific statement? I answer, just such authority as any prophet or seer ever had in giving his inspired word. Let him that can, receive. But on this head, Rationality justifies Inspiration. For the signs of the *intellectual—spiritual times*, the outreachings of great thinkers, the dim foreshadowings, the bursting fulness of mere civilistic times—all these point to some great advent of Truth, the like of which the world never saw before. And yet, ever must the prophet or seer fall back upon the presence, and power, and attestation of the angelic divine. If his Word is the true one; if it be what the world needs, it will carry with it to the hearts and heads of open-minded men its sufficient credential.

Now, I am aware that the devotees of *Harmonialism*, as unfolded by and through the illustrious seer of the "Great Harmonia," are, many of them, grounded in the belief, *First*, that we cannot go beyond Mr. Davis; *Second*, that he is the actual embodiment and central representative of the New Age; and, *Third*, that Harmonialism, simple and pure, and disconnected from Spiritualism, is the veritable Harmonial Dispensation. Well, every man has the right to *think*, if not to act, as he pleases. It is a glorious privilege, and I propose to here avail myself not only of it, but of speech also. So I affirm, from the standpoint of that illumination vouchsafed unto me by Angelic Intelligences from the Divine, somewhat otherwise.

In fact, as I am given to see it, Mr. Davis is but *one* of three Forerunners. As the Dispensation opening is three-fold, to-wit: *Truth*, *Love*, *Wisdom*, —otherwise and more specifically by distinction from those of the past, Truth, Love, Force,—by the *law of pre-figurements*, it must be forerun in each of its triune departments. Hence, the actual working existence of three representative men as Forerunners. These are, as I am informed from the within, Davis, Harris, Spear; the first in *Wisdom*, which is the father of Philosophy and Science; the second in *Love*, which is the mother of Religion and Poesy; and the third in *Truth*, which is the parent of Use and Practical Power. Religion, Philosophy and Art rule the world. These correspond to heart, head and hands.

Now, it is because each of these in his separate sphere of use is not harmonially modified by the other, that we have a certain *lack* as evinced by each, and a certain disagreement, not to say antagonism, between them. For instance, the mediumistic author of the "Lyric of the Golden Age"—that poetic Bible—and of the "Arcana of Christianity" —that wonderful compound of divine sense, and, to say the least, very questionable sense,—prefigures to us a *Celestial* Religion, unmodified by the harmonious relation of the *Spiritual* and the *Natural*, or, in other words, a Christly Religion, not balanced by the Rationality and Philosophy which flow from the pen and life of Davis. So we are not content. On the other hand, the seer of the Great Harmonia being Wisdom representatively, and not Love *and* Wisdom, being *head*, and not heart *and* head, presents us, so adaptive as it is to many thousands needing that precise kind of address, a system of philosophy lacking the celestial glow and unction of a Christly devotion. But some of us are spiritual unionists—by *insight of need*, at least, if not, alas yet, by life—and we are still not content. Mr. Spear, so like a rude and radical John the Baptist in the wilderness of these materialistic times, as he is, while outliving some of the best spirit and thought of the other two, lacks the divine *unction* of the Poet, and the *system* of the Harmonist. Therefore, as it takes three to truly make one, as this Dispensation is to be a harmonial blending of Love, Wisdom and Truth in their Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Unity, one is to come who shall take up and harmonize and representatively embody the work of the noble three. Hence, it will be seen, that the Harmonial Philosophy is one thing, the Harmonial *Dispensation* somewhat another.

Well, sooner or later, that Harmonial Dispensation of all Truth, proceeding from the marriage of Celestial Love and Wisdom, must begin to present itself in its majestic fulness, and in its divine power. I neither positively know who will specially represent it, nor precisely when it will begin to come forth. But it is given me to declare that the expected personage will be known by three qualifications; *first*, by a universal grasp of thought; *second*, by a divine, or holy, or actively beneficent and unselfish life; and, *Third*, by a celestial *magnetic power* over the minds and lives of men, like unto that possessed and exercised by the Nazarene. Where, oh, where! is such an one? I know of none such. And echo answers back as from vaulted concaves of spirit, *Where?* And yet 'tis said by angel hosts, that the divine power, invested in them, is adequate to develop such an one before the year '70 is come.

However this may be, however coming events already casting their gigantic shadows before, may decide as to the veritability of such statements, which at times come in upon my own interiors with authoritative force, one thing is clear now to every forwardlooking and deepthinking mind, to wit: that we are rapidly pushing forward to a greater *crisis* than lately, or ever before, aroused with Titanic hand, and shook the giant form of this Nation. Can we not only see, but *realize*, whereto we are driving, not merely drifting? Never in this vexed world's history, did a great New Era dawn and seek to plant itself on its legitimate throne, but that it had to fight itself in. A war of thoughts or arms, or both, opened the blocked way. Can we escape the spirit of this example, which is simply the necessity of active opposite states. We do *not* escape it. We are in war now—in a war of thought—but by and by to become as well a war of arms.

What is the argument? This Dispensation is pre-eminently revolutionary—destructive and constructive. It is three-fold; *Truth*, *Love*, *Force*. And it will say: Here is the Truth in the Love of Christ Jesus; take it; but if you do not, you must accept it in Moses. I have two weapons—*Suasion* and *Force*. Divine wisdom shall decide which to apply to you.

But mark it, before that hour comes, before this Truth Dispensation, blending the spirit of Mahomet and Jesus, and which even the Nazarene prefigured when he bid his Apostles sell their garments and buy swords, puts itself out in *that* way, we shall be *forced* to the bloody defensive. Why? Because our new central system will be in direct antagonism to the rapidly increasing and overshadowing power of the religious autocracy of Rome. Catholicism, this day, is striking for the absolute empire in our stricken land. Spirit seers pierce through its secret intents, and guage the characteristics of its plans. Even now that terrible engine of religious slavery is putting forth a subtle but a strong hand to marshal her forces and compass her aims.

For *Fenianism* is simply ostensible on the surface. Who believes that that tremendous secret consociation in reality, is aiming at Ireland? No; that organization was planned at Rome, is on the rapid increase here, and is being manipulated and drilled for a nearer, and deeper, and more dreadful purpose than shown. Interrogate the higher spirit world, and the heroes of Freedom there will tell you, that Rome is as subtle as fabled Satan; that she is gathering herself up in this land for a mighty spring; and that she has designed, and will attempt, to get the control of this Government. Fenianism is her strong right hand of open power, and diplomacy, to debauch, suborn, and use gifted military and political men, her left.

If this be so, and rapidly developing and culminating events in the political world will, ere three years have passed, I think, attest to it, is it to be supposed that we, advocates and adherents of the army of Spiritual and Social Freedom, will escape the direct attack? We shall be compelled to arms in self-defence. Both the Spirit of the Third Era and the inspirations of Jesus, *to-day*, justify the resort to arms, when Wisdom sees no escape from them. Never more shall Truth, and Justice, and Righteousness, shining in the brains and blooming in the hearts of devoted ones get the Gospel of Non-Resistance. We must fight—first with love and truth, and then, if needs be, as needs *will* be, with arms of war.

But why stand we idle? Certainly I see that everything is born in *its* alloted time. Certainly I see that the angels watch over us, and will inspire us in the *needful* ways. But even now, they may warn and seek to arouse us. What do they say? Sons of the New Age, unite. Match and overmatch your secret, and ere long open, foe. Do they concoct and put in motion a vast Secret Association? Do you in the brotherhood of the Free, the like!

This is the point. Sooner or later we must come to secret consociation. The crisis, the true crisis, we must meet is, *mental Slavery in arms, seeking to put us down*. And as *Fenianism* is our deadly foe, so must we begin to provide against its bloody assault. Wait a little longer. What now seems chimerical will press against us as fearfully real. Then the present sneer of disbelief will vanish from the face in ghastly lines of fear.

Such is the portentous aspect of things as I see them in Church and State. But the New Dispensation will be adequate to the emergency. And it is a singularly interesting spiritual fact not yet born into the sphere of sense and time, that that New Dispensation in its *religious* spirit and aim will be, *pari passu*, just the opposite of Rome. There is not *one* great proposition or point she holds, but what the New Church of the New Age, yet to arise, will accept; but not as Rome accepts it. Just as the highest Celestialism, when *inverted*, becomes the lowest infernalism, so Rome stands as the horrid inversion of the organic spirit and form of the Third Era. For instance, it is a doctrine of *Celestial* Wisdom, that "the ends justify the means;" because the view of the end, and the end itself, is unselfish and divine. But Jesuitism debauches and inverts the principle; and, aiming at the supremacy of its church, forgets or crushes out the rights of man. All hail! thou Spirit of the New and Holy Catholic Church—the friend, and not the foe, of Progress. Thy husband, the Theocratic Democratic State, shall serve thee. And as a Mother, thou shalt bring forth all glorious thought, children of Art, and Science, and Philosophy, to redeem and bless the world.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Natural Laws.

I come seeking and questioning of Nature, and her high priests, who have penetrated the arcana and walked within the temple.

Teacher I am not, except as questions and presentation of facts may elicit thought.

Thought is seldom expended in vain. I give you thoughts and facts co-ordinated from many sources, not setting up the milestones of quotation by the way.

We may discern the nebula and conceive their starry wonders, and still leave it for higher powers to proclaim them worlds.

In the commencement we should bear in mind that as no event transpires in the world, so no physical phenomena occurs in nature, in animal or vegetable life, or in mineral aggregation, or segregation, without standing in relation to, or being the immediate sequent or antecedent of another event or phenomena. The definite expression of a constant phenomena attending an event, is termed Natural Law.

The manifestation of a force is attended by an exhibition of its special law; its antecedent and sequent force in their turn being also subject to special law.

It is the search after, and the corelation of these plurality of causes and effects which so emphasizes modern investigation.

Effect does not necessarily resemble cause, like not producing like. A multiplicity of widely dissimilar effects may result from the same antecedent; or widely dissimilar causes may produce similar results.

The mutation wrought through even the few forces whose laws have been educed, are almost illimitable.

The mutual action and reaction of these forces and the laws governing them are only partially understood or appreciated, being often viewed as absolute where they are only relatively so in connection with certain other laws, conditions, or phenomena.

There are as many modifications of laws as properties of a body; and the manifestations of laws are dependent upon the arrangement, change or interchange of those properties, as well as by mutual relation with surrounding forces and conditions. An existing cause may give birth to a dissimilar effect in its turn and become a cause with new laws independent of its progenitor.

New phenomena may thus be developed and for the first time presented for observation, thus supplying an explanation, or new link in the grand chain of causation. May we not hope to find some law to explain manifestations in accordance with this theory of development?

We will not arrive at the ultimate, yet we may deduce the law governing the forces. If a new force has been developed, or more prominently presented, may we not reasonably anticipate a well directed investigation by a deduction of its laws?

All theories, heretofore presented to account for spiritual manifestations, have resolved themselves into material force causing motion. In vain we attempt to escape from established views and phraseology in illustrating or conveying our real meaning. Unfortunately the terminology of arbitrary names symbolizing force, such as heat, electricity and gravitation, do not discriminate between the objective and the subjective.

Motion is only produced by its equivalent expenditure of force. The result or sequent is ponderable, therefore we conceive its antecedent as such.

A table moved consumes force, therefore force is exerted to overcome its inertia. If spirits after dissolution exert force, why may they not previous to dissolution, unless we endow them with superior knowledge of existing forces? They claim to operate through the same media that surrounds earth life. May there not be peculiar organisms, that under favorable conditions are capable of exerting the unrecognized initial which culminates in manifestation?

Force and matter are correlative. The existence of one involves existence of the other. No expression of force can stand alone, it implying antecedent and sequent. When we have one data it is legitimate to search for initial or sequent. Nearly, if not all forces, or physical manifestations, are correlative, and necessitate a duality of conception and comparison; motion of matter involves disturbance of inertia in a compensating degree, and of equal force and intensity to the force manifested.

We cannot arrive at the prime cause whether there is any such thing as absolute force producing motion purely speculative or not. We know, however, as an expression of the common law of force, that action and reaction are equal; in other words, one mode of force producing action may in turn produce the mode of force. Motion has been observed as the main exponent of force. Sound is motion, and any one familiar with accoustics resolves sound into motion, *i. e.*, motion as in ordinary matter.

Heat, light, electricity, gravitation and chemical affinity are modes of force governed by fixed laws; they in turn excited by some other initial correlative force; they again exciting subsequent modes of force.

In viewing the series of relation between the various forces, it would appear that in many cases, where one of these are excited or exists, all the others are excited or set in action; thus, when a substance such as sulphuret of antimony is electrified, at the instant of electrization it becomes *magnetic* in direction at right angles to the line of electrical force; at the same time it becomes *heated*; if this heat be exalted to a certain point it becomes luminous, or *light* is produced; it expands, therefore *motion*; and it is decomposed, therefore chemical action.

Here we have an extended correlation of force; electricity, magnetism, heat, light, motion and chemical action. We instituted the proximate initial by presenting certain conditions favoring its development, and the others followed in natural order of sequence. Of this chain we have two terminal links which we can comprehend; electricity and chemical action with intermediate ones; magnetism, heat, light and motion. The initial and ultimate (and perhaps some intermediate) ones are still unsupplied. Until this is accomplished can we with any certainty assert that other phenomena apparently incomprehensible, cannot be demonstrated as being produced by a force, and in accordance with a common law?

In chemistry catalysis is the property of certain bodies to institute composition or decomposition without any apparent change in themselves. Here several forces are set in action without any perceptible change in the body causing or initiating it—sometimes attended by enormous evolutions of force.

May not certain individuals be possessed of a species of catalytic power or property, to initiate a series of changes that may culminate in a like expression of force?

The materialist here suggests that it is mind or the spiritual element of man thus initiating changes. How knows he that it is mind or spirit? May it not be something else? Is it necessary to enter even into such refinement of speculation? Even the dog who follows the footsteps of his master through thronged streets, finds something in every step-mark unerringly leading him on.

Another asserts it is an electrical aura, or atmosphere, peculiar to each individual. These theories are met by the volunteer assertion that mind, spirit or electrical aura are imponderable, therefore wanting mode of force.

This is simple assertion wanting proof. That which was but recently deemed impossible in physics is now so common as to excite no remark. A brief time since and one would have been regarded a visionary monomaniac who should have written a descriptive history of the achievements of the electric telegraph of to-day. Now that the laws governing its manifestation are deduced, it only excites surprise that they were not sooner discovered and applied.

Now the telegram is the correlative of mind—a visible manifestation of the action of *mind* upon *matter*, through the intervention of a third, or mediate force, classed with imponderable. Why imponderable? Simply because it is not appreciated by the finite senses, such as vision, audition, taste, smell, weight or measure, as a gross ponderable substance. It is denied the mode of force, simply because our finite comprehension fails to comprehend its laws. Have we not presumptive evidence of the action of mind upon matter, through media, if not directly.

Many modes of force only act through correlation of other modes. Everywhere we find the lower, grosser force subservient to the higher or more refined, for its expression of force.

Favorable conditions are instituted, and electricity results and mind is correlatively impressed upon paper hundreds of miles removed from the initial condition. Lo! a miracle is wrought—behold! the imponderable is manifested as a ponderable mode of force. Have we not equally as cogent evidence that mind is a subtle mode of force, that by accumulation or intensity, under favorable surroundings and conditions, may manifest *directly*, ponderable force.

W.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Dawning Era.

BY G. H. POLLOCK.

Time, as measured by astronomical science, has counted upwards of eighteen and a half centuries since the foundation in history known among Christian writers as "the fulness of time," when Jesus was born at Bethlehem, in Judea.

From the records of the past, which come to us from both the disputers and defenders of Christianity, we learn that the mind of the human race was greatly agitated at that period. The earth was filled with the expectation of the advent of a new religion which should spread over the globe, and bring in a period of grace, prosperity and harmony. Nor did this general state of expectation and agitation cease, until many years after the crucifixion of Christ, and when Jerusalem with its temple had been destroyed.

Six hundred years antecedent to the birth of Christ according to the chronology of the Bible—occurred the captivity of the Jews—the Babylonian captivity —which was also the time of the prophets Daniel, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Esdras and Cyrus.

Six hundred years intervened betwen the return of the Jews from their captivity, and the final destruction of Jerusalem, and dispersion of the race.

In the six hundredth year of the Christian era, Mahomet commenced the work which built up the greatest empire of which history furnishes record, and the religion of which—according to some estimates—numbers more followers than does Christianity, even at this day. It was then that the contest commenced, which resulted in the Crescent supplanting the Cross at Jerusalem.

Six hundred years after the birth of Mahomet, we come upon the period of the Crusades, another outbreak of religious fervor, the focal point of which was at Jerusalem, where the cross was, again for a season, restored.

Another cycle of six hundred years brings us down to the present eventful century, and among its historical experiences, so recently passed, and so rapidly passing, our subject calls upon us to note the wars among the various European powers over the possession of Jerusalem and Palestine;* the Chinese rebellion; the advent of Mormonism; and Millerism; and the rapid progress of Spiritualism; all of which indicate to what extent the religious element in the race is again agitated.

Cycles of six hundred years duration, formed a part of the astronomical and religious system, among ancient nations. In lower Egypt, there was located a city called Heliopolis, "the city of the sun," which was so named on account of a magnificent temple, which was dedicated to the sun. Herodotus, and other authors related that the Phœnix—a bird about the size of the eagle—was brought forth in Arabia, once in six hundred years; there was only one such bird in the world at a time; which, at the expiration of its term of life, furnished as a product of its bones and marrow, a worm, out of which another bird was formed. The first care of the new Phœnix, was to make an egg shaped ball, within which the body of the parent was placed, and it was taken to the altar of the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, and there burned. This self-renewing bird furnishes an illustration of the Egyptian system of cycles.

A serpent with the tail in its mouth, was also used as a symbol of the same cycle, for the reason that the serpent periodically renews itself, by casting off its skin. A lotus flower was also used for the same purpose; this plant is a water lily, which vegetates from its own matrix, without support from the earth. A spear of wheat was an emblem of the same character, wheat being a plant, the pollen of which when destroyed, is reproduced. Many other emblems, considered sacred among ancient nations, were so regarded, on account of their symbolic relation to the six hundred year period, at the beginning of which the religious principle manifested itself among them with renewed activity.

Through the science of astronomy, we learn of the division of time into years, seasons, months, weeks and days: we also learn of the existence of the earth's Great Year, counting 25,868 of our ordinary years. We have not to consider now the causes which produced this great year, as they have to be sought through astronomical investigation; but we have to find and record facts which bear upon any connection that may exist between religious eras and astronomical epochs, leaving it for minds devoted to scientific investigation, to ascertain and proclaim the position of the starry host, at times and seasons when the human mind is peculiarly susceptible to religious or inspirational influences. To harmonize that which is spiritual with what is material, is a work to be accomplished—it is trusted—in the early future. We know that everything around us is influenced in a degree according to the conditions that surround it; and if, at certain times and seasons, under the action of laws yet to be comprehended by the human mind, the position of the earth is such as to call for an increased descent of *Divine influence*—sometimes termed *the Holy Spirit*—there remains open a wide field of investigation.

The Great Year is divisible into twelve parts or "months," each comprising a period of 2,155⅔ years. One of these periods, or months, commences when the vernal equinox occurs in the first degree of one of the signs of the Zodiac, and it ends when the time arrives for the vernal equinox to take place in the first degree of the next succeeding sign.

According to the religious history of ancient nations, the advent of Buddhism occurred when the vernal equinox took place in the first degree of the sign Taurus—the Bull. During the continuance of that period, a bull, or an idol that represented one, was the prominent religious symbol of the nations who became the followers of Buddha, or Buddhists, and as such it was an object of reverence and adoration.

When this period had passed, the Sun entered the sign Aries—the Ram—near which time the advent of Chrishua is recorded, whose followers adopted a ram or lamb as their religious symbol, the image of which served to represent the same principle, which the Buddhists embodied in the image of a bull.

The next sign succeeding to Aries, was Pisces—the Fishes—which was entered by the Sun about 360 years before the birth of Jesus—the foundation of the Christian era. From the New Testament, we learn that the twelve Apostles were chosen from among fishermen, and became fishers of men. In the early years of Christianity the lamb was used by the church as its sacred symbol, but in the 608th year of the Christian era, when Agathon was Pope, it was ordained in the 6th synod of Constantinople, that a representation of the crucifixion should be substituted for the lamb. Travelers record, that among the Mexican Jews, a fish is used as a substitute for a scapegoat. In some places Christian sects celebrate the Paschal supper by eating a fish.* As evidence that we have not yet passed out of the influence of Pisces, we have but to look around us and observe how almost every person is engaged in fishing what they can from their neighbors, brethren, and society at large.

But it is now time for the influence of a new epoch to be experienced, if there is any connection between astronomical phenomena and the exercise of spiritual influences. Within the years of the present century, the Pisces month of the great year closes, and nearly at the same time has commenced a six hundred year cycle. *The advent of the two may mark the commencement of a prominent era.*

The nineteenth century was ushered in with events that assume important dimensions, when considered in connection with the future destiny of man. The revolutionary struggle in this country, followed by the convulsion of European monarchies, sufficiently indicate, that, if the central tendency of the era is to be estimated by its opening features, we have to look for the steady advance of Liberty, forward to its ultimate universal freedom.

Following in the wake of revolution, came the advent of Napoleon, whose history indicates another tendency of the times, which is to centralization.

Centralized power and thoughts is the channel through which runs the course of humanity's destiny.

The steam engine, the railroad, the spinning jenny, the telegraph, the steamship and the sewing machine are among the numerous inventions of the age, which tend to develop both liberty and centralization. The co-operatiye system of industry which has been brought about through corporate bodies, elevates the industrial slave to a position where he may become a party to the division of the profits of his labor; that he may be a shareholder in the mill, where by circumstances he is compelled to follow his daily course of toil, is an advanced step towards the liberty of his class.

The progress of moral power, to a point which calls for the liberation of the serfs in Russia, the Christians in Turkey, and the black slaves in America, is sternly chronicled on the history of the passing years. The Stars and Stripes and Tri-colors are reverenced, not as such, but as types of the final reign of the spirit of truth which makes all free.

The advance of Protestantism to its extreme points of Unitarianism and Transcendentalism; and the spirit of inquiry developed through Spiritualism, indicate a rapid advancement towards the disenthralment of mind and spirit from sectarianism and bigotry.

The change which has almost universally come

* The Crimean war was in reality a dispute between Russia and France for possession of "the keys of the holy Sepulchre."

* Anacalypsis.

about in the condition of the Jews, is a significant sign of the times; and the progress of woman out of her humble state of dependence towards her destined moral enthronement, are among the happy indications of the tendency of Divine Purposes.

Weariness.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh, little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

Oh, little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask!
I, who so much with book or pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh, little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desire!
Mine, that so long hath glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

Oh, little souls, as pure and white
And crystaline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine!
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Life Experiences of E. V. Wilson.

Dear Journal:—May I tell my story in my own way, and will you publish it, with such corrections as may be required to make it readable? It will cover many years of earth life, as well as a world of experience in individual and collective spiritual manifestations. I may not furnish an article for each week, but will send them as fast as time will permit.

Speculative ideas and constructive philosophy may be introduced in this narrative. I do not ask your readers to believe what I write, but simply to read and reflect; for when they have seen and heard all that I have, they can give as good reasons as I do for being a Spiritualist.

My first recollections may be termed conglomerated and anti-natal ideas. I have an indistinct memory of conditions before the aggregation of my present being; memory of the whirlwind, the thunder storm, and the earthquake.

This may be the beginning of passion in its uncontroled condition. Who can say that from this, and of the Infinite, temper and passion had not their birth. Again, I remember the embosomed lake, so calm, with its floral bordered banks, with its gentle tributaries flowing from the green hills. May these recollections not be the beginning of mercy and peace in our natures, and a part of the Infinite? And then I remember distinctly a flowing stream, increasing in volume and strength, until it became an uncontroled torrent, and moved irresistibly on to the the great center. May not this be ambition and the spirit of the Infinite furnishing a part or its portion of the material man? I remember the mountain, the granite rock, the lime quarry, the clay bank, and the precious metals—all these I indistinctly remember in their individualized and disintegrated condition. At times I am floating in material rapport with one or the other of these conditions. May this not be the source of our strength, energy and ability to endure, and also a part of the Infinite? At times I float away into space, and see my aggregated nature, giving birth to an individual immortality; there the work of disintegration begins and carries each part to the fountain from whence it came. Thus the house is torn to pieces, all its parts cared for by the Infinite Conservator of nature, and the finite becomes infinite. All these facts I indistinctly remember before I became an aggregated body, and shall understand them more fully when I become an enfranchised spirit.

All this may seem to be Utopian; but remember I do not ask any one to believe it, only read and think. The first thing I remember in my individualized nature, was a disagreement between my much loved parents. That disagreement has had much to do with my subsequent life. It occurred four days previous to my birth, hence it is anti-natal memory.

The facts are these; my father was in the habit of questioning his children on this and that subject, as his inclination led him. One evening, when I was in my twenty-second year, my father turned to me and abruptly asked, "what is the first thing you remember?" I replied: "I do not believe you or mother would like my first memory." "Why?" said he. "Because it will be unpleasant." "Tell me what it is?" demanded my father. "Well, I remember a quarrel between you and mother. It was about me, a man by the name of Thurber, and a woman by the name of Cornell. It seemed to me that mother did not like Thurber, and you did not like Mrs. Cornell; but mother liked her. You became very bitter and used harsh language towards mother, and she wept. You left the house in anger, and mother went weeping to bed, after which you came back again in better nature, and had a talk with mother. This is the first thing I remember." At this my father manifested anger, and accused my mother of telling me of their past differences. Instantly there came before me the man Thurber and Mrs. Cornell. I saw and described them to my parents. The conversation here closed. After this my mother told me the following story:

"Twenty-two years ago, the 12th day of next March, your father and I had our first disagreement. It was about you, my son, and that dark hour accounts for the coldness existing in you towards your father and his indifference to you. This was four days previous to your birth. Your father came into my room and asked me how I felt. I replied, "I am very happy." "God bless you, my wife," he said, at the same time he stooped forward and kissed my forehead. As he did this, I said, "my husband, I want you to grant me one favor—*only one*, will you grant it?" "What is it?" said he. "Grant me the privilege of having Mrs. Cornell with me in my approaching confinement." At this he flew into a rage, and swore that the life of his wife and child should not be tampered with by an ignorant woman. I was dumb with surprise and for a little time the spirit of hatred held sway in my soul, and I was on the point of cursing your father, but thoughts of my unborn babe curbed my temper." As my mother then stood before me with her right hand resting on my shoulder looking imploringly into my face, so I see her to-day, twenty-five years after relating these facts. My mother has joined my father in spirit-land, and in her happy home knows that her son remembers her words. Here let me conclude this communication, by warning married people to remember my case. Children are marked physically, why not mentally? I tell you that many are born liars, thieves, drunkards, murderers through associations, conditions and surroundings before birth. Nothing but the angel nature of my mother saved me in that moment from being a demon; and yet all through the forty-seven years of my life I have felt the influence of that dark, dark hour. May the good God and the angel world protect the unborn from these bitter trials. May no weeping mother mark her child with mental sorrow. Let peace, truth, love and the beautiful be the companions and the surroundings of the mother, and her child shall be heir to all these angel qualities.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Special Providences.

It is pleasant to indulge in the belief of special providences, particularly if we believe we are subjects of them; but as all subjects or theories are either true or untrue, it behoves us, as thinking, sentient beings to weigh well the grounds of our belief, and see if it is based upon a superstructure that will stand the light of truth and justice. Every act of God, or Deity, or by whatever name we call the First Great Cause, must be based upon *justice to all;* for it is said, and we can well believe it, that God is no respecter of persons, which, if this be the case, special providences must fall to the ground. It must be evident that for God or Nature, to work a speciality for one man, is showing favoritism; and if it be contended that God has a right to show special favors to whom He chooses, we deny the right, on the grounds above stated, for that would be favoritism, and favoritism pre-supposes injustice, and it will be admitted by all that God cannot be unjust.

On the other hand, if it be claimed that God works special providences, in favor of those who serve Him, and against those who serve Him not, we deny the allegation, on the ground that it cannot be proved, for there never has occurred what has been claimed to be a special providence but it could have been accounted for by natural causes.

Again: If God condescends or finds it necessary, as in the case of the flood, the redemption, or Jonah and the whale, to resort to special providences, He thereby acknowledges the insufficiency and imperfection of His works; if God with omnipotent power at His command, with a foreknowledge enabling Him to see the end from the beginning, finds that He has made a failure, and has to call in miracles or special providences, to help him, then we have not a God or Principle in whose hands the universe would be safe.

No, rather let us believe that Deity makes no mistakes, and what may *seem* like favoritism is only the operation of natural laws, under varied circumstances. For are we not all the handiwork of His power, and if He did not make us to His will, then it is not the fault of the *made* but the *Maker*. But never fear, man is just what God designed him and will ultimate *as* He designed him. A. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Healing by "the Laying on of Hands" Two Hundred Years Ago.

The following extract from "Rees' Cyclopedia," (which I copy and send with the fullest conviction that it will be interesting to the readers of the Journal,) will show that the Apostolic method of healing disease or curing the sick, was not as some Christians have groundlessly supposed, a special gift or endowment for that age, and that its resuscitation among modern Spiritualists does not furnish the first instance of its revival since the Apostolic Age:

"One of the most singular instances of this kind," (curing by "the laying on of hands,") says our author, "from the number of cures performed, and the rank, learning and character of the persons who attested, is to be found in the person of Valentine Greatraks, who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The proceedings of this pious and apparently sincere man, are very interesting as affording a history of the power of imagination and confidence over certain disorders of the body. He was the son of an Irish gentleman, of good education and property, who died in his childhood. Disgusted with the religious and political contentions of his country in the time of Cromwell, he retired from the world apparently in a state of melancholy derangement and bad health, which had nearly terminated fatally. On recovering, he became one of the Puritans of the day, and after having acted sometime as a magistrate, he had 'an impulse of strange persuasion' in his mind, which continued to present itself whether he was in public or private, sleeping or waking, that God had given him the blessing of curing king's evil. Accordingly, he commenced the practice of touching for this disease about the year 1662, which he continued for three years. At this time the ague became very epidemical, and the same impulse within him suggested that there was bestowed upon him the gift of curing the ague, which he also practiced with success by laying his hands on the patients. At length he found his power extended to epilepsy, paralytic disorders, etc.; but he cordially acknowledges that many were not cured by his touch. Nevertheless, the unbounded confidence in his powers, and consequently the facility with which the imagination of the ignorant would be acted upon, must be manifest from the following statement which he sent to Mr. Boyle:

"'Great multitudes from divers places resorted to me, so that I could have no time to follow my own occasions, nor enjoy the company of my family and friends. Whereupon, I set three days in the week apart, from six in the morning till six at night to lay my hands on all that came, and so continued for some months at home. But the multitudes which came daily were so great, that the neighboring towns were not able to accommodate them, whereon, for the good of others, I left my home and went to Youghall, where great multitudes resorted to me, not only of the inhabitants, but also out of England, so that the magistrates of the town told me that they were afraid that some of the sick people that came out of England might bring the infection into the place. Whereon, I retired again to my house at Affane, where, as at Youghall, I observed three days by laying my hands on all that came, whatsoever the diseases were, and many were cured and many were not, so that my stable, barn and malthouse were filled with sick people of all diseases almost.'"

"We shall not" (observes Mr. Rees' narrative) "extend this article by quoting the histories of cases certified by several physicians as well as by divines and philosophers, among whom were the names of Robert Boyle, Dr. Cudworth, Dr. Whichcot, etc. * * * * Greatraks mentions several poor people, that went from England to him, and among the rest, two that had the falling sickness, who no sooner saw him than they fell into their fits immediately, and he restored them, he affirms, by putting his hands upon them. Nay, he tells me that even the touch of his glove had driven many kinds of pains away, and removed strange fits in women; and that the stroking of his hand or his glove had in his opinion, and that of other persons present, driven several devils or evil spirits out of a woman, one after the other, every one having been like to choke her (when it came up to her throat) before it went forth" (a pretty accurate description of an ordinary hysterical fit. "About the same period, a Capuchin friar, whose name was Francisco Bagnon, was famous in Italy for the same gift of healing by the touch of the hands only, and was attended wherever he went by great multitudes of sick people, upon whom he operated numerous and surprising cures, which were deemed true miracles. So general was the belief in his curative powers, that even a prince of Parma who had labored under a febrile disease for the space of six months was induced to apply to him and was immediately cured by his voice only. The prince himself and many others that were present, afterwards bore public testimony to the fact."

Mr. Rees places the foregoing account under the head of "The Power of Imagination," assigning the cures entirely to this cause. But the numerous cases which have recently occurred in connection with the modern practice of treating disease in this way, prove most conclusively that his hypothesis and assumption are entirely groundless, as a philosophical explanation of the primary cause of the cures effected by this simple process, as the skepticism and utter want of faith has, in many instances, evidently been stronger than the disease itself in patients in whom the most remarkable cures have been effected in the modern practice of "Laying on of hands," thus demonstrating the falseness of Mr. Rees' theory. K. Graves.

Harveysburg, Ohio.

Letter from A. P. Bowman.

Welcome, thrice welcome, as a co-worker with us in the labor of harmonizing and reconciling mankind to the wisdom of God, the Father of all. Long and anxiously have we looked for thee to aid and strengthen us in our labors. In return for thy visit, we shall now work to increase thy places of resort for the good of our brethren and sisters throughout the world.

As we were from home on thy arrival, we did not introduce thee to our friends until within a few days. Many, we perceive, like thy appearance, and some have already manifested a desire to have thee call once a week for their instruction in the ways of Divine Wisdom. Their names, money and address, shall be mailed. We shall find other places of resort in a few days, for we are on the "lookout" for such as want to see the R. P. Journal.

We returned but a few days ago from Ononwa, the next station west of Muscatine, Iowa, where we have been preaching to the people. We there found an organized band of thinkers on the basis of Religio Philosophical. We administered to their wants and they to ours, and thus we were mutually blessed.

Yesterday I was at a grove meeting near Dayton, in Washington county, Iowa. Sister Morse, formerly from Joliet, Illinois, was the principal speaker on the occasion. She is becoming very useful as a trance speaker, and is doing a good work wherever she is called to labor. Friends of Iowa would do well to obtain a week's work from this instrument in the hands of the angels in every village. More anon. Your Brother,

A. P. Bowman.

Richmond, Iowa.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritual Obsessions.

It is an obvious fact, that our surroundings impress and develop character. In spite of will force to the contrary, many of the soldiers of Andersonville prison grew wild, savage, and demoniacal at the constant sights of horror and suffering from filth and hunger. The believers in "Free Agency" yielded up their ism, assured from a terrible experience, that circumstances do shape our joy or misery. Educate a child in the midst of pestilential influences, and will he not be vicious? The objects we touch, the houses we inhabit, the clothes we wear, the society we love, are pervaded with the very aura of our being. How torturing are its effects upon the highly sensitive, when received from a discordant and unhappy organism; it is an obsession that turns heaven into hell.

If animal spirits in the body can thus drag us down to their own level, why not, like spirits out of the body, do the same by the action of the same law? That there are such spirits is demonstrable, not only from ancient, but from modern testimony. The oracles teach it; the condition of society reveals it in open day. The action of the body with all its senses and passions is only the work of mind in it. Is death a bleacher of mind? Can the breaking of the shell change the nature of the bird? Thousands are rushing into the unseen world whose affections are beastly and evil inclined. Whilst here, they lived for the gratification of their lusts; and this is their object there, until regenerated. If they ravished virtue here, they will there, by such media as they can control.

If we are correct in this reasoning—and certainly some of the spiritual phenomena corroborate it with an awful certainty—obsessions are not only possible, but incidental to intercourse with such spirits from motives of idle curiosity, or mercenary gain. This intercourse is verily a spiritual whoredom, leading to its material consummation. To no other source can we trace the unhappy fatality that has followed the career of some would-be-Spiritualists. Naturally confiding, ardent in temperament, childlike in simplicity, they at first fancy others are as good as themselves, and hence accept anything in the shape of "communications," thinking no danger, when in fact a serpent of moral death may be charming them.

Are we to abjure *all* intercourse with low spirits? No; let us not engender self-righteousness, which is incipient to obsession. We may communicate without contamination. We may associate with drunkards to do them good; we need not drink with them, nor let them be our leaders. Open channels, we say, to the Hadean realm for the regeneration of unfortunate souls. Take not their darkness, but give them light. Should even a friend approach, asking guidance and the love of truth, it is heaven itself to assist; but be not controlled, be rather the controller. A little experience will enable us to detect the genuine from the false. Ruin follows, if we submit to be tools of wicked schemers. "Cast not your pearls before swine." Be not hasty to demonstrate Spiritualism to those who wish to use it as a covering for lust. The effort to convert men to truth without reforming them, to show the way to heaven for money, without a throe of sympathy for the redemption of the sinful, to pamper an insatiate curiosity because it pays, or augments the numerical strength of Spiritualists, is the very road to obsession; is an adulterizing of every pure spring of love in the soul.

There is no antidote to evil, but the power of saving faith in Divine Protection—an unselfish ambition—a pure habit—a vigilant watch—a prayer in thought and deed to keep all things undefiled—a self-denying purpose—a positive moral will—in fine, a lofty aspiration and cultivation of all our energies. Short of this, there is no safety in familiar intercourse with low and undeveloped spirits. With this, we can command them, and lift up higher for mutual blessedness. We sincerely believe that Spiritualists must cast out much they have invited. If any one has not the "white vesture" of virgin purity, he must not stay to pollute the place, but be cast out into his own realm of outer darkness, and thence brought back only when redeemed, to be an angel of light. The world is in only an incipient state of spiritual growth. Cast out the devils, but welcome holy angels as guides to celestial wisdom.

Evangel.

October 7, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Ingle Papers.

BY MRS. MATTESON.

As I sit and watch the giant reapers stalking through the grain fields, cutting down all that comes in their way, it makes me think of that shadowy form we can sometimes almost see, cutting off friends that we love and cherish, taking them down to "dust." What a vast amount of speculation the thought engenders. Unlike the reaper of man's invention, it goes around many times, plucking one here and another there, choosing perchance an expanding blossom here, and a matured rose there, which clings to life with longing tenderness, while just beside them, with faint and weary head droops a faded, withered flower, waiting and watching with hope-gemmed eyes for the happy moment when the shadowy sickle shall come that way, and it can drop down silently to its rest.

And does it find rest? Or rather, does it not gaze with keener perceptions on the life it has clutched, and, finding new scope for its exertions rally in its new found strength and put forth new hopes and new exertions, like the grain that is cut down by man's inventive genius? The stubble is cut down, and decays, but the young life has gone back into the ground with the seed, to spring up again into new beauty and new aspirations.

When that shadowy reaper comes plucking its blossoms from among us, may it find us ready and willing to be chosen, and if need be, to go away to the new life, meekly and humbly, grasping the new hopes and aspirations with a firm hand and a steady heart. And may the seeds we have sown, and are still to sow, prove to be the pure and unsullied wheat, unmixed with tares.

Huntley, Ill.

Letter from New Orleans.

Editors Journal:

By letters and pen-sketches we are made acquainted with and learn much of the manners, customs, thoughts and feelings of strangers, and also of how things are going on among our neighbors and friends.

Now, as New Orleans is a sort of *terra incognita* to many of your folks, it may not be amiss—at least I hope it may not be—to give you a few lines occasionally about ourselves and things in general here.

We have no public meetings for Spiritualists here; but we are under the wing of the glorious, self-evident truth. Spiritual things are traveling silently but surely from one heart and hearth to another, awakening some, interesting all, until Spiritualism has become a theme of conversation in social circles, its merits and claims upon the public attention being felt everywhere.

Before the war, we were happy in seeing, from time to time, some of your best lecturers. Mr. Ambler and Foster and Miss Hardinge created a wide-spread interest. Their lectures were all well attended. The seed of their labors has not been lost, and we remember their words and works with pleasure.

Of late we have had nothing inviting in that line. Those few who have deigned to shed the light of their countenance upon this benighted city have come to us filled with political prejudice, and their feeling (?) toward us has been reflected to us from scraps of correspondence published by them in Northern papers. The false impressions of biased minds have gone North, as usual—false ideas of our mental and moral proclivities, and also of our spiritual condition, have been thrown broadcast, and that, too, through channels most repulsive to Southern people.

This is a good field for a good lecturer. One with a heart full of loving kindness and a head full of common sense and moral courage, would have no difficulty in winning the esteem and good will of our people and establishing himself here permanently.

New Orleans begins to look like home again. Our citizens are all returning, and we are glad to see them in their accustomed places in their homes, their places of business and on the streets. They look in fine health, each and every one of their faces tell, louder than words, that they have had a good time rusticating in Dixie. This shows plainly that the proverbially "luxurious and lazy" people of the South *can* live, grow fat, and be happy, on plain food, plain clothes and hard work. They are all the better, wiser and stronger for having to develop their latent powers of thought and action, and they have returned with renewed health, and their heads full of experience, to guide them in the future, against foreign or domestic dependence.

Speaking of "domestic" reminds me of the change in the condition of what used to be "our peculiar institution." The negroes here are in a glorious state of freedom. With few exceptions, they denominate themselves "ladies and gentlemen" of leisure—of course. It is wonderful to see how naturally they take to preaching, praying and plundering. They lounge, dress and flourish to their hearts' content. Almost every woman now owns a wardrobe of cast-off or stolen finery, and the neat and respectable blue cotton dresses and white aprons and bandana head-handkerchiefs have quite gone out of fashion.

Most of the negroes are piously inclined. This is owing to their early training. Sunday is their jubilee. Their "meetings" are frequent. Prayer meeting half a dozen times during the week, and preaching three times on a Sunday, and during "service" it would be hard to find "such another noise" anywhere but in a circus or artillery stable. Such a stamping, hallooing, screeching, pounding and shouting, is terrible to be within hearing of, and this worship, or service, as it is called, is often kept up far in the night.

They all love to sing, and if their *hymns* were lined out to them in an intelligible manner, and were of a sensible and spiritual character, their singing might do them some good. Their preaching, or sermons, consist of a harangue of high-sounding, disconnected sentences, mixed plentifully with misquotations from the Bible, hymn book or from memory. The whole object of the minister seems to be to excite the nerves and heads of his hearers, and when he has wound himself and them up into a state of mental frenzy, they fancy that "the Lord" is at work in their hearts.

These people need instruction—they need proper teaching, and the pulpit is the proper place to reach the grown portion of the colored population; but so long as they are left to choose their own teachers, just so much sooner will they relapse into barbarism. Their present mode of worship is but one remove from the Voudooism of Africa.

This immediate emancipation scheme has been so long growing, it is strange that its philanthropic advocates forgot to have ten thousand or more ready educated negroes to send into the great field of labor they have created.

That the negroes are free is a fact, and most of us are glad of it; but we hope soon to see them gravitate to the sphere which by nature they were intended to occupy. Just now they are inflated with the idea of freedom—a thing, to them, hard to be understood in its true sense. After awhile they will all settle down again to their true place—a "little lower" than the white race.

The breezy days of September are here. We have had an abundance of rain; the summer heat is past, and our days are bright, clear and beautiful. The fall roses are bursting their buds, and the orange trees are laden with green fruit. Next month you can count the golden oranges, as they hang in clusters among the dark green leaves. The night jasmine fills the evening air with perfume, and the fragrant flavor of the almond-scented mespelus blossoms hangs in the atmosphere all day long. By March the plums will be ripe, and then the orange trees will be in bloom again. So our flowers and fruits go and come perpetually. Our birds never leave us, and but few of the trees lose their verdure. A few bleak days, and then comes the warm sunshine to chase away the chilly air of winter. Heaven's choicest blessings and beauty are showered on this sunny land.

The health of the city and vicinity is remarkably good for this season of the year. The migratory class of inhabitants are returning; the streets are full, and everybody is trying to make up for lost time.

Winter will soon be here, with its "business season" and its rushing crowds of busy merchants and pleasure seekers, and it is to be hoped that this winter will not be behind any of its predecessors—before the war—for general and personal prosperity.

It is hard to write a short letter, and for fear o wearying you, I will stop just here.

Kindly yours, Sœur Marie.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Depravity—Natural, Total or Partial.

Partial depravity, moral, social or religious, is everywhere to be found in enlightened communities and in each of the above divisions or departments of society to about the same extent, certainly not least, in religion. Whether this is to be traced to, or attributed to, God or not, I will not now attempt to set forth, but certainly if it is natural, man is not accountable to that degree that he should be punished for it, for his nature is superior to his other powers, and given to govern and guide him, not to be subdued by his weaker powers and by the supplicated aid of the Divine Author of his nature. If depravity is not natural—and I contend it is not—then it may be subdued and exterminated by the cultivation and aid of nature, even though in individuals it may sometimes be inherited from corrupt parents. Partial social depravity may be seen in communities as well as in individuals, as in polygamy and Shaker celibacy, both supported by religion and tending to human destruction or degradation. It may also be seen in wars and general discords and wrangling, in dissipation, profanity, lying, cheating, stealing, etc., but in none of these it is total or natural, for there is a good—a thread of goodness—running through them all, and that thread is nature, ever trying to restore him to his pure inheritance.

The greatest libel ever uttered, is the libel on God, charging him with the total depravity of our nature, of which, of course, He is the author, father, founder and giver. Educational and even hereditary depravity is partial and never total. Even the Beechers, who have inherited the doctrine of total depravity, (not the depravity), and who were also fully educated in it, have by their natures and the working of their large intellects, been greatly troubled by the false doctrine, and unable to vindicate the honor of God with this abominable doctrine involved in his government of this world. This uneasy state of mind among them often crops out in the sermons of H. W. and Charles, but broke out boldly in the condemned book of Kate, and equally or more in the wonderful volume of Edward, the Conflict of Ages, in which he first admits the absurdity of total natural depravity and then attempts to vindicate the honor of God by setting us poor mortals back into a primary state of existence where we, with Satan, were in the full enjoyment of heavenly bliss, at least as perfect as any attainable by a saint in the future, and when we, like our Southern rebels, entered into the rebellion with Satan, as the planters did with Jeff, and being whipped in the fight, as they were, have been thereby disenfranchised and became, consequently, totally depraved in the nature we received with this life. God, not being as generous as Abraham and Andrew, has given no general proclamation of pardon, but requires all, rich and poor, black and white, ignorant and intelligent, to ask pardon, and if He pardons any (as He surely will not all) many may be restored, as pardoned rebels are, to their first estate.

Satan being the leader in the great revolt in heaven which drew so many of us who were pure angels with him, cannot be pardoned, even if he applied, and it is uncertain whether Jeff can, even though he was only one of the many leaders.

It is singular what a striking similarity there is between these two great rebellions and their results. Had the latter taken place before Milton wrote, it might have been the basis of his fabled pictures, and even now it may be the fulfilment of Edward Beecher's prophetic dream, by turning them forward, instead of backward.

I can see how the future of our country can be guarded against such rebellions, but cannot see how the future of heaven and God's government can be made more perfect and guarded against rebellion more than the past, nor can my poor intellectual eyes see how God's honor is vindicated by moving the cause of sin, total depravity and the rebellion back to a previous state of existence, unless it is on the principle that distance weakens the vision and renders our view more imperfect, as it does of miracles, wonderful cures and strange performances which become sacred when brought to us from records two thousand years old, and are ridiculous if occurring before our eyes.

One of the plainest evidences of partial religious depravity is the maintenance of the doctrine of total natural depravity. If a child should strike and scandalize its mother, we should excuse it with ignorance, and charge it with depravity, and that is what such Christians do who charge and abuse their mother, Nature, and try to put their sins upon her. The truth is, nature is the great restorer, saviour, deliverer and healer of all our ills, and in her only, and in obedience to her laws, can we find that health, harmony, happiness and peace that shall be lasting and reconcile us to God and each other. Morally, socially, religiously, nature is the cure and remedy for depravity, and if we would seek her restoratives in every department of society, and be guided by her in our laws and institutions, we should avoid most of the depravity and evils that now afflict us. It is time we stop cursing and abusing our mother and obey her injunctions, and it is interesting to see how

slowly but surely she brings the race back to her laws as in the Beecher family; when they are sufficiently endowed with intellect, she will lash "with stripes that heal" the wandering truant out of his educated and inherited depravity and false doctrine, till at last we find that "ever the truth comes uppermost and ever is justice done."

Cultivating the intellect by education at last restores us to natural life and law, and consequently to moral, religious and social health and harmony.

Syracuse, Oct., 1865. Warren Chase.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Editors Journal:

We have in our city a great many, and a great variety of mediums, through whom spiritual manifestations of almost every grade and kind, are made, and these few for the most part, in private circles, are exerting a silent, beneficial influence upon the hearts and minds of hosts of persons, who are yet in name and profession, outside the pale of Spiritualism. Of the mediums, there is one of remarkable character. Her name is Miss Lizzie Keiser. She was born in Germany, but has been in this country since her childhood, and now speaks the English language perhaps better than the German. She occupies the humble position of "hired girl" in the goodly family of Mr. Henry Beck, a respectable citizen of our city, who holds a respectable public position. Lizzie came to the house of Mr. Beck in the month of November last, and soon, with the help of a little son of Mr. Beck, who had already developed somewhat, as a tipping table medium, sitting with him, to the surprise of the family, manifested herself as influenced by the spirits, and it is really strange even to Spiritualists, what a combination medium she has become even now. She is a tipping, rapping, trance, speaking, writing, personating medium, and a good spiritual and material clairvoyant. Besides, she is gifted with healing powers to some extent. She really promises, in the hands of good spirits, to become a very extraordinary medium.

Her normal condition is not very conspicuous or distinguished. She is almost twenty-one years of age, large, and well proportioned, rather dark hair, eyes and complexion, and in all is quite good looking. As a "help" to the family she is not surpassed, doing all her housework with diligence, care, and cheerfulness, and by her good and social disposition, she has much endeared herself to the family and their friends. While at her daily avocations, she often sees many and various spirits in form, just as life-like as if inhabitants of this earth, and these private manifestations to her alone, frequently interrupt her in her work. Her education, except what she has acquired in her humble self-experience, is quite limited—and in giving the following lines of poetry, written by her under the influence of the spirit of a child of one of our worthy citizens, it is not going far, nor to her disparagement to say, that Lizzie, in her normal condition, could not write them.

The spirit child said to Lizzie, sitting alone, "I want to write to my father, he is so lonely." The father was not present at the time, but was absent in his own home, and was at that very time, as he said himself afterwards, sitting in his own house, very lonely, thinking of his dear little daughter "Flora," who had gone to spirit land. These are the lines, and I think all will agree with me, that they are beautiful:

FLORA TO HER FATHER.

A flow'ret rare, divinely fair,
A little gem of love
Came to your arms, in beauty's charms,
Like magic from above.

Your throbbing heart, once more, was still'd,
Your pleasure knew no bound,
Your careworn smile, with joy, was filled
And gladness shone around;

But soon, oh! soon, the spoiler came,
Your joy was turned to grief;
Disease had seiz'd that gentle frame,
And nought would give relief.

Resistless death his angel sent
To deck his master's bower,
While thither and anon, he went,
He spied your lovely flow'r.

"Oh! thou art beautiful," he cried,
Too fair on earth to dwell,
I'll plant thee by my master's side—
He loveth flowers so well."

"Oh! stay thy hand," in grief, you cried,
"Stay thy relentless hand,
Tear not this lov'd one from our side
To deck thy chosen band.

"Oh, Angel Death! must I yield up
My darling to thy pow'r?—
Seek further on, ungrateful Death,
To grace thy master's bow'r."

Then to your Heavenly Father, cried—
In deep distress, did kneel,
"To hear this once your feeble cry,
Your little one to heal."

But all entreaties were in vain;
Your midnight tears and sighs;
Death claimed your Flora for his own,
And bore me to the skies.

And there I bloom for evermore,
The fairest of the fair,
With lov'd ones who have gone before,
Your lov'd ones who are there.

While you are lonely, father, here,
So weary and oppressed,
Hoping your journey's end is near,—
You long to be at rest.

You long to join the spirit band
Of loved ones, *there* at home,
Where joys immortal never end,
And parting is unknown.

Cincinnati, July 21, 1865. L. O. W. C.

An Interesting Letter.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In reading the first volume of Woman and her Era, page 101, by Mrs. Farnham: "For lactation in men under the circumstances alluded to, is not claimed as normal."

I will relate a circumstance that came under my own observation about twenty years ago. In crossing Lake Pontchartrain, I saw an old Indian chief, ninety years old suckling a boy of nine years old. The old man had one large left breast much larger than a woman's. I had never before read or heard of the like case. His granddaughter died, leaving this infant a few days old, with no other persons in the wigwam or near. The old chief, to still the cries of the pappoose placed it to his breast, and lactation began to secrete from that day, and for nine years he had suckled that boy; his right breast was like other men's.

This circumstance is proof of Professor Brittan's theory of will power. We can perceive the deep paternal yearnings of the old man holding the last of his race in his arms, and the silent prayer of his soul going out to the "Great Spirit," whom he worshipped, and his concentrated thought produced the result.

A very small remnant of his tribe are yet living on the borders of the lake, and visit the city twice a year to dispose of baskets, dried herbs, deer skins, etc., and purchase blankets, calico, beads, paint, etc. They are never known to visit the city during an epidemic. They have a perfect knowledge of the medicinal properties of the vegetable kingdom, and are spiritual mediums without knowing it. To illustrate this—an old squaw, 120 years old, who makes an annual visit to a lady friend of mine (who is a fine medium,) always comes direct to this lady, wheresoever she may be residing at the time, evidently led by the spirit guide. In her broken language, she speaks of seeing and talking with her tribe gone long since to the "happy hunting grounds," and say they direct her how to find her white friend.

This spirit power may be given to the wild Indian to aid him in his journeys through trackless forests and vast prairies, threading his war path as well by night as by day time.

The book says that some men have more of the feminine organization than others. Have you ever known a case where nature has united the masculine and feminine organizations in one person; but not so decidedly as to mix or change the general external peculiarities of sex; having a positive and negative side, or masculine and feminine side?

In my own organization, my left side is one full size smaller than the right, except the left breast, which is rather larger. The skin is softer, the hand more delicately shaped, the left whisker is finer and thinner. The masculine tendency on the right side is so strong that against all "military rule," I am compelled to dress on that side by a law beyond my control. The feminine portion of nature resides in the left side of my body.

Women, almost invariably, sit on my left. My wife can never sleep on my left side. I have ten children equally divided in sex. Healing magnetic currents always approach to my positive side, and escape through the right hand. In seeing female spirits, they always come on the left side; males on front and right sides. I am ignorant of this philosophy, as we, down South, are not posted up, having only the crude idea not elaborated, but hope in time the germ will develop within us. N. C.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Courtesy of a King.

Charles XV., of Sweden, is very popular among his own subjects, and has a high reputation among the crowned heads of Europe. His manly and virtuous character, his love of justice, his sympathy with his subjects, and his uniform courtesy to all classes, make him a model king. Dr. Teft, in a very pleasant article in the *Ladies' Repository*, gives the following anecdote of the king:

"He has a beautiful summer palace known as Ulriksdal, about seven English miles from Stockholm, which is considered one of the finest places of the kind in Europe, and which all strangers, therefore, have to visit. So a party of English gentlemen and ladies one day took occasion to run down the bay to the far-famed locality, to examine the spot, and see how a Swedish king spends his time during the short months of summer. They passed the guard without difficulty; and, on entering upon the grounds, they encountered a man who seemed to be waiting for something or somebody, as he was sitting quietly upon one of the many 'rests' in the front park without occupation. Not knowing precisely what to do, or how to proceed in visiting the palace of a king, one of the party stepped back to the quiet man and explained to him their difficulty; for, as chance would have it, the man spoke as good English as himself. The Englishman wished to know if the king was at home; and on being told that he was, wished next to be informed if there were not restrictions about visiting the palace when the king and the royal family were present. The man told him that there were, but that as he was himself connected with the palace, and knew all the parts of it, he would conduct his party, as they did not seem to have a conductor of their own.

As they proceeded to walk over the spacious lawns, on their rambling journey toward the palace, they wished to know if their kind conductor thought they could, by any possibility, be permitted to see the king. The man answered it was not customary to take strangers into the king's private apartments when he was known to be at home; but as he was a stirring, uneasy, restless sort of person, they would be very likely to fall in with him before they should have finished their observations. With this hope the party rambled on, in the meantime telling several curious anecdotes they had heard related of his majesty, and asking their conductor whether they were true. He said, in reply, that there were so many things reported of the king, good and bad, that it would be difficult to say what might be true and what false; and he thought also, as a person connected with the palace, that he would scarcely be a suitable informant on such a subject. They all thought the same, and heartily apologized for their freedom, the apology being received with kindness that made all straight again. In this way the grounds were all rambled over, the palace was entered and inspected—state rooms, sleeping rooms, libraries, cabinets, everything—the kind hearted guide, in the true Swedish spirit, exhibiting the whole place to the party with the most perfect skill and patience. He then conducted them to the lawn again, and guided them out through a nearer and more beautiful avenue than the one by which they had entered.

They were all charmed with the place. They pronounced it the most splendid summer retreat for a monarch they had seen in Europe. They declared that they had enjoyed the most agreeable afternoon they ever had in Sweden. They thanked their conductor for his attentions, shaking him warmly by the hand as they were parting with him, having but a single circumstance to regret—'that they had not seen the king.' Lifting his hat to them, 'I am the king,' said Charles XV. to his unconscious guests; and so, bowing admirably, after the most approved Swedish style, he turned his steps immediately toward the palace, leaving them in a state of the most delightful bewilderment at the condescension and good nature of their royal guide."

Mr. Lincoln's Birth-place.—My leading desire to visit Kentucky was to see our lamented President Lincoln's birth-place, a spot ever hereafter interesting to loyal hearts. I directed my course to the little village of Hodginsville, in La Rue county. Two miles south of this place Abraham Lincoln's father took up a claim of three hundred acres of land, where the unsuspected embryo President was born. Unable to pay for this land, the claim was relinquished, and while little Abe was only a few years old, the family was moved from the place.

The spot was shown me where the cabin once stood. I afterward received an accurate description of it from an old man named John Morris. Having occasion to call at the house for a drink of water, and being struck with the remarkable neatness of the place, he inquired who lived there, and learned that it was one Lincoln. It being exceedingly difficult to procure lumber in those times, his attention was attracted by the unusual feature in log-cabin architecture, of one or two sheds and a kitchen attached to the house.

I might add that even now, in that section, sawmills are not frequent, and frame houses unusual. Wealthy farmers live in log houses, and, in many respects, lead a Rip Van Winkle life, compared with sections where modern enterprise flourishes. When the same "enterprise" forces new wants upon the people, will they be happier? Extremely honest and kind, as they are, they certainly deserve all the benefits arising from such a change.

There are now no vestiges of the Lincoln cabin remaining; blackberry vines and a Chickasaw plum tree divide possession of the site. The latter is a descendant of one planted there more than half a century ago. The grounds about are a pretty succession of hills and hollows, one of the latter, close by, contained a large spring, which has been known for many years as "Linkhorn Holler," that being the common, old-fashioned pronunciation of the name.—*Independent.*

A monument to old John Brown is to be erected at Farmington, Conn., his birthplace.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

☞ *For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page*

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each $3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each $1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

The Old Home.

Who has not a home—an old home—a childhood's home—a green nook in the dim past where he may go and rest his tired spirit, and gather strength for the march and for the battle of life? No matter how poor or how wretchedly ruined that home may have been; no matter how rich and charming the *new*. Years and wealth have their cares, and the soul grows disquiet as it nears the other shore. But the old home belongs to the May of life, and sorrow leaves but few traces upon one's spring time. We lived there with the trees; we love them for their early association and blessed companionship. The vines and flowers are the little nurslings we planted and watered. So they are very precious in our sight. Every rock and ruin is linked with the hopeful, beautiful years of childhood. It is well then to go back, as the Mussulman, to Mecca, to worship, to remember our faith in God and pledge anew our lives to well-doing. There may be those who ignore their first loves—the birds and trees; but we belong to the great army of old home lovers. Years, hills, waters and death, have come between us and our New England home; but when the dividing bonds were broken, we turned sunriseward, even as an uncaged bird turns to its native woods.

Our steam charger, as if conscious of his mission, rushed over the iron highway, through fields, rich with fruit; under mountains, over rivers; through forests and great cities. We had only time to shake hands with the saints in Detroit; to visit the Catholic institutions in Montreal, to take a friendly look among the old hills. Mount Washington, Mount Adams, Jefferson and Munroe—dear old hills! They seemed the very outposts of the Eternal Hills, wooing the valley dwellers to a higher life. The little streams rushing down the mountains, sing the same sweet songs they sang when we floated there our Lilliputian ship.

The German loves his Rhine no better than the New Englander loves these nameless waters.

Eleven hundred miles were distanced. Save the hills and streams, no familiar sight or sound had given us a greeting. At last a tall, heavy whiskered Yankee presented himself and claimed relationship. We acknowledged his claim and accepted his proffered companionship to the old home—twenty miles to the North. We exchanged the rail car for an old fashioned chaise. It was a cool, cloudless morning that found us riding leisurely along the upper lands of the "Old Granite State." As we neared our native village, the old stone fences, the farm-houses—white and brown—the old schoolhouse, the steeples, the churchyard, where rests the ashes of three score of our kindred, all, all seemed to give us a kindly welcome.

But the old house! there was change. True, strangers gave us a welcome; but it was not the old fashioned heart welcomings of other days. The same vines crept up to shade the east window; and the old armchair was in its accustomed corner. Glad voices were in the meadow, and a familiar song broke the silence of our old retreat, and the birds—the very same it seemed—hung their nests from the old apple boughs; but the occupants of the old chair in the cozy corner—she who planted the vines, and the singer of home airs, and our human meadow larks, have joined the caravansara for the vine and flower hills beyond the sunrise. Who knows that these loved ones are not still our companions, watching our goings and doings, notwithstanding we call them dead?

Other hearts, *soul kindred*, belonged to the old home. In New England villages, one is supposed to know all the inhabitants by name, the number of children in each household, their names and ages, in fact all the ills and ails that afflict soul and spirit, become common stock in these staid old towns. These neighborhood hearts belonged to us; they are linked with the pleasant and the mournful memories of other years. What of those loved ones? Where are they? How have the dividing years dealt with them? We questioned. These are the replies: The old men weary with the battle of life, have joined the peace army in the Morning Land. Their children have been scattered; some of them are the happy mothers of wee bits of humanity; some have high, others low places on life's arena.

"The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal."

Brave hearts have been stilled by the bayonet; great souls have been starved in Andersonville. Very precious is the memory of these noble boys! "Aunt Sara," the sibyl of the village, has closed her cabin. The vines wander at will about her latticed windows; the garden has gone to weeds, and the proprietor has gone to a home prepared by the blessed hand of Charity, *to die*.

Mrs. S. was our early friend, and school-days' companion. Her life seemed a cloudless summer day. Perhaps she was envied for her proud position; but we loved her for her womanly graces.

Three little souls made music where silence had reigned; three fair flowers brought joy, peace, and rainbowed the heavens for our friend. But Death, heaven missioned, gathered the precious souls to the upper Hesperides. The mother, in sorrow and in faith, crossed the six pale hands over the pulseless hearts, and laid them together in the green earth and turned to her desolate home. Care has dimmed her luminous eyes, and sorrow stolen the bloom from her cheek.

Hattie C., our gentle hearted village teacher had, a few years ago, the happiest heart in all the town. And why should she not be joyous? Wasn't that fine house over the way building for her? And did not love, and faith and hope promise much? The asking soul had found anchorage, and it asked no more. The house is finished, furnished. Two sweet human birds make music there. The manly heart is loyal yet, and the young wife is still the ministering spirit of the home she loved so well; but all of her that is human is but a "handful of dust in a coffin under the daisies."

With a God bless you to the dying and to the living, we turned from the old home forever. But,

"There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day."

The Education of Children.

The thoughts of reformers have been directed towards this subject with great earnestness, and the imminent necessity of a movement in this direction acknowledged; but as yet only a few local efforts have been earnestly put forth. Spiritualists do not recognize the immense consequences which would flow from their action in this matter, nor their loss by not energetically working in this field. They have their lectures, books and papers, gaining thereby the spiritual and intellectual nourishment they need, while their children either stay at home or enter the Sunday schools of some orthodox sect. They think that they will not learn anything harmful; they can soon set them right, if they do.

The example of the bended twig is forgotten. They forget that the young soul is plastic, and ideas which would have no effect on them will sometimes make on it an eternal impress. How tenaciously we retain the ideas of our youth! The aged remember the days of childhood far better than those of yesterday. Remember them because they *formed their character*, while those of yesterday were but accidents.

Ah, you do not appreciate the risk in throwing your children under influences, the results of which you do not know. You prove false to the tender immortals confided to your care.

A child is the germ of infinite possibilities. A boundless intellect, a world-embracing moral nature, are its birth-rights.

"In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of divine goodness—the possibilities of the greatest manhood, womanhood or angelhood. The human mind is the most richly endowed. Its sphere of influence and action is the broadest. It is empowered to hold dominion over time, events, things, and circumstances. It draws its life unceasingly from the divine life of nature. It aspires intuitively after perfection."

The parent is responsible for the development of these universal capabilities.

Children are social. They must enjoy each others' society. Hence if no better place of resort is offered, they go to the Sabbath School.

The churches see clearly how to act. They know that the Sunday School is the bulwark of their strength. They know that in after years the seeds they plant in the minds of the young, though they remain latent and apparently dead, will spring up in times of revival, and urge them to the anxious seat of repentance. Hence they call in all the children within reach, for from them they are to draw their future strength.

It is difficult preventing children attending when their playmates urge them, and they derive so much social benefit. There is only one alternative, and that is to provide suitable schools where they can be taught, not by a dismal-faced teacher a verse from the Bible, but truths that will benefit them all their lives, and when by familiar conversations among pupils and teachers they will be ennobled as well as educated. Conversation is the child's method of learning, and is excelled by none other.

When schools or lyceums are established, the tables will be turned. It will not be the children of infidels who will desire to attend the orthodox schools, but the orthodox children will rush to the infidel schools. This is the case wherever a lyceum has been established. The children know very well what they like best, and they attend Sabbath Schools only for the social gratification they desire, not for love of the dry questions they answer.

"Why, sir," exclaimed an irritated parson of a certain town, "since the Spiritualists established their lyceum all the 'loose' children have gone there, and this morning my own son wanted to go. He said they had music, flags, marching and conversation, and such delightful times, he could not stay away!" Such is always the result. The lyceum movement is admirably calculated to awaken the attention and gain the admiration of children. It adapts itself to all ages, furnishing food for the lisping child or mature man. It is wonderful to watch its workings, to see how eagerly the children participate. They become so much in harmony that their answers to questions are at times astonishing. A little curly-headed girl having answered in a manner worthy of a mature intellect, her teacher asked her where she obtained the answer. "I looked in your eye and read it," was the artless reply. That is the way to teach; have teacher and child brought into such sympathy that they mutually understand and read each others' thoughts.

The churches have set an example. Shall they be allowed to fortify themselves in this manner, or shall reformers accept the method, improve it by their superior knowledge of human nature, and raise up an invincible army of thinkers to triumphantly bear their banner into the future? A few strong shoulders put to the wheel can accomplish wonders, and such every community can furnish. Then the children of Spiritualists would have a congenial resort, where they could be instructed in the grand principles of the spiritual philosophy, and their whole lives ennobled thereby.

When it becomes established, the lyceum has a broad field for charity opened before it. The street children can be educated and developed into manly men and womanly women by no other method whatever. The field for benevolence is boundless. Immeasurable good only can flow from it, and the reward for labor will be a thousand fold.

Spiritual Communications.

The editor of the *Universalist*, (Boston,) in writing of the communications in our journal, concludes thus:

"If these communications come from the 'spirit world,' it is much to be regretted that a few gleams of intelligence cannot be sent *to* that 'spirit world.' It makes one of average intellect and attainments shudder to conceive even the possibility of entering such a 'world,' and of falling into line with its intelligence, if the spirits which sent forth those 'communications' are samples of those intelligences. We advise the managers of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* to keep the demented out of its columns; in this treating the dead, as they do the living."

Does the editor of the *Universalist* wish us to understand that when the dividing waters are passed, the idiot is transformed into a Shakspeare, the knave into honest dealing, that the clown suddenly finds himself St. Paul?

Then, indeed, there is for us "no resurrection from the dead." In our stead there will be perhaps a poet, a painter, or an *Emerson*. Our philosophy teaches, "as we sow so shall we reap." If we are ignorant, base, beautiful, cultivated, poets, mathematicians, musicians, warriors, preachers, the attributes which lead us in these various paths belong to the soul, and they will go with us to the hereafter. The miser and the thief are not necessarily misers and thieves forever; but the spirit of selfishness and the absence of honesty, is not at once eradicated from the diseased spirit.

Brother Emerson regrets that "a few gleams of intelligence cannot be sent to that spirit world." That is what these mediums are doing. The ignorant spirit often learns more by coming en rapport with good spirits of earth, than by any other means. Indeed we regard it a religious duty to give these "demented" spirits a hearing.

We are advised to "keep the demented out of our columns." Suppose we advise the editor of the *Universalist* to withhold from the public some of the articles that appear in his paper, as they are at variance with our ideas of the future life. True, some of the communications from the other world do not evince a high order of literary talent, and they would be rejected, but for the lessons they teach.

When people learn that as death finds us to-day so we shall find ourselves to-morrow, they will be more guarded in their lives, more watchful regarding every word and deed. We admire our brother's frankness, and thank him for his generous notice of our journal; but we are not willing to accept his advice regarding the communications, so long as a great army of unfortunate spirits are asking audience, seeking the way to a higher, diviner life.

Judge Hall's Charge to the Jury.

Judge Hall, in his charge to the jury, in the Colchester case, manifested a vast amount of ignorance in regard to the laws of spirit life. It is a thousand pities that such quacks are permitted to sit upon the judicial bench. The following extract from the charge will give an idea of the man's lack of knowledge:

"If this man had the power of receiving communications in the way stated, it seems strange to me, that during the last four or five years, when extraordinary means of knowledge were well paid for, he should have been compelled to borrow money at Washington, when he could demonstrate that he could procure communications of the same character he procured here; that he could not only state truly with regard to a future existence, but go to the place where the events were transpiring, and could prophesy in regard to the future movements of our army, and all the operations of the government which should become necessary. Information of this character would have been of the utmost value to the government; and a man who could give such information, would hardly give exhibitions for two dollars in the city of Rochester. I say, gentlemen, that the services of a person of this power would be exceedingly valuable; and if this defendant can do what he pretends to do, it seems to me that he could apply to the collector and pay the government; and in the manner suggested, he would have enriched himself so rapidly that there would be little necessity to pursue his business any length of time. If he could tell what the price of gold would be in a future day, he could walk to the stock market and amass money. Then again, last spring, when the whole nation was aghast in consequence of the murder of the President and the murderer was being hunted up, if he could have pointed out the locality where the murderer had concealed himself, he could have obtained the reward, and that would have been sufficient to have filled his pockets. He can render a very essential service to the country, if by means of this telegram, he can obtain information in regard to what is passing elsewhere. There is no doubt that a great deal of expense could have been dispensed with in the laying of the Atlantic cable; expense in regard to machinery, &c., &c., &c. He could even save me some trouble in determining knotty questions of law. I would not have to spend whole nights upon such questions in investigating the opinions of Chief Justice Marshall. It may be said that spirits would not communicate in respect to such things; but it may be supposed that they might have been quite as willing to bring the murderer of Lincoln to justice, as they were in giving the results in advance, of oil speculations, or the aspirations of Vannetter for office."

Of Mr. Colchester's mediumship we don't judge, never having seen the gentleman; but if he is the veriest knave that has escaped the gallows, Judge Hall is none the less excusable for the thrust he makes at Spiritualism.

The Court thought it very remarkable that, if Mr. Colchester were gifted with mediumship, he should be necessitated to borrow money. Strange! wonder if "the elect" are ever in need? The Judge thinks, perhaps, that the spirits of the departed linger about stock markets, and calculate the to-morrow's price of gold. And then they have the power of transforming a spendthrift into a miser and money king. Why did not the spirits watch Booth and bring him from his hiding place? They did not, that is true; are we, therefore, to infer that there are no spirits? A better medium than Colchester claims to be, saw and conversed with spirits, healed the sick and cast out devils; yet he had not where to lay his head. And when he was brought before a certain Judge, charged with falsehood, he, with all heaven on his side, was condemned to death.

It is well for modern mediums that infidelity has so liberalized the world that the *professed* Christians have not the power of Pilate.

The Spiritual Association of Washington, D. C.

This Association has been re-organized for the ensuing season, and is making vigorous and earnest efforts in behalf of the good cause in the capital of the nation. They have secured for their purposes, Seaton Hall, on the corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Meetings will be held in this large and centrally located hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. The services of a number of the best speakers on the subject have been engaged, among whom are Cora L. V. Scott, Frances O. Hyzer, Laura De Force Gordon, Warren Chase, Benj. Todd and A. B. Whiting.

The Association cordially invites the friends of Spiritualism throughout the country who may visit Washington during the season, to attend these meetings and lend them the encouragement of their personal presence and influence, and to the extent of their ability, contribute to the fund that is necessary to be raised for their support. Several of the able and active members of the Association during the last season have left the city, and the few who remain have but limited means at their command. The hiring of a large hall, having lectures twice each Sunday, and employing first class speakers, will largely increase the expenses. Under these circumstances, the friends of the cause throughout the country are earnestly appealed to for any pecuniary assistance that they may feel able to give. "*Come over and help us.*"

Contributions, or communications, on any business connected with the Association, may be directed to the Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. J. A. Rowland, of the Attorney General's office.

Rain.

According to the observers of the weather, we are to have dry weather for the balance of the year. They say that the average fall of rain per year is thirty-eight inches, and on the first day of October, thirty-one inches had already fallen. This leaves but six inches for the next three months, and consequently fair and dry weather.

To Correspondents.

Will those asking for specimen numbers of the paper, please say which number they wish?

Be particular in giving the names of State and Post Office.

Will writers remember that all business items must be written on separate sheets?

The Secretary and Editors have different offices, consequently the articles belonging to the business department should be entirely detached from the others.

Anonymous articles will not see the light.

The National Convention.

A great multitude have gone to Philadelphia to worship. We, who are left at home to work and wait, are hoping—praying—that the angel, Harmony, may preside in the Convention. We hope, in our next issue, to commence a report of the proceedings of the Convention.

New Book.

We learn that Hudson Tuttle has a new work in press, on the "Origin and Antiquity of Man, scientifically considered. Proving man to have been a cotemporary of the mammoth, narrating his progress from savageism, and dispersions by great waves from Central Asia."

Mr. John Bright has prepared an edition of his "Speeches" for publication in this country. In making the selection, the author has specially chosen those speeches which relate to "the defence of the cause of liberty and free government in America." Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, will publish the work, and Mr. Frank Moore will give a biographical introduction. A fine portrait of the statesman, by Ritchie, is promised with the book.

E. V. Wilson's "anti-natal memories," in this number, seem very unbelievable. Others, persons of integrity, have related experiences somewhat like Mr. Wilson's. To them these wonderful things may be real; but it requires a vast amount of credulity to give such dreamy ideas place among the realities of life.

Read Tallmadge & Co.'s Catalogue of books on the eighth page. Mr. Tallmadge has the finest establishment of the kind in the West. Energy and enterprise like his deserves public patronage.

Hudson Tuttle's books are for sale by Tallmadge & Co, No. 109 Monroe Street, (Lombard Block,) 2d door west of the Post Office.

Personal.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is engaged for the coming six months to the "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore."

Moses Hull will speak during the month of November in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is doing a fine healing business in Milwaukee.

L. Judd Pardee is engaged to lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., during November. He is desirous of engagements in New England during the winter. His present address is Somerset, Pa.

N. Frank White. This messenger of the New Dispensation, is about making a tour West. We are assured by those who have had the pleasure of listening to him, that he will be warmly welcomed. May we not hear his voice in Chicago? We appreciate good sermons in this great city.

Notice of Meetings.

Hudson Tuttle will speak in Bryan Hall (Chicago) on Sunday at 10½ A. M. and at 7½ P. M.

N. Frank White will lecture in Elkhart, Indiana, through November; Battle Creek, Mich., December 3d, 10th and 17th; Milwaukee, Wis., through January. Will lecture week evenings where his services are desired. Apply well in advance. Address as above.

Washington, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., at Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. A number of able speakers are engaged.

Book Notices.

Theodore Tilton has published a new book entitled: "Golden Haired Gertrude," the choicest of Juvenile stories.

Hull's New Monthly Clarion has reached our office. It is a Magazine of thirty-two pages, and contains valuable original and selected articles. The editor says:

"We have no hobby to ride. No one reform shall, in our pages, have the preference over others of as great magnitude. We regard most of the new religious spirit-intercourse [illegible] as only off from others, answered and explained by Sela Van Sickle and Elijah Woodworth.

Sunday Morning Session.—After the opening services the gentlemen committee presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the marriage institution, as now recognized by law and custom, is both arbitrary and injurious, calculated to destroy the individuality of woman and retard the progress of the race.

John Southard opposed the resolution. Hoped it would not pass. Said his mother was a woman, and had all the rights she wished for. His wife had property of her own, and used it as she pleased. Thought if it was adopted, all that had been said concerning free-love would be sustained by vote of the meeting.

John French agreed with the last speaker, and said that many reproaches had been brought against the Spiritualist lecturers relative to marriage and free-love.

S. Hoit, a lawyer, showed conclusively that woman, by law and custom, was deprived of her rights—that she was not recognized as the owner of herself or her earnings, for at her husband's death, she had no legal title to her own homestead, but was entirely dependent upon others. He illustrated his position by cases well known to those present. He was long and loudly cheered.

Sela Van Sickle and Mr. Bush sustained the resolution.

A stranger feared the agitation, and said if the resolution was adoped, all that had been said about the free-love of Spiritualists would be believed.

The subject became so exciting that quite a number participated in the discussion till the hour for regular speaking arrived.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, entranced, addressed the meeting, sustaining the resolution in a most masterly effort, which was responded to by hearty cheers from the audience.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvised a poem, and the meeting adjourned one hour.

Afternoon Session.—The opening services were as usual, after which the ladies' committee presented the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That woman is, in all respects, the equal or counterpart of man.

2. *Resolved*, That woman is now entering the promised inheritance, as typified and taught by ancient bards and seers, through all systems of faith.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Robert Dale Owen is to have two years for writing his life of President Lincoln, and his publishers pay him $3,000 when he begins his work, and $15,000 when he ends it.

Scissorings.

All genuine advancement must come from within.

Life is a train of moods like a string of beads.

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

When a man cometh to that estate that he seeketh not his comfort from any creature, then doth he begin perfectly to relish God. Then shall he be contented with whatsoever doth befal him in this world.—*Thomas a'Kempis.*

The oldest newspaper in America is the New Hampshire *Gazette and Weekly Chronicle*, which has just completed its one hundred and ninth year, with every promise of continuing in health for a long time yet.

An association was formed in Washington to present a course of winter lectures from Wendell Phillips, H. W. Beecher, Dr. Chapin, and men of positive opinions, on questions of negro suffrage and other kindred topics.

Rumors of new theatres are rife in New York. Among them is a story that Hermann, the prestidigitateur, proposes to erect a new Academy of Music, to cost $1,500,000.

Miss Susannah Evans is lecturing in New York for the benefit of a soldier who has lost both arms. The lady will be remembered as a young Welsh girl, who spoke here a year ago on the subject of temperance.

Every man should regard himself as a priest and minister of the gods, serving the deity planted within him. This will beget in him an exalted habit of mind; leaving him uncontaminated by pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by any insult, feeling no wrong, a fighter in the noblest fight, accepting with all his soul everything which happens and is assigned to him as his portion.—*Marcus Antonius.*

The boy wasn't much out of the way when he said the four seasons were pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar.

There is no grander pulpit than the sick bed; no more impressive preacher than the weak and languishing sufferer.

Love.—People are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their loveableness. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with or repose with, apart from the policies of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than the guide to a pleasant spot is the spot itself, with its trees, health and quiet.

A Wonderful Brake for Railway Trains.

The frequency of frightful railroad accidents during the past month has awakened public attention to the manner in which railroads are managed, and also to the great difficulty which seems to exist in order to prevent collisions. It is evidently a difficulty on some roads to bring trains to a stand still within at least three or four hundred yards. Trains may be observed approaching each other on the same track a considerable distance away; yet a collision is inevitable, on account of the great difficulty that exists in checking the momentum of the trains by the mode of "braking up" at present in operation. When the engineers observe the danger that threatens, they immediately whistle "down brakes," which consumes at least a minute, reverse their engines, and then take a flying leap from the footboard of the locomotive, followed by the fireman or any of the employees who may have observed the danger that threatens. The trains come together with a frightful crash, and it is then the invariable result that several persons are killed and many injured in the most serious manner. This fearful slaughter might, to a great extent, be avoided, if some more perfect system of applying the brakes to a train of cars were adopted. Many intelligent mechanics have attempted to obviate the difficulty, but until within a short time no perfect system of "braking" has been invented. A new brake has just been introduced to the notice of railroad men by Mr. A. I. Ambler, of this city, which certainly eclipses all former inventions of the kind. It is simple and effectual in its mode of operation, and the entire train is under the control of the engineer, of which all will be able to see the advantage.

This powerful brake has been adopted on the cars of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and promises soon to take the place of the old fashioned brakes on all the Western railroads, the managers of which are ready at all times to adopt whatever practical improvement is brought under their notice. The drum and wheel of the new patent brake are placed on the locomotive immediately under the footboard, so that the engineer can apply the brake at any moment. All the cars are furnished with rods and chains, the latter of which pass over five pullies under the center of each car. The engineer, by simply applying the power by a lever, instantly causes the brakes to press on every wheel of the train, and in about half a minute the train is brought to a stand still and before it has proceeded above three or four hundred feet.

The practical working of this new brake was thoroughly tested a short time since on the track of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, a short distance from the town of Lyons, in the presence of some of the leading railroad men of this city. The train left the Great Union depot at ten o'clock in the morning, having on board the inventor, Mr. A. I. Ambler, Mr. J. M. Douglas, President of the Illinois Central railroad, Mr. H. E. Sargent, Western Superintendent of the Michigan Central railroad, Mr. T. B. Blackstone, President of the Chicago and St. Louis railroad, Mr. Robert Harris, General Superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and a number of the most intelligent employees of the several railroads centering in this city. While the train was proceeding on its way to Lyons, the brake was applied several times, with the greatest success; but in order to see its practical working, the gentlemen above mentioned alighted at the crossing a short distance from Lyons station, and took up a position on the track.

The engineer received instructions to back up the train (which was composed of five passenger coaches and a baggage car) about a mile, put on a full head of steam, and, if possible, attain a rate of forty miles an hour before approaching the crossing, where the brake was to be instantly applied. The engineer obeyed his instructions to the letter, the train came thundering on, the brake was applied, Mr. Sargent marked the time on a stop watch, and in an instant, so to speak, the train was at a stand still. Mr. Sargent reported that only twenty-seven seconds had elapsed from the time of applying the brake until the train stopped, and after the brake was put down the train only proceeded 540 feet.

Another trial followed with still greater success. On this occasion the engineer reversed his engine before applying the brake, the train was stopped in twenty-eight seconds, and before it had gone a distance of 476 feet. All present were loud in their praises of this most excellent invention, and it was the theme of general admiration. Those present were all practical railroad men, and Ambler's patent brake will doubtless be in use on all the Western roads in a very short time. Its introduction will certainly prove a great saving of life, limbs and railroad property.—*Chicago Times.*

A Woman Electioneering.—Lady Jenkinson, wife of George Jenkinson, is electioneering for her husband in North Wilts. This lady attended a banquet, given the other day at Devizes, to Sir George, and when her health had been drank she rose herself and made a speech, in the course of which she said she felt that it was most unusual for a lady to address a meeting of that kind, but it was also unusual for ladies to be invited to dinners given in honor of their husbands. She must admit that it was owing entirely to her husband's merits that she was present. As she had found him true, so would all of them. The day before yesterday was the twentieth anniversary of her wedding-day, and he had always followed the same uniform truthful course. She hoped that all the married ladies present would find, on the twentieth anniversary of their wedding-day, that they had a husband who never, to their knowledge, swerved from the truth, however unpopular that truth was to make him; however much, in a worldly point of view, it was to his disadvantage, he would never swerve from it.—*Eng. Paper.*

"If youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, and old age a regret."

Discovery of an Antediluvian Man—*The Fossil Giant at Oyonaz.*—The great scientific event of the month, and to my mind, one of the most extraordinary facts of the nineteenth century, has been the discovery of a fossil man between Velziat and Oyonaz, in the department of Ain. It is not a piece of a human skull or of vertebra that has been found, but a skeleton—and what a skeleton! Its height is four yards. Like the Titan precipitated into the abyss, it has been found in a soil of alluvium, the head buried in the earth, and the feet turned to heaven.

This stature, higher than that of the tallest man, is one of the most interesting facts that is offered in the study of the human race. This is the first authentic giant, and its appearance will create more noise than the mammoths and the ichthyosaurus. Paleontology, an entirely modern science, will have the good fortune to unite the diverse phases of creation, and reconcile history with mythology. Fossil remains have already confirmed the existence of animals said to be fabulous, and the unicorn will be found some day, perhaps, in the very country where it so boldly took its place beside the leopard upon the British crown-piece. There is no longer any doubt as to the primitive children of earth—they really existed.

But at what period did they exist? Were they numerous? Did they form a nation apart—a superior, privileged caste? or must it be admitted that the first generation only produced very tall men? Did they suddenly disappear, and at what period? It is not repugnant to us to believe in the gigantic height of these early children of earth, for the mere reason that, according to the Old Testament, the life of the ancient patriarchs lasted several centuries; but this is on condition that something is changed as to the age of the earth. Is there not some drawback in conciliating the extreme youth of our globe with the excessive longevity of the first man?

Let us take these things at the lowest calculation. When the earth was created, with all the known and unknown planetary system, it was incandescent. Seventy-five thousand years have scarcely sufficed to cool it; and it is not too much to say that number of years is necessary to make the earth habitable; in the first place, by plants and inferior animals, then by fish, birds and mammifera. Reason, in accordance here with sacred text, obliges us to believe that man came last upon the earth; but at what period?

If the giant of Oyonaz is really fossil, the first men date back more than a hundred thousand years; and to change vegetables into peat, and trees into pit-coal, sixty thousand years are little; double that number is necessary to make an ammonite fossil. What are six thousand years to produce geological changes such as the deluge, earthquakes, the alluvium of the Nile and the Mississippi? Six thousand years! it is but a minute in such a work. It is to be regretted that a text misunderstood, or, at all events, ill-interpreted, constantly opposes science to religious belief. Would it not be possible, for the future, to avert much want of harmony by a clearer and wider interpretation of the Hebrew text?

Facts must not be suffered to give the lie to the Bible, since this book is the starting point of the Jewish religion, Mohammedanism and Christianity; nor must holy books appear to contradict the Creator. A new interpretation is absolutely necessary, if schism would be avoided between *savants* and religious doctrines. Examination into the six days of creation should be made anew, but in a vaster manner; for otherwise, as science marches with vast strides, it will be necessary, every quarter of a century, to renew it entirely.—*New Nation.*

Political Rights of Women.—The woman's rights movement, which has subsided in its activity in this country, during the conflict with rebellion and slavery, has in the meanwhile borne substantial fruits in the old world, and the greatest philosopher of the age, John Stuart Mill, has come forward as champion of the political emancipation of the English women, and proposes, in any future reform, to endow women with the right of voting. Ladies may now be lawfully appointed members of boards of guardians by a majority of votes; and, if disfranchisement is done away with in one direction, it will be difficult to maintain it in others. We have already referred to the activity of ladies in England, during the late general election, when those most conspicuous for their public participation in politics were Lady Jenkinson, and Mrs. Frederick Peel. In France, women have been recently elected as members of the municipal council of one of the country towns; and we should not wonder if all French women should become anxious for the exercise of political rights, since Eugenie has been appointed regent, and is known to exert a considerable influence on public affairs. The agitation, however, is not confined to political rights, and women in the same proportion that they are employed in useful occupations, awaken to a sense of their disadvantages in competition with masculine labor. The young ladies employed in the stores of Paris have recently petitioned the government for a release from work on Sundays. In this country the employment of female clerks in the Treasury Department is said to fall short of the expectations formed from the experiment; which, however, should not be used as an argument to prove any general incapacity of women for such occupations, since the work in the department is, from its lifeless monotony, probably less adapted to female genius than that in more stirring spheres of activity. —*Chicago Republican.*

Calmness in Prospect of Death.—It was not merely the loss of money that he could bear with such calmness and tranquility—he could face death with equal composure. Sometime afterwards, being in London, he had taken the water at the Savoy stairs, in company with his brother, Sir Ellis Leighton, his lady, and some others, and was on his way to Lambeth, when owing to mismanagement, the boat was in great danger of sinking. While the rest of the party were pale with terror, and most of them crying out, Leighton never for a moment lost his accustomed serenity. To some who afterwards expressed their astonishment at his calmness, he replied: "Why, what harm would it have been if we had all been safe landed on the other side?" In the habit of dying daily, and of daily conversing with the world of spirits, he could never be surprised or disconcerted by a summons to depart out of the body. He used often to think of death, and often spoke of it, but never in a melancholy tone. His nephew even says that in his illness his spirits rose to an unusual gaiety, and he would say that, "from the shaking of the prison doors, he was led to hope that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted." In a letter, supposed to be written shortly before his death, he writes thus: "I am grown exceedingly uneasy in writing and speaking—yea, almost in thinking—when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are; but I think, again, what other can we do, till the day break, and the shadows flee away? as one that lieth awake in the night must be thinking; and one thought that will likely oftenest return, when by all other thoughts he finds little relief, is, when will it be day?"—*Life of Leighton.*

A New Microscope.—"It is not many months since one of the most eminent and living microscopists expressed his conviction that in the production of object glasses with one twenty-fifth of an inch focus, the microscope had reached its utmost attainable limit of perfection. He added that 'it appears impossible to separate or define lines more numerous than ninety thousand in an inch, on account of the decomposition of light, or some other cause. It therefore seems beyond our power ever to discover more of the ultimate composition of bodies by means of the microscope.' The above extract is taken from a journal dated December 10, 1864, and yet already, the one thing which microscopists are now talking about is an object glass, with one fifteenth of an inch focus, recently made by Messrs. Powell & Lealand, which was described to the Royal Society by Dr. Lionel Beale the other day, and was exhibited at the annual conversazione of that Society a short time since. The object glass possesses double the power of the one which we were so lately told, and by so great an authority, was the most powerful we must ever expect to possess, and defines with wonderful distinctness particles which the latter cannot render visible at all. It magnifies three thousand diameters, with the low eye-piece, or with a No. 5 eye-piece fifteen thousand diameters—that is to say in popular parlance, one thousand five hundred and seventy-five millions of times! It must immensely increase our knowledge of the lower organisms, and may even aid our researches into the ultimate constitution of matter. And who shall say that even its power may not be exceeded in time?"

The London *Times* says of General Sherman, "That he was as modest in victory, as he was bold and sagacious in battle."

Wit and Humor.

Prentice says it is a wonder the ladies don't take cold from standing so much under the waterfalls.

There is quite a difference between executing a counterfeit and a counterfeiter. The first should be suppressed, and the last inaugurated.

A knavish grocer has a bad weigh about him.

Every woodsawyer is a Cœsar. He comes, he saws, he conquers.

A country editor, puffing a new shop, says in conclusion: "We get a prime pair of boots for putting this in."

A Grand Thought.

A soul that is thoroughly known to us is ours, whether near or distant. It is riches, help, and strength; and this wealth if we aspire to true aims, goes on accumulating for us through all the years of our toil. If we have found any inmost need of ours answered in another spirit, there is an inalienable treasure added to us, and I think it even matters little to our best life, in this high relation, whether death has come between us or not. If I were going to the kingdom of the departed next week, instead of another country here, should I be lost to you? If in this life I have been helpful, I could never be otherwise in another. I believe it is an eternal law of true relations, such as ours. The dead live to all spiritual natures when their names are forgotten—for, as Carlyle grandly says, "It is a high, solemn, and almost awful thought to every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a beginning, shall never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end." If I live hereafter, and I can only live by being wholly and entirely myself, with all my affections, hopes and interests, however they may be modified by a change of sphere, I should certainly be in some possible relation to you or any other friend whom I love. I cannot conceive of launching off into the future world, and severing myself from all the interests and persons I have cherished and known here. It would be impossible to do this and preserve my identity. But if I lose that I lose my immortality. It must be another being, and not I, who does not love those whom I have loved. So the divine trust, purposes and affections I have entertained here, must go with me and constitute a part of myself there, or immortality would be a beggarly, naked gift, unworthy of God to bestow, or any developed human soul to receive.

E. W. Farnham.

The Antiquity of the Human Race.—It will be a matter of curious research for ages to come to ascertain the antiquity of the earth and its races. Men have so long trusted to authority and believed just what the written records told them, that centuries of opportunities have been lost to science. It is only within the past few years that scientific men have handled the subject of the antiquity of the human species with ungloved hands.

The clergy have been so very exact in their reckoning of times and seasons, and have stated so directly the exact spaces between the creation and the flood, between the flood and the birth of Jesus, that it seemed quite natural to say that only six thousand years has the sun risen and set since God, by creative power, said, "Let there be light."

But men of daring and thought have been looking deeper than any written records, and no person who has dipped a finger in the great goblet of the eternal past, says anything more of the six days' creation or of the existence of the first 6,000 years ago.

A Parrot Story.—Some forty years ago there was in this city a parrot, which hung out of the door of a barber's shop, remarkable for its proficiency in profanity—the result of two or three years on shipboard. It was perfectly astonishing, the volubility with which it would frequently break out in the heaviest kind of swearing, to the horror of decent people and the admiration of loungers. On one occasion, a man who had become unconsciously addicted to profane ejaculations was passing the shop, when the parrot was having a "general clearing out" of oaths. He stopped and indignantly asked "who had been wicked enough to teach the bird such stuff?" The barber (who had heard the man spoken of as exceedingly profane, but did not know him), replied, he "didn't know, but had been told it was Mr. B." The effect was good—for from that day B. was never heard to use a profane word.—*New Haven Register.*

The Women of a Nation.—We do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times we have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their side women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, we must confess we have observed the domestic influence transforming a man, naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.

☞ The widow of John Brown resides at a little town, the head of navigation on the Sacramento. Mr. A. D. Richardson, writing to the *Tribune*, says: "Her daughters teach public schools, while she finds employment as something between nurse and physician among the neighboring families, by whom she is warmly loved. She is entirely dependent upon her own labors. There is a project to purchase a house and lot for her in this her chosen home. Any who would aid so worthy an effort may send their contributions through the mail, or by Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, to her at Red Bluffs, Toluma county, California. I do not know whether Mrs. Brown is aware of the movement; but, surely, she ought to be placed beyond the reach of want by the American people."

A Colored Mail Contractor.—Robert Orrick, a negro, of Winchester, Va., has been employed by the Postmaster General to convey the mails from Pattown to Leesburg, Va., and intermediate points, twice a week, at $525 per annum. He is the first colored man to whom a contract for carrying the mails has been awarded since the department was organized. Of his own free will and accord, finding no line of stages on the above road, he came forward, with commendable enterprise and industry, and tendered a proposal for the service. The country is indebted to Charles Sumner for his indomitable perseverance in removing the legal obstructions to the employment of negroes as mail carriers.

Richmonia Richards, a colored young woman, formerly a slave in Virginia, delivered an address in the Abyssinian Baptist church, on Monday evening, in which she gave a deeply interesting account of her life, and particularly of her services as a secret agent of the United States Government and of the Union League in Richmond, in which she periled her life, and obtained information of great importance. She was in the rebel Senate last winter, in a stationery closet when they were in secret session; and in August, 1863, gained admission, for a special purpose, to Jeff. Davis' private office, and examined his papers. She opened the first school for colored children in Richmond last April.

Statue of Mr. Lincoln.—A California sculptor, named Mezzara, has nearly completed a colossal statue of President Lincoln. It is nine feet high and stands on a pedestal ten feet in height, making a total of nineteen feet. The posture is described in a San Francisco paper as majestic and commanding; the left arm extended in front, and the hand grasping a scroll, supposed to be the Emancipation Proclamation. The right arm hangs at the side, thrown slightly back, as if the subject were speaking. Under the right foot writhes a serpent, and close by it is a broken shackle. An allegorical stump of a tree, from which grow two clasped hands, stands just behind and to the right of the figure.

Anna E. Dickinson has, we are informed, made arrangements to spend nearly all of the autumn, winter and spring in lecturing. Her engagements extend over a wide field, from east to west, and include many of the large cities and towns. She has three new lectures for this season: "Home Thrusts," "Earnestness" and "Flood Tide."

M. Renan's life of St. Paul will be published in Paris next month.

Is it a Matter of Taste Only?—Mrs. Sarah Jane Hale says it is in bad taste to use the term female when applied to woman. We go further: It is not only not in good taste, but it is positively vulgar, besides being an abuse of language. To say female bear or female wolf is entirely proper, as there is no other appellation by which to distinguish the sex of these animals. No such necessity, however, exists here; as speaking of woman, we do not say female man, yet do you not mean it when you use the term female as applied to a woman? Evidently you do. The term was used extensively in olden times when women were looked upon with contempt and treated as slaves. Let it become obsolete now, since we have learned to prize woman at something like her real value, and treat her as an equal. When speaking of a girl or woman who does not sustain the relation to them of mother, wife, sister or daughter, gentlemen should always say woman, girl or lady, and we regard it also in bad taste to use the latter term too freely. Our lady readers are at liberty to read this to their husbands and brothers.

A Grand Thought.—We copy the following thought-gem from "The Ideal Attained," a story of two steadfast souls, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham:

"What is the world's standard to me, when I see beyond and above it, and know and feel in my inmost consciousness that there lies my path, and not here, in the way which is already beaten to flinty hardness beneath the thronging feet of them that hurry up to have their moral stature certified by the great clerk, Society? If I have a living soul within me, individual culture and growth, to the utmost limit of its capacity, can alone ensure me peace and joy in its possession. If I sit down, stifling and compressing it, because use and custom require that I should, or because by rising I may agitate the stagnant levels of the life about me, I can but lay up bitterness for myself in so doing; and then, perhaps, I should come, in certain moods and hours, to compare my state with a higher and truer one, and accuse some undefined power, which I might call life, or fate, or nature, or if very daring, even God himself, of an unequal distribution of the goods."

Business Matters.

Dr. Hathaway's Healing Institute—No. 119 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, (opposite the post office,) has been refitted and newly furnished and is now open for the reception of patients. All diseases treated by the most approved methods, to meet the various wants, so that each patient will have the especial treatment required, whether it is Eclectic Medicines, Water Cure, Electricity, or Animal Magnetism, good operators being always in attendance. Dr. J. P. Bryant, one of the greatest healers of the age, will practice at this Institute for three months from the 15th of August, 1865. 2-tf

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

Speakers for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6326, Chicago, Ill.

M. C. Bush will speak in East Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 22d; in Moriah, N. Y., Nov. 5th; Ludlow, Vt.

Mrs Augusta A. Currier will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. Coonley, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice

Warren Chase will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1st and 8th; in Rochester, Oct. 15th; will attend the National Convention at Philadelphia, in October, and lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

J. G. Fish will speak in Hammonton and Vineland, N. J., during October; in Cincinnati, O., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

S. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Alton, Ill., during September; in Elkhart, Ind., during October; in Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 5th and 12th; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during November.

L. Judd Pardee, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 303, Elkhart, Ind.

Benjamin Todd, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

Hudson and Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further notice.

A. B. Whiting, of Michigan, will lecture in Washington, D. C., during October. Address as above (care G. A. Bacon, Box 205,) till November 1st.

Elijah Woodworth, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

E. V. Wilson may be addressed till Nov. 1st at No. 15 Water street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Railroad Time-Table.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—Depot cor. West Water and Kinzie sts.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Day Express,	*9.00 a. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Night Express,	*4.30 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation,	*6.00 p. m.	*2.15 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation,	*3.00 p. m.	*10.00 a. m.
GALENA DIVISION.		
Fulton and Cedar Rapids,	8.20 a. m.	7.10 p. m.
Fulton and Iowa,	†3.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith,	9.00 a. m.	4.40 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith,	10.20 p. m.	3.45 p. m.
Rockford and Fox River,	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Dixon,	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin,	5.30 p. m.	9.40 a. m.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.		
Detroit Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Detroit Express,	†5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
Detroit Express,		†*10.00 p. m.
(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Morning Express,	*9.00 a. m.	*3.30 p. m.
Night Express,	†5.30 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN—Depot cor. Van Buren and Sherman sts.		
Day Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*11.00 p. m.
Evening Express,	†5.30 p. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Night Express,	*†10.05 p. m.	†12.30 p. m.
DETROIT TRAINS.		
Express, via Adrian,	*6.00 a. m.	*12.30 p. m.
Night Express, via Adrian,	†5.30 p. m.	*†11.00 p. m.
PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.		
Day Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*8.20 p. m.
Evening Express, daily,	5.30 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
Night Express,	*†10.10 p. m.	*†12.30 p. m.
Cincinnati Express,	†6.00 a. m.	†8.20 p. m.
Cincinnati Express,	5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
(CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.)		
Leave Pittsburg,	3.00 a. m. 4.35 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg,	1.30 p. m. 2.45 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
Arrive at Philadelphia,	5.45 p. m. 7.05 a. m.	12.50 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Allenton,	10.20 p. m. 10.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Philadel,	10.27 p. m. 12.00 m.	5.42 p. m.
Arrive at Baltimore,	5.45 p. m. 7.00 a. m.	12.20 p. m.
Arrive at Washington,	10.10 p. m. 10.25 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)		
Day Express,	*6.00 a. m.	*9.40 p. m.
Night Express,	†8.45 p. m.	†7.30 a. m.
(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Mail Express,	*6.00 a. m.	9.40 p. m.
Mail Express,	†8.45 p. m.	7.30 a. m.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.		
Day Passenger,	*9.30 a. m.	*9.55 p. m.
Night Passenger,	†10.10 p. m.	*7.00 a. m.
Kankakee Accommodation,	*4.45 p. m.	
Hyde Park Train,	*8.25 a. m.	*7.45 a. m.
do do	*12.10 p. m.	*1.45 p. m.
do do	*4.00 p. m.	*5.25 p. m.
do do	*5.50 p. m.	*7.10 p. m.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.		
Day Express and Mail,	8.20 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express,	12.00 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Mendota Accommodation,	4.30 p. m.	9.15 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.		
Eastern Mail,	8.10 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Night Express,	7.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet and Wilmington Accomodat'n,	4.00 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.		
Day Express and Mail,	8.10 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express,	12.00 m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet Accommodation,	4.45 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.		
St. Paul Express,	*9.05 a. m.	*8.30 p. m.
Express,	*4.20 p. m.	*11.30 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation,	5.40 p. m.	8.45 a. m.
Night Accommodation,	11.30 p. m.	1.00 a. m.
Evanston,	2.50 p. m.	4.00 p. m.

*Sundays except'd. †Saturdays except'd. ‡Mondays except'd

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

Sunday, October 8.

INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou who art infinite in wisdom; Thou who hearkenest unto the petitions of Thy children; Thou who art ever ready to grant a supply adequate to every demand; Thou hast planted within the breasts of Thy children a desire to come nearer unto Thee, that they may learn wisdom and truth, and gain that light that shall illuminate their pathway, and guide them safely unto that haven of rest which Thou hast prepared for each and every one of them.

Our Father! may we ever live in that light; may we ever be able to deal justly with each other. May we ever be reconciled unto Thy laws, that in the end work for good to all. May Thy children, who now worship Thee through fear, listen to Thy voice that speaks through nature and tells them that Thou art *love*. We realize, our Father, that Thou art goodness. We hear Thy voice in the warbling songster; we hear Thee in the mighty waters; we hear Thee in the rippling stream; we see Thee in the lightning's flash, and hear Thy voice in the rolling thunder.

Yes, Father, we see and hear Thee in all Thy beautiful works. We feel, too, that we are Thine own children. We feel to ask Thy blessing to rest upon us, for, although we are Thy children, we feel that we are often too hasty in our judgment. We need more of Thy light to guide us to wisdom and lead us to charity toward those who are in darkness and gloom. We feel to bless Thee for that light; we feel to praise Thee forever more; aye, forever more would we praise Thee.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—In case parents lose a child in its infancy, and those parents continue in earth-life for many years afterwards, will the parents and child recognize their relationship upon the entrance of the parents into spirit life? If so, please explain the law by which it is done.

A.—The spirit-child often sees the parents in their earth-life and knows them to be such by the instructions that they receive from their guardians. Upon the entrance of the parents into the spirit-world the child makes itself known to them and is recognized by them the same as if long absent in earth-life. We have, in substance, answered this question before.

Q.—What is the relative size of an individual after death compared to that on earth?

A.—The size is substantially the same in both spheres of existence, making due allowance for extremes occasioned by diseased conditions.

Q.—Do the inhabitants of the spirit land take pleasure or interest in the public gatherings of earth?

A.—Certain portions of the inhabitants of spirit-life are in sympathy with those who are interested in public gatherings and consequently *do* take interest on such occasions.

Q.—Do our rejoicings and festive occasions in any manner increase the pleasure of any portion of the inhabitants of the spirit-land?

A.—Any public rejoicings that interest individuals give pleasure to such spirits as are in sympathy with their friends in earth-life.

Q.—Are there public gatherings in the spirit-land for the purpose of general consultation and deliberation similar to those on earth?

A.—There *are;* and the best minds of to-day recognize the fact that there is an invisible power that acts upon individuals and propels them to action.

Q.—Do such gatherings exert a psychological influence upon the inhabitants of earth?

A.—As far as my knowledge extends, individuals in earth-life are influenced by spirits to action, and they in turn influence other individuals. Thus this feeling extends from one to another until an object is attained.

[Another spirit here took control and said:]

I come, my friends, for the express purpose of answering this one question: "Do spirits congregate together for the purpose of combining their influence and to act upon the minds of the people of earth?" That we do hold such gatherings is true. It is not only for the purpose of influencing those minds, but also for the unfoldment of our own individualities, and we shall continue to act upon them until slavery of *every kind* is abolished. I do not know that you recognize me. My name is Bliss.

Q.—Do reformatory measures in earth-life, when carried into practical operation, tend to increase the happiness of spirits? If so, explain wherein.

A.—I have virtually answered that question. In proportion as spirits are interested in such reformatory measures, the carrying of them into practical operation *does* increase their pleasure. A success, in a measure, generally gives pleasure. Yet sometimes individuals are happier while attaining an object than after they are successful.

A spirit controling said: According to theology, God will take but a portion of the human family, so the devil, out of pity, takes the rejected. Very kind, is he not? Quite the best of the two!

October 10.

HENRY HOWDEN.

Are you going to take down what a fellow says? [Yes.] Well commence, then. Well, sir, I'm just going to say to you that there is more truth than poetry in what that fellow said. [Alluding to the spirit last speaking.] He said, you know, that those folks that God would not take, the old gentleman, the devil, took out of pity! Well, I expected he would take me, but he just didn't do it! By Jove, I found better folks here than I ever used to see before I died. There wasn't any of them in hell, you know. Well, you just say Bill says, "Boys, you needn't think that it makes no difference what you do, nor that for what you have done you are bound to go to hell anyhow, because there is no hell; for as bad as I was I haven't found any hell, such as the preachers tell us of. Well, this is the nearest being in hell of anything I've found yet. Would you like to know the reason? [Yes.] Well, it's because I can't do what I want to do. There, do you see that? [Rolling up a package and holding it up.] I would take that d—d rebel leader Price and pound his head to a pumice. You see that d—d devil was the means of lots of us *poor devils* dying sooner than we would if it had not been for him. Do you know that I would go to hell myself for the sake of seeing that fellow fry? Well, you may just bet I would now! He used to say, "Just come on, boys, we'll have the whole North—all the North and all the riches!" The lying devil, much as he knew about things, he knew better. Do you suppose he'll ever see what I say? [I don't know.] Can't you fix it so he will? [He may see the paper.] Well, there's one thing sartin—we boys will make it hot enough for him when he comes here. You see he got himself into a muss before he'd give up. You know he'd sacrifice every one of us for himself. Are you ready to know where I'm from, and what my name was? [Yes.] Shall I say where I'm from, or what my name was, first? [Say what your name was.] Henry Howden, from North Georgia. All I want is for that fellow to see what I say. [Can't you tell us your age?] Do you want to know that I was thirty-seven? [A spirit said he has been with us eleven months, and in all that time he's not showed as much malice toward any one, or made use of what you call profane language, as on the present occasion. All the fire in his nature seemed to be aroused, as he thought of the one that led him on to battle and to death. Since he has been in the spirit-world he has learned how he was deceived by them, and at the same time he has received lessons of forgiveness and forbearance towards all. We wish every one that reads this communication to remember it, and we will endeavor in course of time to bring the same Henry Howden to give another communication, that you may see the progress he has made between now and then.] Well, I'll just say from your friend, Henry, but not Henry Howden.

October 10.

ADA L. BARNES.

When will people learn wisdom? When will they learn the law of kindness? When will they learn to spare harsh words and unkind treatment? I would say to every child of humanity, that until you learn to govern yourself you should never condemn others. I see thousands of my sisters who are on the earth, and are also in the road in which they will go on, step by step, until at last, weary of their heart-sighings and the burning tears that course their way down their cheeks, weary of life—for earth, with all of its beauties, will have no attractions for them—and they will turn away, some to fill the suicide's grave, others to die of long and loathsome diseases. With a curse on man, they will close their eyes to the scenes of earth. And all for what? For lack of kindness. When will woman learn to befriend her own sex? I would say to every woman before she looks with disdain upon any one, to glance at the mirror of her own soul; and perhaps, although the same deed is not therein recorded, she will find those of as dark a hue as the one she turns with scorn from. I see beautiful women who have been betrayed, sighing for some kind friend, for some loving sister, to whom they can unburden their soul, and who would be kind to them. Is it any wonder that, seeing these things, as I do, that I cannot rest contented in my home of beauty and grandeur, until I come, and through the lips of one of my sisters, say to all, deal kindly with one another? Deal kindly with the erring one, as God has dealt with thee.

My home, while on earth, was in Hartford, Connecticut. I have been in the spirit-world seven years the 3d of November last. I have many friends who, I think, will recognize me. My name is Ada L. Barnes.

Monday, October 11.

ALMIRA LANE.

THE MEDIUM'S GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

I will speak of the watchful and tender care of guardian spirits. Having watched the medium through whom I am now enabled to speak to you, from her earliest infancy up to the present time, I hope ever to be able to watch with the same loving care every moment of her existence in earth-life, and many, very many, years to come, after she enters her spirit home; the beauties of which will compensate for all of the dark hours of her earthly experience.

It is often asked by different individuals why it is, if every one has a guardian spirit, that they are permitted to commit various deeds, the result of which is grievous to be borne by themselves as well as many others.

Guardian spirits have not the power of giving form to the organism through which the spirit has to manifest itself, any more than they have power to *form* that spirit that dwells within the body.

They take the little bud immediately upon its entrance into earth-life. Yes, they even watch over that tender form as it rests in quiet slumber upon its mother's breast. They watch every moment of its existence, and do, as far as in their power lies, spare it every moment of pain.

It should not be supposed that guardian spirits have power to change the surroundings of their charge. They are provided them by their earthly parents.

In most cases, and I may say in all, parents do the best for their children that their circumstances in life will permit of.

I hear persons say, "Not so, for children are often cast off by their parents, and left to the care of individuals who feel toward them with that tender feeling only that is inherent in every breast." But let me say to you that with the feelings, the condition and surroundings of those parents, they did the best that was in their power to do *at the time.*

And again, many individuals are so constituted that it is a law of necessity that they should pass through many bitter trials of earth, in order to unfold that most ennobling trait of their character, and that is, *pity*, aye, and *kindness* towards every one.

Those who suffer the most, possess the brightest gems in spirit-life.

I will say to mothers, that when the beautiful little buds are taken from you, they are only simply changed to a more congenial clime, where they are spared the many dark hours through which you had to pass in your earthly experience.

The loved ones are taken by their guardian spirits, and are cared for with the same loving attention that you in your devotion would have bestowed upon them. And they are often with you, and are yours still, although they inhabit the Spirit Land. My friends, you know my name.

AFTER US.

From The German.

Oh, after us, the earth will be no tomb,
Trees yet will bud and buds burst into bloom;
And, after us, yet will the nightingale
Fill with the echoes of her song the vale.

Thou lily-heart, so gladsome and so pure,
With lovely features that all hearts allure—
Why, here, to thee is one life, only, given,
If not that thou wert born to bloom in heaven?

A Shoddy Aristocrat.—A pork contractor for the Federal army presented himself, a short time back, at a sculptor's atelier in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an admirable candor, he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy, selling matches, and by lucky speculation had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a muniment in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A kinder column with little figgers runnin' up all round it, and a chap at the top." "Trajan's column," suggested the artist. "P'raps it may be; and I wish you to sculp me jist sich another, a workin' out the whole of my bigraff, beginnin' at the bottom with a boy sellin' matches, and then keep winding it up till it ends with an easy attitood at the top."—*Chicago Republican.*

Sources of Revelation; or Spirit Visitants to Earth.

A Lecture given through the mediumship of Dr. L. K. Coonley, in Warren's Hall, Henry, Ill., Sunday evening, July 23, 1865. Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by

S. A. COONLEY.

At the opening of the meeting the lecturer read the following extracts from different parts of the Bible:

God dwells in darkness.—1 Kings viii: 12: "The Lord said he would dwell in thick darkness." Psalms xviii: 11: "He made darkness his secret place."

God dwells in light.—1 Tim. vi: 16: "Dwelling in light which no man can approach unto."

God is seen and heard.—Exodus xxxiii: 11: "And the Lord spake to Moses face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend." Exodus xxiv: 9, 10, 11: "Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nahah and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel. And they saw the God of Israel. They saw God, and did eat and drink."

God is invisible, and cannot be heard.—John i: 18: "No man hath seen God at any time." John v: 37: "Ye hath neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape."

God is tired and rests.—Exodus xxxi: 17: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed."

God is never tired, and never rests.—Is. lx: 28: "The everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary."

God neither sees nor knows all things.—Gen. xi: 5: "And the Lord came down to see the city and the town."

God is everywhere, sees and knows all things.—Prov. xv: 3: "The eye of the Lord is in every place." Ps. cxxxix: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

The reader remarked that only a few passages were now read, but that the *Bible* contained some hundreds of such contradictions.

After the recitation, by Mrs. Coonley, of one of Gerald Massey's inimitable poems, "The People's Advent," Dr. Coonley became entranced, and offered an invocation to "Our Father who art everywhere; who dwelleth in us, and in all Nature," and then said:

Modern Spiritualism is the only religion known which claims science as its natural base. The intelligent Spiritualist accepts no declaration as truth, unless substantiated by the evidences of the senses. It is claimed by our Orthodox friends that the Bible is the Word of God, and without it we cannot have evidence of a future life. The modern Spiritualists maintain that the truths in the Bible are but records of facts that have occurred, not from any *special* acts of God, but in obedience to the developments of nature's unerring laws. That in corroboration of those facts, and to sustain those truths, those laws of nature are as operative and as real to-day, as they were two or more thousands of years since, producing the same results from the same causes. That the different appreciations of the same facts, are owing to the different unfoldings of mind, by education and natural progress.

Man's first perceptions of an over-ruling power, were not at the appearance on earth of a visible unearthly Being, but from the supposed *Passions*, (resembling those of the human,) manifested in the elements. Thus *spirit* was recognized but not *individualized*. Then, by tracing certain influences to particular locations, this conclusion was arrived at. There resided in such place or body, a Being, like man, having superior powers. Thence came the different sacrifices and the different modes of worship. From that source originated the Persian worship of the "Fire God," whose residence was supposed to be in the sun, because from the effects of the rays of the sun, all life and growth on earth appeared to proceed. So the God having charge of each particular department of nature, had his particular planetary residence. Thus the origin of Polytheism; the worship of many Gods. As man became more enlightened, and his mind more comprehensive, he began to perceive that there was unity and harmony in all the movements of nature. This idea necessitated the Gods to leave their homes, and to hold converse with each other; and then it was made apparent that there must be a presiding Deity. Men perceived that requirement from their own needs, from deliberation.

When spirits began to make themselves visible to mortals, they were supposed to be Gods, having left their abodes for the purpose of holding unitary consultations, and more directly ministering to the needs of their several departments. Such seems to have been the condition of the human spiritual perceptions at the commencement of the Mosaic dispensation; at least such seems to be shadowed forth through what the theological fraternity have denominated the Pentateuch. There was an evident intent to obtain a clearer view of the great creative, presiding Deity, that Almighty Jehovah, who had thus far been denominated "the unknown God." Up to the time of Paul this dubious being had not been clearly understood; for he is said to have informed his hearers that one of his main purposes was to declare unto the people this "unknown God."

With the dawn of the Jewish Hierarchy opens our spiritual drama. Man comes to earth as God in the form of man, appears in *person*, assuming to instruct and direct his new charge. He gives his commands, lays down the laws and *retires*, probably, to his home, to "*rest*" after his "*weary*" labors! In his absence an opposing God appears; he wears not the form of man, but that of a "serpent." He is recognized, gives more plausible advice, which is obeyed, and man learns "good and evil" "after the similitude of the Gods." When the "great I Am" returns to his charge he finds "rebellion in the garden." You are all familiar with the sequel, as illustrated by the theology of the age. "The Lord God Almighty" has been unfortunate with his earthly apparent duties ever since.

Through a long series of years God, in the human form, was often seen "face to face, as one man seeth another." God and man walk, talk, eat, drink and sleep with each other, and the "devil" has done the same; yet the devil, "that serpent," seems to have generally obtained the greater influence over the human race! To human perceptions God gets discouraged; his visits grow less frequent, and finally cease, save as the divine incarnation in man—Jesus, the Nazarene. Sometimes, however, before God fully retires as a *personality*, other beings come with him, and they wear the human form; thus, in some way, man learns to call those *associates* of God *angels*; a kind of beings whom people have been taught never committed wrong. If that assumption be a truth, will it be prudent for us to conclude that the Creator formed those beings of better materials than he did the children of earth? We must not, however, suppose that the "maker of man" was *partial* in the selection!

Although "the Divine Word" is somewhat confused; yet, from the best unity of thought we can obtain by a close perusal of it, we come to the conclusion that about the time the "Hebrew God" disappeared from earth as a *personality*, so that mortal seers could not see Him in body, some meddler, the same who was reputed to have taught Eve and Adam how to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good," stirred up a spirit of inquisitiveness in Saul, and taught the "woman of Endor" how to obtain a view of, and counsel from him whom Saul regarded as the good old dead, yet living (?) Samuel. Again, the *truth*, by the influence of the "devil," became manifest, "if a man dies, he lives again;" and a human being, *called dead*, communicates from the future life important truths to those yet in the earth form.

From the time it was made plain to some, that the human spirit lives and communes with the people of earth after it has departed this life, "angel's" visits became less frequent; and after the advent of the "gentle Nazarene," making himself visible after death to his friends, "eating and drinking" with them—we say, from that time to the present, those super-mundane, "holy angel's visits have been few and far between." But there has been a constant increase in clairvoyance, physical manifestations, and revelations, or spirit communications, so that modern mediumship, it is evident, produces the identical kind of manifestations and divine revelations which were given by the Seers, Prophets, or claimed to be inspired of the Jewish and Christian dispensations; thereby proving that *those* peculiarities and manifestations were not caused by any *special* or miraculous intervention of God, but were, and are, the natural results of the natural divinity of man, and from which we obtain *all* the evidence ever received of a life beyond the grave.

That the earth is one of the younger spheres of beings of the human form we must believe, from the geological evidences presented of its continuous changes and adaptability to the development of succeeding animal forms, shown by the fossils found in particular stratum; and that there may be supermundane beings in the form of man, the growth of other worlds, through the same generative law by which our race was brought to a life of consciousness here. That such beings, having by the inherent law of progression, transcended the death principles or mortality; and may have exercised the power of passing from their world-homes by visiting our earth in the infancy of our humanity; giving revelations, as gods or angels, may be true, but from the fact that the God or gods, who appeared *personally* to the ancients, as recorded in the Bible, and referred to at the opening of the meeting this evening, and subsequently entirely disappearing from the view of mortals, as also recorded, and referred to, we are reasonably led to conclude that a *personal God* never did appear on earth, and that in reality *none but mortals*, who have joined in the resurrection over death, and from thence returned to inspire us with better knowledge, ever have come to earth with a tangible proof of their identity.

With the correctness of this position we have the testimony of science, or rather we have no scientific evidence to the contrary. God *now* is universally known as that *spirit* so expansive that "in Him we live, move, and have our being," and not only "*one*," but every living thing in all nature! So we conclude that "the angels" are the natural outgrowth of earth; that every child is an embryotic angel, as no other class can now be recognized by scientific demonstration; no such beings have identified themselves since the resurrection of the crucified Nazarene, when they were supposed to have "rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre." "Then they appeared like young men in shining garments."

Jesus is said to have appeared as a man to those who could see him, and with his bodily infirmities, and "for forty days and nights" talking, sitting, walking, eating and drinking, though claimed to be a God by our Christian friends. Human spirits, since that time, have manifested precisely the same peculiarities, and continue to do so now more frequently than ever. This is because spirits and mortals understand better, at present, the laws that govern life. We aver that there is not now a person living on earth, in the human form, Christian or otherwise, who could identify Jesus, or tell his influence, from that of any other holy person from the "better land."

Many modern mediums claim that they see, and are influenced by "Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Isaiah, Elijah, Ruth, Jesus, Paul and John," and others of the noted ancient demi-gods. They are, however, just as unable to give tangible proof of what they assert, as are the Christians to give evidence of their claims concerning Christ.

Modern Spiritualism is a science, from the fact that all the physical and mental, electrical and pschycical manifestations, which the Bible asserts as having occurred in the presence "of God's chosen people," or through the divinely appointed prophets, seers, Christ or disciples, are to-day witnessed through the powers exhibited by the great variety of mediums, well known and tested by thousands of the clearest and most scientific minds of the present age.

Beings of the human form, whether representing themselves as gods, angels or mortals, have controled mediums for revelations and various manifestations in all ages known to mankind, but never in the history of our race have these occurrences been as frequent and as reliable as now. Never, until now, has the scoffer at divine revelation, and the immortality of the soul, received such floods of evidence of the resurrection and the life to come. The *facts* of the Bible are made plain. The ministers of unrighteousness are unveiled, and everywhere is sectarian dogmatism on the wane. The people are perceiving the divinity of the human spirit; the doctrine of "total depravity" is fast losing its heretical power over humanity. Thus mankind is being elevated in truth, and the "gospel of peace on earth" and glad tidings from our spirit friends, are hastening the dawn of a better era.

Randolph's Letters---No. 4.

I never had wit enough to enjoy the toothache, and now find it impossible to regard the "Break-bone fever," now upon me, in the light of a blessing of the first order. During several weeks a great deal of this acclimating fever has prevailed; but as very few die of it, we are not in any sort of a panic. "*The Southern Star*" "official" and officious organ of J. M. Wells, governor, etc., of this State, recently felt its slender pulses quickened by your first number, copied R.'s letter in full, and gave that person a small notice—probably because he trod on its political corns, and told the truth in regard to good pasturage being obtainable in the streets, which was a fact, and to some extent is so still, although business begins to revive somewhat.

We are soon to have an election here, and of course the very men will be elected to office who erewhile did their best to cut the nation's throat; nor need any really good Union man expect an office worth the salt he eats, yet awhile. Such must bide their time.

The Negro Suffrage question is just now exercising some influence on the public mind hereaway, under the general management of Thomas J. Durant and a few others. The party holds frequent meetings, and doubtless is doing considerable good in the way of creating a healthy public sentiment. They have inaugurated a system of colored registration, and it is intended to nominate candidates, for whom each registered colored man shall vote; and, as such votes outnumber the others, elect them, and then claim at the doors of Congress, the validity of such election. If refused there, the Supreme Court of the land will be appealed to—with what result, time alone can determine. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

"But the world goes round and round,
And our varying course we run;
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done."

I never had abundant faith in boasted friendship, nor have I overly much in those here who talk negro the loudest. I smell a large mice; and shouldn't be surprised if after they have ridden Mister Darkey into power—themselves—not him, they should turn square about and cuss his black pictur seven ways for Sunday.

The true friends of the negro are such men as Capt. H. R. Pease, Superintendent of Education, and his staff of assistants, who are teaching him how to read and write; who are civilizing, refining and preparing him to understand what are the rights of man, and how to obtain them. Such men I believe in; but in politicians, *nary!*

For a couple of weeks I have been cabined, cribbed, confined with fever, hence have been unable to stir about and see what's going on; yet I am able to relate a singular story brought to my bedside by Stanley Frisbie, Esq., of this place;—a story strangely thrilling, but unquestionably true in all respects.

In the French part of the town, below Canal Street, Third District, dwelt a man—Mr. Martel let us call him. He had one or two children, some property, and a very pretty wife, of a rather rapid temperament. Presently she grew tired of his society, fond of that of another gentleman—No. 2,—and simultaneously with both these events, No. 1 grew strangely sick; he got no better very fast; finished by dying and being decently laid away—as she thought, safely; but others thought differently. The grave couldn't begin to hold Monsieur Martel. They put him away, but he wouldn't stay. He was altogether irrepressible. Madame went into mourning—and went out again, and wound up by an alliance with No. 2. At this, No. 1 waxed wroth; and from his side of the grave, determined on reprisals. Accordingly one evening as Madame was fixing her back hair at the looking glass, puff went a breath, and out went the candle. Whereat she began to rave, laying it to some one in the house playing pranks on her. All denied it, and she relit the candle; but again puff!—and out it went again; and this was repeated seven times within thirty minutes. By this time everybody, including No. 2, were in a delicious state of excitement; and that worthy gentleman took his place on the piazza or gallery, relit the candle, and told her to go to the glass and finish doing up her back hair, as he meant to watch and detect the light-extinguisher. She did so, and no sooner had begun, than *his* hair began to stand up in the most ridiculously absurd manner; and his knees clapped together as if he felt cold, and his eyes stuck out like a pair of peeled onions, and looked like two burned holes in a blanket—all caused by the dim, shadowy figure of a man that grew out of the air right by his side, and advanced straight to the woman, who also saw it, and who screamed out, "*Jesu Maria!* it is my husband!" Whereupon No. 2 had sudden business down the stairs, and left. Not so Madame—she could not stir; a pair of unearthly eyes nailed her to the spot. "Why did you kill me? Why betray me before death? Why have you robbed my children to enrich *that* villain?"

To this she answered, "Don't come near me." What further passed cannot be said, but she agreed to undo all that she could undo—settle the property on the children; and he agreed to trouble her but once more—on a certain evening when he would come to test her promise. She kept it; and on the stipulated night many persons gathered there, all of whom saw the spectre. It came no more—nor did No. 2, and although people said it was the devil, yet Madame Martel found it convenient to avoid the chances of an exhumation, and she removed to parts unknown.

Of course it was the devil, and not a spirit—spirits are humbugs, you know, while the devil is a horned reality—but what the devil could have got into him to set about doing good after that fashion in this late day, is more than I can fathom.

We have no sooner got rid of war than we are to be attacked by pestilence in the form of Asiatic cholera. A great many people seem to think that we shall escape it, and that it will not cross the ocean; but this is silly; it will be here in ninety days, in all human probability. Forewarned is forearmed. I therefore send you a formula which will save thousands of lives. Every city and village in the land should cause the mixture to be made and kept for gratuitous distribution in the hour of need.

New Orleans Sept. 26th, 1865.

D. C.

This Association has been re-organized for the ensuing season, and is making vigorous and earnest efforts in behalf of the good cause in the capital of the nation. They have secured for their purposes, Seaton Hall, on the corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Meetings will be held in this large and centrally located hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. The services of a number of the best speakers on the subject have been engaged, among whom are Cora L. V. Scott, Frances O. Hyzer, Laura De Force Gordon, Warren Chase, Benj. Todd and A. B. Whiting.

The Association cordially invites the friends of Spiritualism throughout the country who may visit Washington during the season, to attend these meetings and lend them the encouragement of their personal presence and influence, and to the extent of their ability, contribute to the fund that is necessary to be raised for their support. Several of the able and active members of the Association during the last season have left the city, and the few who remain have but limited means at their command. The hiring of a large hall, having lectures twice each Sunday, and employing first class speakers, will largely increase the expenses. Under these circumstances, the friends of the cause throughout the country are earnestly appealed to for any pecuniary assistance that they may feel able to give. "*Come over and help us.*"

Contributions, or communications, on any business connected with the Association, may be directed to the Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. J. A. Rowland, of the Attorney General's office.

Rain.

According to the observers of the weather, we are to have dry weather for the balance of the year. They say that the average fall of rain per year is

The Brooklyn ferry company carried nearly 30,000,000 passengers last year.

Poems Unwritten.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!

Two Days' Grove Meeting of Spiritualists, Held at Grand Ledge, Eaton Co., Mich., August 19th and 20th, 1865.

Saturday morning dawned clear and fair, and the roads being good, the people gathered from all directions in the grove of our brother, J. H. Brown.

Sela Van Sickle called the meeting to order. Mrs. Ann Macumber was chosen President, and Elijah Woodworth, Secretary.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvised a poem, influenced by Robert Burns.

Sela Van Sickle was the first regular speaker. He named for his subject, "The Gulf Bridged Over." As the basis of his speech, he read the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Luke. In Luke xv: 1—10, the man who goes after the lost sheep is the Christian Dispensation. The lost sheep is the idolatrous Gentile. The angels are the Christian ministry. Luke xv: 11—32 symbolized the All-Father and the human race. The Jewish Dispensation was taken out of ancient Paganism—it established a Priesthood, Laws, Rites and Ceremonies oppressive; but the time came when the posterity of Pagan ancestry, the Gentiles, should be the adopted son and heir of the Gospel inheritance, equivalent to finding the lost sheep. The eldest son was the symbolized Jewish dynasty; the younger son was the converted Jew and the believing Gentile. Luke xvi: 1—13 signifies human progression. No dynasty, with all its power and influence, can continue beyond its usefulness. The Jewish hierarchy had been entrusted with the true riches, but had become truant and no more to be trusted, and therefore no longer the repository of the moral qualifications of progressive humanity. Consequently, the Jewish Priesthood is deposed from its authority and ministration, and the Christian dispensation is inaugurated, and its votaries are many. Verse 18 signifies the dynastical and idolatrous adulteries of Judaism, and it is divorced as such, and cannot be married to another dispensation, because it has become contaminated with Pagan idolatry, and that, unpurgated, would pollute the forthcoming dispensation or Christian age. Verse 22: The Jewish and Gentile dynasties both closed, and failed to feed the human mind in reference to a future life; a new dispensation only could give the supply needed. Verse 23: "In hell." A state of mental and moral degradation. The closing and sealing up of the Jewish Priesthood and dispensation. No rising or passing from the Judean dynasty to a higher mental or moral development. Verse 26: "A great gulf." A final dispensation close. A new order of teaching must supersede the old. The old dynasty must die and be buried. The new gospel age lives as the legitimate heir. The speaker said, this impassable dynasty gulf has continued unbridged, so that no intercourse has been possible. But now an angelic ministration has come, not only to give humanity a *passover* into a new dispensation, but to erect a passover bridge into the supernal, spirit spheres.

A marked stillness pervaded the assembly during this address. After a song, adjourned for one hour.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President, and a song was sung by the choir.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, trance speaker, addressed the audience upon "Past and Present Faiths contrasted." She desired to give the ancient faiths a calm and patient investigation. The Aborigines roamed the forest free and untrammeled, with no bonds to bind the conscience. Finds nothing to condemn in the natives of the soil; they left nature free and happy. But creeds and imposed systems of faith have trammeled and held the people in mental bondage, and thus retarded human improvement. All our former teachers have been dogmatic and imperative, assuming authority as delegated agents of some Divine Power. But man himself is divine in his inmost nature, and must therefore progress and introduce new systems of faith. All former faiths were of a lower type, and must be supplanted by newer and higher ones, better adapted to the wants of progressive humanity. A literal construction of the Bible answered well for the former faiths, but fails to entirely satisfy the wants and aspirations of the present. She condemned those teachers, who do not boldly attack old errors, for fear of what their old fogy advocates would say; for when they are boldly and philosophically exposed, they will soon disappear. The ancient covenant was material and sublunary, hence must die. The Christian faith of to-day is external and material, but the spiritual faith is the advocacy of the Christ principle.

Mrs. Emma Martin, entranced, gave a poem, from Robert Burns, entitled "Nature, and Nature's Works." This was a splendid effort, and as the contrast between the teachings of old Orthodoxy and Nature was made more and more palpable, cheer after cheer burst forth from the listening crowd.

On motion, two committees, of three each, were appointed to draft resolutions for discussion on Sunday, before the regular speeches commenced. Mehitable Brown, Mrs. Van Sickle and Eliza Brown were appointed as the ladies' committee; and Sela Van Sickle, Samuel Johnson and Elias Smith, the gentlemen's committee.

Adjourned to nine o'clock Sunday morning. All persons from a distance were furnished with board and lodging free of cost.

In the evening a circle was held at the house of J. H. Brown, where a great variety of test and healing manifestations were given. Questions relative to spirit-intercourse and healing influences were answered and explained by Sela Van Sickle and Elijah Woodworth.

Sunday Morning Session.—After the opening services the gentlemen committee presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the marriage institution, as now recognized by law and custom, is both arbitrary and injurious, calculated to destroy the individuality of woman and retard the progress of the race.

John Southard opposed the resolution. Hoped it would not pass. Said his mother was a woman, and had all the rights she wished for. His wife had property of her own, and used it as she pleased. Thought if it was adopted, all that had been said concerning free-love would be sustained by vote of the meeting.

John French agreed with the last speaker, and said that many reproaches had been brought against the Spiritualist lecturers relative to marriage and free-love.

S. Holt, a lawyer, showed conclusively that woman, by law and custom, was deprived of her rights—that she was not recognized as the owner of herself or her earnings, for at her husband's death, she had no legal title to her own homestead, but was entirely dependent upon others. He illustrated his position by cases well known to those present. He was long and loudly cheered.

Sela Van Sickle and Mr. Bush sustained the resolution.

A stranger feared the agitation, and said if the resolution was adoped, all that had been said about the free-love of Spiritualists would be believed.

The subject became so exciting that quite a number participated in the discussion till the hour for regular speaking arived.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, entranced, addressed the meeting, sustaining the resolution in a most masterly effort, which was responded to by hearty cheers from the audience.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvised a poem, and the meeting adjourned one hour.

Afternoon Session.—The opening services were as usual, after which the ladies' committee presented the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That woman is, in all respects, the equal or counterpart of man.

2. *Resolved*, That woman is now entering the promised inheritance, as typified and taught by ancient bards and seers, through all systems of faith.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

It was then moved to adopt the marriage resolution of the gentlemen. The motion was lost by one majority in the negative. Several volunteer resolutions were offered, when the following by an unknown person, was read by the clerk:

Resolved, That neither male nor female have political rights naturally, but political rights are conventional, and are a matter of convenience and interest; woman has as much right to convenience and interest as man; therefore, that class which denies her such rights are thieves and robbers.

This created a great sensation, and Robert Burns was invited to speak through Mrs. Emma Martin. He consented, and gave a poem sustaining the resolution, and closed by saying, "God himself could have done no better." The resolution was adopted with great unanimity.

Mrs. Martin, under the same influence, gave a poetic lecture upon the *Past and Future of Woman.* I am utterly unable to give anything like a report of this beautiful and heart stirring poem. The entire audience seemed to drink in its spirit, and cheer after cheer greeted the speaker.

Sela Van Sickle recited a poem of the three sisters, Love, Hope and Grace, amid great applause.

Lydia Ann Pearsall, entranced, addressed the audience upon *the beauties of our Philosophy.* To do justice to the discourse, is among the impossibilities. The spirit-world seemed almost visible to all, while the spell-bound audience listened to the words of the dear departed. Many faces shone with joy at the gracious words which were uttered. Truly, our philosophy is all beauty, and not to be excelled.

Thus closed one of the most pleasant and profitable grove meetings ever held in Michigan. The good influence of the speakers, the calm quiet of the hearers, and the generous care of the committee, all contributed to make it a good time.

ANN MACUMBER, *President.*
ELIJAH WOODWORTH, *Secretary.*

WILL THE PRESIDENT TYLERIZE?—Andy Johnson is not ambitious of imitating John Tyler, and Republicans need not be afraid that he will go over to the party which, during the entire war, arrayed itself against patriotism and national honor. There are individuals in the Opposition ranks, who are regarded with favor by the President, but the body of the so-called Opposition party is still disliked with a most wholesome intensity. Andy Johnson is not going to desert the men who elected him Vice-President. He is not deceived by the fulsome praise of the New York *World* and kindred prints, but remembers what their position has been in the past, and what their object is now. He also knows that it would be a base thing to desert the party that heaped honors upon him, for the sake of the dishonest and dishonorable scamps who justified the rebels that outraged his family and drove him from his home. I am willing to stake all the reputation for sagacity or for common intelligence which I may possess by the prediction that in no sense will Andy Johnson ever prove a traitor. He will not desert his friends. —*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE TOWER OF BABEL, on which late accounts announce that a cross was recently placed by a missionary, consists now of only two of the eight stories formerly erected. The remains are, however, visible from a very great distance. Each side of the quadrangular basis measures two hundred yards in length, and the bricks of which it is composed are of the purest white clay, with a very slight brownish tint, which in the sun assumes a wonderfully rich hue, scarcely to be imitated by the painter. The bricks, before being baked, were covered with characters, traced most surely with the hand, in a clear and regular style. The bitumen which served for cement was derived from a fountain which still exists near the tower, and which flows with such abundance that it forms a stream, and would invade the neighboring river, did not the natives from time to time set fire to the stream of bitumen, and then wait quietly until the flames should cease for want of aliment.—*Galignani.*

BEST THINGS TO GIVE.—The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to *recommend*, believing that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful, to guard sacredly INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the *general laws* governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a *type of Religion*, based on *sound philosophy*, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and *all* progressive minds boldly contend.

S. S. JONES, *Chairman*, St. Charles, Ill.
WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.
W. F. SHUEY, Elkhart, Indiana.
MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.
SELDEN J. FINNEY, Plato P. O., Ohio.
M. M. DANIELS, Independence, Iowa.
H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass.
MILO O. MOTT, Brandon, Vermont.
F. L. WADSWORTH,
Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.
Chicago, August 15, 1864.

PLAN RECOMMENDED — RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the First Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The *Religio*-Philosophical Society;"

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lecturers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"—such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the *Religio*-Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our as a public Lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and recognize as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorize to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at , this day of A. D. 18

.......................PRESIDENT }
.......................PRESIDENT } Executive Board of the
.......................CLERK } *Religio*-Philosophical Society.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident,*" That we are all children of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be suspended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the *internal forces of his own being and external surroundings*; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action—thoughts, and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before provided.

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing articles of association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 18— and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz:

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

EXAMINES AND PRESCRIBES IN SPECIAL CASES ONLY. Diseases affecting the nerves, brain, sight, memory, which arise from exhaustion of the vital powers, prematurely, from disease or excess, rendering the patient emasculent in mind, and powerless in body. *Such and such only!* The system of cure is an improvement on that acquired by Dr. R. in Turkey, Egypt, Syria and France. It is dynamic in operation, and therefore true. Terms, $5.00—Medicines extra. Address "Now Orleans, Louisiana." 2-tf

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS. Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, $3.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address 1179 Washington street, Boston. 2-tf

DR. J. B. GULLY.

HYGIENIC HOUSE, GENEVA, KANE CO., ILL.

Letters, Telegrams, and Patients punctually attended to in all parts of the country. 2-tf

NORTH-WESTERN PATENT AGENCY.

TUTTLE & CO.,

Solicitors of

AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS.

INVENTORS' GUIDE,

Containing important information, sent to applicants gratis.

F. W. KRAUSE, Agent,

FRANKLIN IRON WORKS,

S. E. Corner Washington and Jefferson Sts.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Manufacture Steam Engines, Sawmills, all kinds of Hoisting Machines, Derricks, Pulleys, Shafting, Hangers, Gearing, Mill Work, Tobacco Machinery, Lard Presses, and all kinds of Wood and Iron Machinery.

☞ All kinds of Machinery Repaired. 1-tf

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO answers sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing $3.00 and four three cent postage stamps. The letter, after being prepared, must be enclosed in a second envelope, with the necessary fee, and directed as below.

He will delineate character, advise in regard to business matters, give prominent traits, peculiarities of disposition, changes in past and future life, physical diseases, with directions what business they are best adapted to be successful in; the physical and mental capableness of those intending marriage; also gives instructions for self-improvement, by sending him your photograph, or the photograph of any one, autograph, or lock of hair. Terms, $2.00.

Mr. Jackson also treats diseases with great success, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Fits, Eruptions on the Face, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness, Lassitude, Insanity, Gravel, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, all kinds of Head-aches, all Throat Diseases Dropsy, Jaundice, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, Giddiness, and all Nervous Diseases, Diarrhea, Palpitation of the Heart, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Send two three cent stamps for circulars. Medicine sent to any part of the United States, California, or Canadas.

Address all communications to WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois.

THE WORLD'S FRIEND, a new book, just published, by William Jackson; a work beyond all comprehension, a great book for the young and old of both sexes, as it contains truths, which all are anxious to understand. It treats upon diseases, how they can be cured, their symptoms, the effects of disease upon the physical system, how the young people can know who is to be their future companion for life, it gives great advice to all, it will guide all to a happy and harmonious position in life, it teaches various things too numerous to mention here. It is something handed down from the Invisible World.

Sent to any part of the country, securely done up, on receipt of $1.00.

Address WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall County, Illinois. 2-tf

LAMB'S KNITTING MACHINE

Knits the Heel into the Stocking and Narrows off the Toe Complete,

LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTE'S HAND-KNITTING.

LAMB'S MACHINE

Is the only one in the World that can set up its Own Work.

IT KNITS ANY DESIRED SIZE without removing needles from four loops forming a cord, up to its fullest capacity; widens and narrows by varying the number of loops, the same as by hand, and knits the web either tubular, double or flat, with selvidge, producing Shawls, Nubias, Breakfast Capes Jackets, Hoods, Sacks, Wrappers, Drawers, Comforts, Leggings Smoking and Skating Caps, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamp Wicks Gloves, Mittens, &c.

All other machines knit merely a straight tube, into which the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability.

IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter", and the "Crowning Triumph."

☞ Wanted, Agents. For circulars address (enclosing stamp) to 148 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, or 128 Clark st Chicago. [1-tf] S. BRANSON, Agent.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME

ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN.

R. T. TRALL, M. D. } Proprietors
M. NEVINS, M. D. }

THE INVIGORATING CLIMATE, clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, and charming scenery, render this region unrivalled as a resort for invalids affected with consumptive, dyspeptic, bronchial, rheumatic, and, indeed, all chronic diseases. The building is replete with all the appliances of the Hygienic System, and has accommodations for 500 or 600 persons.

Send stamps for circulars to the *Home*, or No. 15 Laight st. New York.

HYGEIO-THERAPEUTIC COLLEGES.—The lectures of the Summer terms will hereafter be given at "Western Hygeian Home," St. Anthony, commencing on the *Second Tuesday* in *June.* The winter terms will be held in New York, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in November.* Fees for the course $100. Graduation $30. After the first term Students or Graduates are charged $10 for every subsequent term. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted on precisely equal terms.

☞ The Honorary Degree of the College is conferred on properly qualified persons, on payment of the Diploma fee of $30.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME PRIMARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—In this School *Physical Culture* is as much a part of the educational programme as is reading, writing arithmetic, Geography, &c. A superior system of Light Gymnastics is taught; and the health and development of both body and mind are carefully and equally attended to. 1-t

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the Dynamic Institute, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground overlooking the lake. Our past success is truely marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

TESTIMONIALS.

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee—three years totally deaf in one ear, and eye-sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eye-sight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee—rheumatism in heart, chest and one arm, cured in less than 10 minutes.

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau,)—white swelling and rheumatism in both limbs with bone disease—could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes was made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.—60 years old, very fleshy. Hip Ail and falling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis.—by falling from a building 15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in Aug., 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as twenty-five in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis.—diptheria, a very bad case, cured in fifteen minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.—ovarian tumor and falling of womb, cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.—white swelling and rheumatism, was unable to use her limbs since last May; made to walk in twenty minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.—typhoid fever for two weeks, cured in five minutes.

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.—by a fall from a load of hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine, drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm, suffered for six years, spent $700 dollars and received no benefit. Cured in three minutes.

The above cases we have certificates of which may be referred to.

Special References:—Col. Geo. H. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

Those who are absolutely poor are cordially invited to call on each Saturday afternoon. We will treat them free of charge. Personal cleanliness absolutely required in all cases. The institution is located on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, and within 100 feet of the Street Railroad. Post Office drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.

Milwaukee, August 1, 1865.—[1-tf

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TALLMADGE & CO.,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GREAT WESTERN DEPOT

FOR ALL

Spiritual and Reformatory Books

AND PERIODICALS.

Also—Agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Banner of Light.*

☞ These Publications will be furnished to patrons in Chicago at Boston prices, at No. 109 Monroe Street, (Lombard Block), two doors west of the Post Office.

Catalogues of books and prices sent on application.

Address, TALLMADGE & CO.,
1-tf Box 2222, Chicago, Ill.

A. JAMES,

The MEDIUM ARTIST,

THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given, will send to any address, for 20 cents, a History of the CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPATION. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 52x38 inches—"Life Size; said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this country.

☞ *It can be seen at the Artesian Well.*

Address A. JAMES,
1-tf Chicago, P. O. Box 2079.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS

BY MRS H. F. M. BROWN,

This is a Liberal Juvenile, made up of short stories—gems which are calculated to please and instruct Youth.

☞ Price, plain, 50 cents; half gilt, 65 cents. For sale at this office. 1-tf

FURST, BRADLEY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

No. 46, 48 and 50 West Lake St.,

CONRAD FURST, DAVID BRADLEY, JOHN SALISBURY, HENRY SHERMAN. } *CHICAGO, ILL.* 1-tf

C. H. WATERMAN,

CHICAGO UNION TOBACCO WORKS,

22 Market Street, Chicago.

Manufacturer of FINE CUT, SMOKING and PLUG TOBACCO· Also—CIGARS.

All orders promptly attended to. Address 22 Market st. [1-tf

E. S. HOLBROOK. C. C. POMEROY. J. CLOUGH HAINES.

HOLBROOK, POMEROY & HAINES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

79 Dearborn Street. J. C. HAINES,
Room No. 3—P. O. Box 1442. [1-tf] Notary Public.

O. S. POSTON,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SMITH & NIXON'S BLOCK, No. 2. 1-tf

RR. J. P. BRYANT,

(Of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

FOR

CHRONIC DISEASES,

HAS OPENED ROOMS AT

THE HEALING INSTITUTE,

No. 119 Wisconsin Street,

(OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE),

MILWAUKEE, - - WISCONSIN,

Till November 15th, 1865.

CHRONIC DISEASES CURED WITH A FEW OPERATIONS!

NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations Performed.

But five to thirty minutes are required for inveterate cases of almost any curable Chronic Diseases; and so certain is the effect, that many diseases require but few operations, excepting Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy and Consumption. Exception is also made to Broken Bones, Dislocations, Bad Curvatures of the Spine, and Suppurated Tumors. Even these will be much benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. Diseases which are most certain of being cured, with a few exceptions, are: Weak Spines, Internal Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Diseased Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Falling of the Womb, all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weakness of the Limbs, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Diabetes, Nervous Debility, &c.

Paralysis is the most slow and uncertain with this treatment; sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. So many thousand are already acquainted with the method of treatment, as practiced by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghampton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., and at Detroit Mich., that it seems unnecessary to say more than that by it the vital forces become equalized; and what seems more wonderful is, that diseases heretofore considered incurable—like the Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Weak Spines and Fever Sores—are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who come from a distance, to have a second.

TESTIMONIALS:

During three years practice I have performed 60,000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids, I give the names of a few who have been *cured* lately.

Miss Eliza A. Fleming, Port Hudson, St. Clair co., Mich., bed-ridden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficulty, Female Difficulty; (Retroversion) and Complete Nervous Prostration. Perfectly cured with a few operations. Will reply to inquiries.

Miss Gertrude Titus, 72 Shelby st., Detroit, Mich. Rheumatic Affection for three months. Elbow badly swollen and unbendable; unable to open or shut the hand. Perfectly cured with operation of five minutes.

Mrs. N. Y. Forsyth, 108 Farmer st., Detroit, Mich. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. One year unable to walk without crutches. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mrs. Sarah A. Mason, corner Cass st. and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Amaurosa, or Paralysis of the Optic Nerve. Cured instantly Can now see to read fine print distinctly.

Miss Mary E. Bentham, Grand Rapids, Mich. Epilepsy, Female Weakness and Spinal Difficulty. Bed-ridden for upwards of a year. Brought into my operating room in arms. Made to walk, strong and active, as well as any one, in five minutes.

Mrs. A. A. Fish, Detroit, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Mr. John Tarbell, 45 Washington avenue, Detroit, Mich. Dyspepsia. Three years a great sufferer. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. J. T. Bloomfield, Conductor on Detroit and Toledo railroad. Deaf 15 years. Made to hear distinctly in five minutes.

Mrs. Margaret McCormick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Chronic Rheumatism. Unable to move without assistance. Made to walk as well as any one in two minutes.

Viralda White, Chelsea, Mich. Complete loss of voice. Perfectly restored in one minute.

Mr. W. L. Robson, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis, Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket shot wound at the battle of South Mountain, Md., 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Miss Eliza E. Richards, Bass Lake, Washtenaw county, Mich. Prolapsus Uteri, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Mr. Oliver Ruby, Macomb county, Mich. Paralysis—unable to stand or walk. Made to walk in ten minutes.

Mrs. Eliza Donaldson, Wyandotte, Wayne county, Mich. Epileptic Fits and Complete Nervous Prostration. Unable to stand alone. Perfectly cured in an instant.

Mrs. Philander Ewell, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured.

Mr. Alonzo Briggs, New Baltimore, Macomb county, Mich. Fever Sore. A great sufferer for ten years. Perfectly cured with one operation.

Mrs. P. B. Sherwood, Newfield, Tompkins county, N. Y. Ovarian Tumor and Prolapsus Uteri. Perfectly cured, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss Jane A. Sheridan, 114 South Fitzhugh street, Rochester, N. Y. Hip Disease, eight years. Obliged to use crutches six years. Left crutches and walked away without assistance, after a single operation. Can be referred to.

Mrs. Eliza Vahue, Niles street, Rochester, N. Y. Chronic Inflammation of the Knee Joint. Very sensitive and painful; unable to move without crutches. Cured in five minutes. Left her crutches and resumed her usual vocations.

Mrs. Mary Pero, 37 South Washington street, Rochester, N. Y. Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and General Debility. For several years a great sufferer. Fully cured with two operations, and may be referred to.

Mrs. Henry E. Spaulding, Elmira, N. Y. Complete Loss of Voice. Had not spoken above a whisper in ten months. Was made to talk loud and distinct with one operation of fifteen minutes.

Miss Martha N. White, Hinsdale, Cataraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bed ridden most of the time for two years; only able to sit up a few moments at a time. Cured by touch—instantly—and will reply to any inquiries.

Miss Maria Duel, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease and Spinal Affection. Obliged to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured and left her crutches.

Mr. Elmer Dimick, Ypsilanti, Mich. Epileptic Fits every five days for four years. Perfectly cured.

Mrs. Harriet Lincoln, Spencerport, Monroe county, N. Y. Asthma. Perfectly cured in one minute.

Mrs. Martin Edgerton, Orangeport, Niagara county, N. Y. Great Mental Depression—almost insanity. Instantly cured.

Mr. H. C. Clark, Kendall Mills, Orleans county, N. Y. Rheumatism. Cured instantly.

Miss A. Maria Wait, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. Sciatica, of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches, and walked away.

Miss Emma Lee, Dunkirk, N. Y. Hip Disease. Unable to walk without crutches. After one operation could walk with ease.

Mr. Edgar A. Gay, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism, seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly restored in four operations, and may be referred to.

Mr. Thaddeus S. Hayward, Clayton, Lenawee county, Mich. Sciatica, Spinal and Kidney Disease. Four months unable to walk without crutches, and (although pronounced incurable by three different physicians) was made to walk as well as any one in five minutes, and left his crutches.

Mr. Lewis Lobdell, Adrian, Mich. Dyspepsia and Nervous Rheumatism. Perfectly cured with two operations.

Prof. J. W. Hartal, Adrian, Mich. Complete Nervous Prostration, Night Sweats, &c. Confined to bed for five months, constantly. Almost instantly restored.

TERMS OF TREATMENT

Always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money or price. 1-tf

Our Children.

" A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

Stories and Thoughts for My Young Folks.

NUMBER ONE.

BY W. H. W.

"Papa, please tell me a story, for I am so lonesome," said my little boy, vaulting into my lap, twining his arms around my neck and kissing me; then reclining his head upon my shoulder, with one ear confidently turned up like a cornucopia, to receive whatever might be poured into it.

His upturned ear suggested the cornucopia, therefore I told him of it; that it meant the Horn of Plenty. That the god Hercules broke it from the head of Achelous, and afterwards it became the symbol of plenty, from which, according to the poets, everything good and beautiful of earth was lavished. That a certain god, Jupiter, gained possession of it, and as a mark of esteem and gratitude presented it to his nurse, Amalthea, who chanced to possess the form of a goat.

I thought I had made a long, grand story; too grand, I was soon convinced, by his saying: "I think that must be a fine story, as yours always are; yet I do not understand it, there are so many large words. Please tell me something I can understand."

I acknowledged my error, descended from my stilts, and promised a series of stories which should contain facts and plain instruction upon many subjects; and as he suggests that other boys and girls would like to hear them, I will write, and send them to the JOURNAL.

Children have everything to learn; and as there are no means, as yet, devised whereby knowledge can be poured into your minds, you must be content with the usual measures for obtaining it. *Listen, observe, understand* and *remember*, and you will be surprised at your own advancement."

"Is that a story?"

"No, it is the first-ly, as the parson announces the commencement of his sermon; the preparation of your mind's fallow ground for reception of the story, hoping some seed may spring up and bear fruit in the future. If so, I am content."

Many hundred years before this continent was discovered; when the world was thought to be a flat, rough plain, around which the sun drove his chariot each day—

"What; did people believe such nonsense as that?" pipes in a little voice at my elbow.

"Yes, and even more absurd, as you will presently hear."

"Well, I guess if Pricinius (that is the name he gives his preceptor) had lived at that time, he would, as he often remarks, have 'stimulated their intellects and cultivated their perceptions upon a higher plane of observation.' All of which I do not understand; although I believe it is a fine speech, for it *sounds grand*. I observe his observation, yet the plane he refers to is *not* plain to me; it is simply flat."

Here you see I have written down your pointed criticism of Pricinius, and, as he reads the JOURNAL, hope for no more indulgence; besides, there are several thousand little cornucopias waiting for my story to be poured into them.

Many years—

"Hundred years," pipes in Piper.

Here I stop and inform master Piper that proper questions will be cheerfully answered, but that interruptions are ungentlemanly, and suggest that a small piece of adhesive plaster placed over his mouth may be necessary to insure desired silence.

In a country beyond the ocean, where the great people were very wealthy and the humble very poor, there lived a peasant, the poorest of his class. He was honest and industrious; and, as far as his limited means permitted, generous; and, as giving money alone, is not any measure, we may say he was princely in his charities, for his heart overflowed with kindness, his mind was stored with wisdom, and good counsel was always upon his lips, which he bestowed upon all who sought it, so much so that he was known as Humber the Good, or Humber the Wise.

One fair day Humber the Wise and his good wife went to market with a handcart piled up with vegetables, the production of a small garden cultivated by himself and his good helpmate.

On his return Humber toiled before the cart alone, dragging wearily over the dusty road that which filled his heart with great joy—the mother and a babe.

Night came on; a night of terrors long to be remembered. A fearful tempest arose, with terrific thunder, blinding lightning, torrents of rain, hailstones so large that they broke great masses of rocks from the overhanging cliffs, and hustled them crashing down the mountain side; ravines filled with torrents of angry, swelling water; trees, that had stood for hundreds of years, were uprooted by giant powers; smoke and flame issued from the mountain tops, and earth beneath their feet rolled like great ocean waves—all the elements seemed conspiring for their destruction. Yet Humber did not fear, for his trust was in a higher power, and with confidence he sought protection. Guardian angels turned all evil aside—rocks, torrents, pitfalls, tempest, earthquake, yawning chasms and hail harmed them not, and they reached home in safety.

Peasants, years after, affirm that their way was rendered as light as noonday by some unknown agency. To this time chasms are pointed out as where pitfalls were dug by demons for their destruction, and also huge boulders that were rolled down the mountain into a narrow, deep ravine, through which they passed, and upon some marshy ground, a flower whose petals expanded in perfect resemblance of a pure white dove, with outspread wings, sprang up in the footprints of their guardian angels.*

Storm, that was his Christian name, lived much the same life as other boys around him; slept and played, ran on errands, made whistles in the spring time, and pop-guns of alder, rolled up his pants and waded in the brooks, searching after minnows, frightening the "backward" crab from his retreat beneath the mossy, flat stones, and catching more blood-suckers upon his bare legs than anything else.

When about your age he began to have marked traits of character. His ardent desire for knowledge could not be fully satisfied.

Books there were none, except such as were written upon the prepared skin of animals, (called parchment,) which were valued at fabulous prices, far beyond the hope of Storm the Poor. But Humber the Wise observing his desire, gave him instruction at every convenience, oral and written.

He wrote in large characters upon the walls of Storm's room, so that they might meet his eyes whenever he entered, wise counsel, and maxims, such as, "Obtain one or more new idea each day," "Do nothing your conscience does not approve, that you may esteem yourself;" "What have I to do, and when and how am I to do it?" In fact the neatly whitewashed walls were as good, or better than many books of the present.

He also explained phenomena of the physical world to the best of his knowledge, and every notable event or even a question often led to profitable discourse.

Being present at one time when a laborer received a severe cut upon the arm, Humber the Wise was called upon to officiate as surgeon.

On their way home, while seated to rest, Storm remarked, "I was fearful the man would bleed to death, yet you did not appear alarmed in the least."

"No, I was not disturbed, for I knew *what* to do, and *how* to do it. The knowledge I used in arresting the hemorrhage, or bleeding, was acquired years since, and has all this time lain idle and apparently useless, but to-day it has been the means of preserving the life of a fellow being."

"Please tell me all about it, it may be of service to others and myself."

"If you will be very attentive I will give you a short lesson in anatomy, which treats of the structure, relations, and uses of the organs and tissues of the body."

(To be Continued.)

*This flower is found upon the Isthmus of Panama, and is described by Dr. F. N. Otes, (in Gazlay's Pacific Monthly for January, 1865,) as follows: "Its blossom, of alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume, not unlike that of the magnolia. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvelously formed that no human skill, be it ever so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a dove. Its exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides, the head bends gently forward, the tiny bill tipped with delicate carmine almost touches its snow white breast, while the whole image seems the incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No wonder the Spanish Catholic bowed down before this matchless flower, and in holy zeal gave it the name of '*Flor del Espiritu Santo*,' or '*Flower of the Holy Ghost*.'"

The Wonders of Nature.

No. III.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Again, little reader, imagine us, Rosa and I, resting under the great chestnut, seated on its gnarled and scraggy roots, while far above us, supported by its vast trunks, crooked and twisted branches bear a world of foliage. But it is not about trees we talk, nor the birds which sing for us in the branches, nor the squirrel, with striped sides, that watches us from his high covert in the hole of an old dry limb. We do not talk about tree growing, tree building, I almost said—house building, or any such small matters, but ABOUT WORLD BUILDING. World building! Ah, yes. I was trying to make the plastic mind of Rosa understand that vast question which sages have not answered. After showing that the earth on which we tread was far from being the firm and unyielding object it appears, and how, if we should descend to but a slight depth, we should meet with a sea of lava, I began to draw inferences from these facts, so wild and startling.

But before I did so, I wished her, as I wish you, to know that we were going right. Scarcely any one so boorish but can reason well, if his facts, or what he thinks are facts, are granted. By supposing we have what we suppose to be facts, which are not facts, we may draw widely erroneous conclusions. Always be sure the facts are right before you reason. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," was the motto of a genuine American, and one every child should early adopt.

With this intent, I turned for a moment from this earth to the worlds which are hung in the sky—the stars, and the moon. "Did you ever notice the dark spots on the full moon?"

"Often, and the school girls say it is a man we see there. Only last night I saw his face very plainly."

"Rosa's fancy is very active, and has converted the rough surface of the moon into a man's face, much as it would vapory clouds into angels. There is no man's face there. The appearance has quite another cause. What makes the moon shine so brightly?"

"Mamma told me, but really I scarcely understand. She said the surface of the moon, like a mirror, reflected the rays of the sun!"

"True, and as its surface is very rough, it reflects the light very unequally. The plains reflect the light less than the mountainous places, and hence appear darker."

"Some one has said that the bright places were seas."

"That is a common error. There is no water on the moon's surface, and scarcely any air. When a good telescope is directed to the moon, these spots show themselves to be great hollows, and the bright places are mountains, some of which are twice as high as the highest on this earth. Its entire surface appears like a succession of volcanoes, thrown up, contorted and twisted, in the roughest manner. The moon, too, has been a mass of melted rock, and we can safely say that the same fire which first melted the rock which we find in the centre of our earth, melted the moon. It has cooled now, and as there is no water there to wear down and smooth its surface, it has remained rough, and we can thus see its primary condition.

"If we should look at the planets through the telescope, we should see indications of the same primary melted state.

"One fact more. The rocks immediately surrounding the central molten fire are simply cooled lava. Those on the outside of the earth, which we see constantly, are generally this lava worn into fine particles by water, and again formed into stone. We thus see the cooling process going on. If we reverse this, what have we?"

"A wetting process! I see you reason both ways, papa."

"From these facts it has been inferred, and probably with truthfulness, that the earth on which we rest, so beautiful with trees and flowers, with animal life and the glorious sunshine—even this solid, unyielding rock, was melted down into liquid lava."

"How frightfully you talk, papa. If this be true, how do you know but it will be melted again and all of us destroyed?"

"Because nature never goes backward. When she takes a step forward she never retreats; somewhat like a ratchet wheel which turns very readily one way, but not a cog the other."

"Exactly. Having been once cradled in fire, she never returns to her cradle again."

"But I have a still bolder idea. When we melt ice we have water, a liquid. If we heat it still more, we have steam, a vapor. If we heat rock, we melt it. If we heat it still more, we have the liquid rock converted into vapor. Then we have, instead of a liquid globe of lava, a mass of thin vapor. Such is the state in which we now see a multitude of worlds, which are called *nebulæ*. Some of these you can see with the naked eye, but the most are only discernible with powerful telescopes. They appear in the dark blue of the sky as flakes or wisps of cloud, very thin and rare; in some of these, worlds have begun to form, while in others nothing but vapor appears. We thus can study the *growth* of worlds. You see yonder two little leaves just bursting from the half covered ground. If you should remove the turf, you would find an acorn at the roots of the delicate stem which supports them; farther, you see a sapling oak, and yonder is a great oak, with scraggy branches full a hundred feet high. In going over these few rods of ground we can learn as much about the growth of the oak, as if we should live from the time those two little leaflets burst from the acorn shell, through three or four centuries, until the giant oak matures. Space takes the place of time. So in the sky, among these *nebulæ*, by sweeping the telescope from one to the other we can learn in an hour what a myriad ages only could reveal. Here we see the mass of world vapor, there the budding world, and there again the full grown orb. We read the history of the growth of our own world in this grand volume of the sky—a history in which suns and stars are the types which compose the sentences."

"Did you say this history extends through a myriad ages, papa?"

"Yes, a myriad myriad ages. I cannot express the length of time since the world was in a liquid state, much less when in the remote gaseous. We can form no better idea of time than of space. The MOON is the nearest to the earth of all the heavenly bodies, yet if a road could be built from here there, it would take a train of cars running night and day at the rate of twenty miles an hour, five hundred days to span the distance, and for the same train to reach the nearest star, would require several hundred thousand years. Light, so swift that it seems instantaneous, is ages traveling this immense interval. If it had set out from some of the stars, ten thousand years ago, it would only have just reached us; and that not from the remotest stars. What can your childish mind grasp of such vast spaces?—spaces which the strongest mind wholly fails to comprehend. So is it with time. A million years as well as a million miles is wholly beyond idea. One million or a hundred millions are alike vague. But by comparison, some idea may be formed of these vast intervals. If you should multiply the sands on the seashore by the leaves in the forest, you would have a number less than that of the years since the earth existed as a fluid globe.

"When we next take our usual walk, I will tell you how the world was created."

"Many thanks, papa, for the lesson you have so kindly given."

"If you benefit by it, I shall be amply rewarded."

Prof. Agassiz was received with high honor in Brazil, by the Emperor and other eminent men. He has made a vast collection of objects, and has left for the Amazon, where the Emperor has placed a steamer at his disposal. He has already, as he prophesied before leaving the United States, found the traces of glaciers in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro. His observations in Brazil will prove of great interest to the scientific world.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are, by a peculiar process, magnetically charged, one kind with Positive and the other with Negative Magnetism. They therefore act as *vehicles* or *carriers* of the magnetic forces into the very blood itself, and through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Womb, Stomach, Kidneys, Reproductive Organs, and in fact to every organ and fibre of the entire body. They equalize all magnetic disturbances, a loss of electric equilibrium, (which constitutes disease,) and thus restore the diseased organs to health. Their operation upon the system, and *their magic control over disease is wonderful beyond all precedent in the history of medicine.*

The Positive Powders Cure:

All *Positive Fevers:* as the Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles.

All *Positive Nervous Diseases:* as Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Colic, Cramps, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

Positive Female Diseases: as all Menstrual Derangements, Leuchorrhœa, Falling of the Womb; also, the Vomiting, Nausea, Cramps, and Painful Urination of Pregnancy.

Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, &c.

The Negative Powders Cure

All *Negative Fevers:* as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.

All *Negative Nervous Diseases:* as Palsy, Amaurosis, or Blindness, Deafness, Sunstroke, Double Vision, Weak Sight, Catalepsy, Hysterical, Insensibility, Apoplexy.

All *Negative States:* as indicated by Coldness, Chilliness, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Relaxation, or Exhaustion.

Negative Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.

Circulars, with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanation and directions, sent free to any address. All questions and inquiries promptly answered, and medical advice given free of charge. Those who prefer that we should give them special written directions as to which kind of the Powders to take, and how to take them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

WANTED.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—*particularly mediums*—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States and foreign countries. The most LIBERAL terms given to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

PRICE, $1.00 per box; $5.00 for six; $9.00 for twelve.

Money sent by mail is perfectly safe, *and at our risk.*

Office, No. 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

Address PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City. 2-tf

THE EASTERN STOVE, RANGE AND FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE BEST, BARSTOW COOKING RANGE.
THE BEST, POND'S MAGIC HEATING FURNACE.
THE BEST, CRUSADE COOKING STOVE.
THE BEST FIRESIDE PARLOR.
THE BEST OFFICE AND STORE STOVE IN THE CITY.
THE BEST LAUNDRY STOVE.
THE BEST FARMERS' BOILERS OR LARD KETTLES.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF KITCHEN FURNITURE IN CHICAGO.
THE BEST TINWARE.

And in short the best place to trade is at BANGS', No. 82 Monroe Street, Chicago. 2-tf

MR. E. H. EDDY.

PHYSICAL TEST MEDIUM,

Will hold a series of Circles, for the development of Physical Manifestations, similar to those produced through the agency of the Davenports. Will also sit during the day for communications.

Circles convene at Room 51, Reynold's Block, cor. Madison and Dearborn streets. Doors closed at a quarter to eight.

Admission to evening seances, 25 cts.

G. C. HOWARD, Manager.

2-3t

A NEW MANUAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THIS VOLUME, recently prepared by Mr. Davis, contains complete details and all necessary instructions for the ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It is comprised in a volume of 316 pages, 32mo., is printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth.

Price per copy, 80 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail; do. for 12 copies, $8.40; do. for 100 copies, $63.00.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2-tf

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

A MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS will be held at *MUSIC HALL*, in Corry, Erie Co., Pa., commencing on Friday, October 27th, 1865, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and closing Sunday evening, October 29th.

SPEAKERS ENGAGED.—Frederick Douglass, Cora L. V. Scott, Selden J. Finney, C. C. Burleigh, Lyman C. Howe, Geo. W. Taylor. Others of talent are expected.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will be provided for, free of expense, as far as possible.

Corry is at junction of Philadelphia and Erie with Atlantic and Great Western Railroads.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—E. Wright, H. Lang, L. J. Tibbals, Olive H. Fraser, Mrs. R. A. Northrup, Mrs. M. Lang, Mrs. E. S. Tibbals.

GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

10,000 Shares of the stock in the "Prescott Consolidated Mining Co.," embracing Sixty-one Mines, of Gold, Silver and Copper, near the Capital of Arizona, of unsurpassed richness and profitable yield, are offered for sale. Price, $10 per share.

For full information of the solidity and value of the enterprise inquire of

O. S. POSTON
Real Estate Office,
No. 2, Smith & Nixon's Hall.

2-1m*

TALLMADGE & CO'S CATALOGUE OF SPIRITUALIST AND OTHER PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.

	PRICE.	POSTAGE.
A, B, C, of Life, by A. B. Child	$ 25	2
America and Her Destiny, by Emma Hardinge	5	2
American Crisis, by Warren Chase	25	4
Arcana of Nature, or History and Laws of Creation, Vol. I, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Arcana of Nature, or the Philosophy of Spiritual Existence, and of the Spirit World, Vol. 2, by Hudson Tuttle	1.25	20
Answers to Ever Recurring Questions, a Sequel to the Penetralia, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
Apocryphal New Testament	1.00	16
Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine	60	12
Answers to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton	10	2
Arnold, and other Poems, by J. R. Orton, cloth	50	12
Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers, by Mrs. J. S. Adams	1.00	16
Blossoms of Our Spring, (a Poetic Work,) by Hudson and Emma Tuttle	1.25	20
Be Thyself, by Wm. Denton	20	
Brittan's Review of Beecher's Report. Cloth	50	8
Broken Lights, by Frances Power Cobbe	1.75	
Bouquet from the Garden of Humanity, (Poetical,) by Benjamin Todd	25	2
Book of Human Nature, by Sunderland	1.00	16
Common Sense, by Thomas Paine	25	4
Council of Nice. Cloth	1.00	12
Children's Progressive Lyceum, by A. J. Davis, cloth	35	4
Davenport Brothers; Their Manifestations, &c.	25	
Discourses, by Cora L. V. Scott, cloth	1.25	20
Dealings With the Dead, by P. B. Randolph, cloth	75	16
Discussions of Spiritualism, by Brittan and Richmond, cloth	1.25	28
Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley	25	4
Divine Love and Wisdom, by Swedenborg, cloth	1.00	16
Empire of the Mother, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 35 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
Errors of the Bible, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
Eye-Opener, or Catholicism Unmasked, by a Catholic Priest. Paper	40	4
Emerson's Writings, 1st and 2d Series, both	3.00	40
Eliza Woodson, or the Early Days of One of the World's Workers, by Mrs. E. W. Farnham	1.50	
Epitome of Spirit Intercourse; a Condensed View of Spiritualism, by Alfred Cridge	40	8
Emma Hardinge, (Photograph)	25	
False and True Marriage, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown	10	2
Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, or Nature vs. Theology, by A. J. Davis	15	2
Further Communications from the World of Spirits, by the Spirit of George Fox. Paper 50 cts., postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Fugitive Wife, by Warren Chase. Paper, 25 cts. Cloth	50	
Facts in Mesmerism, by Townshend	1.50	24
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen	1.50	20
Familiar Spirits, and Spiritual Manifestations, by Dr. Enoch Pond	15	4
Fountain of Health, by Dr. Wiesecke	1.25	20
False and True Theology, by Theodore Parker	10	
False and True Revival of Religion, by Theodore Parker	10	
Free Love and Affinity, by Miss Lizzie Doten	10	
Funeral Oration on Abraham Lincoln, by Emma Hardinge	25	
Gospel of Harmony, by Mrs. Willard	30	4
Great Harmonia, by A. J. Davis. 5 vols. viz: Vol. 1. The Physician; Vol. 2. The Teacher; Vol. 3. The Seer; Vol. 4. The Reformer; Vol. 5. The Thinker. Each	1.50	20
Gist of Spiritualism, by Warren Chase	50	
Harmonial Man, or Thoughts for the Age, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 50 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
History and Philosophy of Evil, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 40 cts., postage 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Harbinger of Health, by A. J. Davis	1.50	20
How and Why I became a Spiritualist, by W. A. Danskin. Cloth	75	12
Hymn of Progress, by L. K. Coonley. Cloth	75	12
Healing of the Nations, (Second Series,) by Charles Linton	2.50	28
History of Dungeon Rock, by Enesee	25	4
History of the Supernatural, 2 vols., by Wm. Howitt. Both	3.00	40
Hierophant; or Gleanings from the Past, by G. C. Stewart	75	
Health, by Sunderland	25	4
Household Poems, (15 Illustrations,) by H. W. Longfellow	50	6
History of the Chicago Artesian Well, by Geo. Shufeldt	20	
Hartford Bible Convention		
Is there a Devil? The Argument Pro and Con.	20	2
Intellectual Freedom; or Emancipation from Mental and Physical Bondage, by Charles S. Woodruff, M. D.	50	
Incidents in My Life, by D. D. Home, Introduction by Judge Edmonds	1.25	
Is the Bible Divine? S. J. Finney. Paper 25 cts., postage 4 cts. Cloth	50	8
Ideal Attained. Being the Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they Won their Happiness, and Lost it Not, by Eliza W. Farnham	2.00	
I Still Live, (a Poem,) by Mrs. A. W. Sprague	10	
Jesus of Nazareth, by Alexander Smyth	2.00	
Kingdom of Heaven; or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland. Cloth	75	12
Koran	1.25	20
Kiss for a Blow, by H. C. Wright	75	
Lily Wreath, by Mrs. J. S. Adams, Medium	1.00	16
Life Line of the Lone One, by Warren Chase. Cloth	1.00	16
Legalized Prostitution, by C. S. Woodruff, M. D. Cloth	1.00	16
Life of Thomas Paine, by G. Vale. Cloth	90	
Love and Mock Love. Cloth, plain, 25 cts., postage, 4 cts. Gilt	40	4
Lectures on the Bible, by J. Prince	1.25	16
Lyric of the Golden Age, by T. L. Harris	2.00	20
Lyric of the Morning Land, by T. L. Harris	2.00	20
Library of Mesmerism and Psychology, 2 vols., by John Bovee Dods. Both	3.00	40
Life of Jesus, by Ernest Renan	1.75	20
Light in the Valley, by Mrs. Newton Crosland	1.00	16
Lizzie Doten's Review of a Lecture by James Freeman Clarke	15	
Ministry of Angels Realized, by A. E. Newton	20	2
Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle	25	4
Man and His Relations, by Prof. S. B. Brittan	3.50	40
Mysteries of Life, Death and Futurity, by Horace Welby	1.50	40
Morning Lectures, (Twenty Discourses,) by A. J. Davis	1.75	
Marriage and Parentage, by Henry C. Wright	1.25	20
Madam Guyon and Fenelon, 2 vols. Both	2.50	40
Messages from the Superior State, by John Murray, through John M. Spear. Cloth	50	12
Magic Staff, and Auto-Biography of A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Mistake of Christendom, by George Stearns	1.00	16
Macrocosm and Microcosm; or the World Without and the World Within, by Wm. Fishbough	1.00	16
Modern Spiritualism; its Facts, Fanaticisms, Consistencies and Contradictions, by E. W. Capron	1.00	16
Night Side of Nature, by Mrs. Crowe	1.25	16
New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles, by J. H. Fowler	40	4
Nature's Divine Revelations; Her Voice to Mankind, by A. J. Davis. Cloth, $3.50. Calf	4.00	
Natural and Mesmeric Clairvoyance, by James Esdaile, M. D.	1.00	12
Natty, a Spirit; His Portrait and his Life, by Allen Putnam. Paper, 40 cts., postage 6 cts. Cloth	50	8
New Manual for Children, (for Lyceums,) by A. J. Davis. Cloth	80	8
Optimism, the Lesson of Ages, by Benjamin Blood	75	12
Psychology, by Sunderland	25	4
Progressive Life of Spirits after Death, by A. B. Child, M. D.	15	4
Pre-Adamite Man, by P. B. Randolph	1.50	20
Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, by Wm. B. Hayden	75	12
Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 60 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	1.00	12
Peculiar; A Tale of the Great Transition, by Epes Sargent	1.75	20
Popular Superstitions and Mesmerism, by Herbert Mayo, M. D.	75	16
Poems, by Miss A. W. Sprague	1.50	20
Poems from the Inner Life, by Miss Lizzie Doten. Cloth, $1.25, postage, 16 cts. Full Gilt	2.00	
Poems for Reformers, by Wm. Denton. Cloth	60	12
Philosophy of Creation, from Thomas Paine, by Horace Wood, Medium. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 4 cts. Cloth	50	8
Philosophy of Special Providences, (a Vision,) by A. J. Davis	15	2
Principle and Philosophy of the Universe	25	4
Present Age and Inner Life, by A. J. Davis	1.25	20
Penetralia; being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, by A. J. Davis	1.75	24
Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, (First Principles.)	2.25	28
Psalms of Life. Cloth, $1,00, postage, 16 cts. Morocco	1.25	16
Plain Guide to Spiritualism, by Uriah Clark. Paper, $1.00, postage 12 cts. Cloth	1.25	16
Revival of Religion Which we Need, by Theodore Parker	10	2
Religious Demands of the Age, by Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth	50	4
Religious History and Criticisms, by Ernest Renan	2.50	
Ravalette; a Wonderful Story, by P. B. Randolph	1.25	
Record of Modern Miracles	10	2
Review of Spiritual Manifestations	50	8
Religion of Manhood; or the Age of Thought, by Dr. J. H. Robinson. Cloth	75	12
Reply to Wm. F. Dwight, D. D., on Spiritualism, by J. C. Woodman	25	4
Religion and Morality; a Criticism on the Character of the Jewish Jehovah	40	6
Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; Conservatives vs. Progressives	15	
Radical Creed; a Discourse	25	4
Road to Spiritualism, by Dr. R. T. Hallock	25	4
Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth, by John S. Adams	25	4
Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated, by Prof. Robert Hare	1.75	4
Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter	2.00	24
Social Destiny of Man, by Fourier	5.00	32
Science of Man Applied to Epidemics; their Cause, Cure and Prevention, by Lewis S. Hough	60	
Spirit Manifestations, by John Bovee Dods	75	8
Soul of Things, by Wm. and Elizabeth M. F. Denton	1.50	12
Spiritual Reasoner, by Dr. E. W. Lewis	75	20
Spirit Voices, (Poetical,) by E. C. Hench, Medium	40	12
Spiritual Sunday School Class Book	25	4
Scenes beyond the Grave, by Rev. J. L. Scott.	1.00	4
Spirit Discourses, by R. P. Wilson, Medium	75	16
Spiritual Intercourse, by A. J. Davis. Paper, 50 cts., postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Sermon of Immortal Life, by Theodore Parker	10	12
Self-Contradictions of the Bible	15	2
Spirit Works Real but not Miraculous, by Allen Putnam	25	2
Six Lectures on Theology and Nature, by Emma Hardinge	75	4
Self-Abnegationist; or the True King and Queen, by H. C. Wright. Paper, 40 cts., postage. 4 cts., Cloth	65	8
Spiritual Sunday School Manual, by Uriah Clark	25	4
Soul Affinity, by A. B. Child, M. D.	20	2
Spirit Minstrel, by Packard and Loveland. Paper, 35 cts. Board	50	
Spiritualism and the Bible, by the Spirit of Edgar C. Dayton	25	2
Scenes in the Summer Land, (a Photograph,) by Hudson Tuttle	25	
Seeress of Provost, (from the German,) by Mrs. Crowe	50	8
Spirit Manifestations, by Adin Ballou. Paper 50 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	75	12
Spiritual Telegraph Papers, 9 vols., each	1.00	20
do do do Large Size, Stiff Covers, each	2.25	75
Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Plain, cloth, $2.00, postage, 32 cts. Gilt	2.50	32
True Civilization, by Josiah Warren. Paper, 50 cts, postage, 8 cts. Cloth	75	12
Thirty-two Wonders, or the Skill Displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Paper, 30 cts., postage, 6 cts. Cloth	40	8
Two Discourses, by F. L. H. Willis	20	
Unwelcome Child, by Henry C. Wright. Paper, 25 cts., postage, 4 cts. Cloth	40	8
Volney's Ruins, by Voltaire	75	12
Voices of the Morning, (a New Poetic Work,) by Belle Bush	1.25	12
Voices from Prison, or Truths for the Multitude, by James A. Clay	75	12
Woman and her Era, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, 2 vols. Plain cloth, $3.00; full gilt, $4.00; calf, 2 vols., in one	3.50	
Who is God? by A. P. McCombs	10	2
Whatever is, is Right, by A. B. Child, M. D.	1.00	16
Whatever is is Right, Vindicated, by A. P. McCombs	10	2
Wild Fire Club, by Emma Hardinge	1.25	20
Which Flood do you Prefer?	10	2
Woodman's Three Lectures on Spiritualism	20	4

The above, and a variety of other books, kept for sale, will be mailed on the receipt of the price and postage, except in distant Western localities, where the postage is increased. We shall add to, and correct the list, from time to time, as occasion may require.

We sell at Boston and New York prices.

Call at No. 109 Monroe St., (Lombard Block,) 2d door West of the Post Office, or address

TALLMADGE & CO.,
Box 2,222, Chicago, Ill.

2-eot-4t]

PROSPECTUS OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In fact we intend to make our journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

This journal will be published by the

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be published every Saturday at

84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The JOURNAL is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the ordeal of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the same, and no more consideration, from their antiquity and general acceptance, than a fallacy of modern date. Believing that the Divine is unfolding the Human Mind to-day, *through Spiritual intercourse* and general intelligence, to an appreciation of greater and more sublime truths than it was capable of receiving or comprehending centuries ago, so should all subjects pass the analyzing crucible of science and reason.

A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs Governmental. While we stand aloof from all partizanism, we shall not hesitate to make our journal potent in power for the advocacy of the right, whether such principles are found in the platform of a party apparently in the minority or majority.

A large space will be devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, and communications from the inhabitants of the Summer Land.

Communications are solicited from any and all who feel that they have a truth to unfold on any subject; our right always being reserved to judge *what will or will not* interest or instruct the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

One Year,............$3.00. | Six Months,........$1.50.

Single Copies, 8 Cents each.

CLUB RATES:

Any person sending us $30,00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and ONE EXTRA COPY for the getter up of the club for one year.

Ten copies of the paper will be sent for one year, to one Post Office address, for $27,00.

Any getter up of a club of five or more subscribers, to one Post Office address, will be allowed TWENTY-FIVE CENTS to be deducted from each three dollar subscription, and half that amount for six months.

POST MASTERS everywhere are requested to act as Agents, and will be entitled to receive FORTY CENTS out of each three dollars subscription, and half that amount for each six months subscription.

When drafts on Chicago, Boston or New York cannot be procured, we desire our patrons to send, in lieu thereof, United States Government money.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 20 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.—It is *useless* for subscribers to write, unless they give their *Post Office Address* and *name of State*.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the *Town, County and State* to which it has been sent.

☞ *Specimen copies sent FREE.*

Subscribers are informed that twenty-six numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comprise a volume. Thus we publish two volumes a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above prices.*

All letters must be addressed R. P. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Matter for publication should be marked on the margin, "Editor;" all matter for the corporation should be marked "President;" all matter of subscriptions should be marked "Secretary."

S. S. JONES, President of the
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

AGENTS:

All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States and British Provinces will be supplied with the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Boys in the cities and on the cars.

JOHN R. WALSH & CO., corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the United States and British Provinces.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Tallmadge & Co., Lombard Block, next building west of the Post Office.
John R. Walsh, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets.
McDonald & Thorpe, No. 84 Dearborn street.
McNally & Co., 81 Dearborn street.
Graham & Cogan, No. 102 Madison street.
Bainford & Baldwin, No. 121 to 127 Monroe street.
P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.

☞ *Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the* RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL *one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.*

THE LIBRA
CONGRE
SERIAL R
JUL 2
Order Nu
1923
Copy

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.] Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. [SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 28, 1865. VOL. 1.—NO. 5.

The Nation's Dead.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave—the good—the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you—
Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fever'd swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From western plains to ocean tide,
Are stretched the graves of those who died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain,
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home—a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall,
They charged—the boys in blue—
'Mid surging smoke, and vollied ball,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you?
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison holds,
Their martyr spirits grew,
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay,
To them is justly due;
And to the nation's latest day,
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Made this our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE OF FERDINAND De SOTO
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS
EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
No. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

CHAPTER II.—[Continued.]

His wife and one child were still in the form, the other two children were with him, and manifested an instinctive dread of me. She had suffered much from the loss of his companionship and support. His narrative was most heart-rending. To me, it seemed almost more than I could bear. Said I, "All this is the result of my wickedness. Oh! brother, how can I ask you to forgive me? But, oh, let me labor all I can to help you relieve all those who are on yet earth, who are looking still to you. They will soon be with us here, but in the meantime we can do much to comfort them where they are." "How"? said he; "oh, tell me how"? I found I had touched a tender chord, and we visited his wife, and, aided by the old father and other spirits who were on the proper plane to influence her, we were soon gratified to find them placed in a better condition physically, and also made more comfortable in mind through our labors.

When this young Indian friend and brother (for he has now become such to me) perceived that we could influence certain parties around his wife, and her also, his joy was unbounded. The deep anguish which had enveloped his innocent spirit passed away, and we worked together with all the energy that we could in this new field. Our labors were now directed mainly to bring him into a condition in which he could relieve his loved ones on earth, and for a time I gladly devoted all my energies to this. What a contrast there was between us! I was cultivated and civilized, and had been accustomed to move in the most refined circles, and was somewhat acquainted with the learning of the age. He was a poor, untutored child of the forest, yet I labored earnestly and faithfully with him, for now the way was plain before me, and I knew that I was traveling toward the land of rest and peace, of hope and joy. More than forty years was I in close communion with this young brother and his family, who had now all come to dwell with him in these spheres. Every one who saw me thus laboring, could see what I was doing, and why I was doing it, though no one ever looked or said anything unkind to me. My labors were not always with any one spirit or on any one plane, but I was clearly impressed when to go and what to say and do to every one, and though the labor was mostly exceedingly trying and disagreeable to me, this fact was a great support to me, for if I had failed and made mistakes as I saw many others do, I would have given up in despair and endeavored to go back and seek my old haunts and associates. My public position had brought me into connection with, and under obligation to, a large number of persons, and during all this time, which had brought me to the year 1700, I was engaged in settling my accounts with these persons. I must not omit to state here a very interesting and important fact, illustrating the beautiful law of compensation, which is the foundation principle of justice, and runs throughout every department of the divine economy. That wherever I succeeded in rendering justice to any one whom I had injured, there was a mutual bond established between us, more or less strong according to our conditions and relations, and all these became coworkers with me in the great field of labor which spreads out so grandly in the line of duty to the unfolding and progressive spirit.

Men are like metals. They cannot be firmly united as one while the rust of time and the corroding influences of life are upon them. If you take two pieces of certain metals, make their surfaces entirely smooth and clean, place them together, and they will unite firmly as one. Others may be made to unite by cleaning, applying heat to them, and adding one-third metal as a solder. Some of the most useful metals require to be heated to a very high degree, to what is called the welding point, and then brought together and hammered. By this means a very perfect union is established. Thus some human beings come together with smooth and even surfaces and are united; others require something like solder to bring them together, and there are many that will only be brought to labor harmoniously and earnestly together, where they have been heated in the furnace of suffering and affliction, and welded together by trials. I have now around me associates who have been brought into relation with me in all these ways. My young Indian brother Pocomanito, and I were welded together in all our interests by the most severe sufferings that either of us have ever known, and have been laboring in a beautiful and harmonious union ever since.

He had all the elements of true greatness in his character, and I have often thought that he was an illustration of the great fact, that God is no respecter of persons, for his unsophisticated mind, aided by his strong physical powers, often rose up to the comprehension of some of the grandest and most sublime truths. When I look over the firmament of life here, and see it sparkling with spirits, who reflect each their peculiar light, I feel as I have often done when in mid ocean on earth, I have contemplated the magnificent dome of Nature's temple, and felt that each little twinkling star had an individuality of its own, as perfect as that of any other one.

In reviewing the part of my narrative given in this chapter, I perceive that there are persons who, after reading it hastily, will conclude that it was not so very bad to go through such hells as those which I have attempted to describe. I may have failed to picture the realities of these, and it may have been my fault. I never knew what it was to repine and whine over either imaginary or real troubles. On the contrary, my natural disposition, as well as my association with the brave Indian natives, enabled me to look calmly at the most stern and severe realities. And I always had a peculiar vivacity of character and temperament that lifted me above the influence of many of the trials and vicissitudes of life, and gave a bright coloring to all my experiences. Another fact should be remembered here, which is, that in describing the most thrilling adventures and tragical events, after we know they have transpired, there is a feeling of safety even amid the most terrific scenes which renders them, like the pictures of battle-fields, and like the painter's scenes of still-life, exciting, but harmless.

Language is always imperfect, and the more intense and thrilling the emotion to be described, the more sensibly does it fall short of the living reality.

If the common incidents of life cannot be depicted fully and accurately, the scenes I have attempted to describe will fall still further below the mark. I have noticed this, however, that when you come to realize conditions similar to those which are thus portrayed, the description becomes intensified, and it is only as we describe that which others have realized in some degree, that we can properly understand each other. Hence, the more extended experience we have, the wider range of knowledge, the more perfect will be our understanding of the simple events which are transpiring around us. Men cannot understand that which lies far beyond the scope of their experience, and it is folly to attempt to present truths of this character to them.

I ask you to write for all, but I know well that the appreciation of each one will be not alone according to what I have given, but most in accordance with their own conditions and experiences, whether it be for weal or for woe. But *this* I know, that in the teeming future we shall all have an opportunity to solve, not alone the few questions and points that I have introduced, but all others that the human mind is capable of propounding.

And I would say to all, that the time will come, when, if it is desired, we shall meet all to whom we are attracted, not only of the vast multitude that swarm the earth *to-day*, but of the far more numerous bands and multitudes who are moving amid the unstable waters of the border land of spirit life.

And while we thus contemplate these vast multitudes which no man can number, let us remember that we are all of one brotherhood, children of one common father, having one hope and one destiny, which is to be realized by all sooner or later in a life of unsullied bliss and never ending happiness.

(To be Continued.)

A man in Scotland is building a cotton mill to be worked by *mouse* power. He has succeeded in training mice to work in a sort of treadmill, and the net profits of the labors of a single mouse amounts to six shillings (or a dollar and a half) per annum. He intends to have ten thousand mouse mills in operation, and after paying all expenses, expects to realize from ten to twelve thousand dollars per annum.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 3.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

To the names of God in the Biblical Freemasonry, or mysteries given in our last number, Dr. Mackey adds, in exposition, the following paragraph:

"The ineffable degrees of Masonry record a great variety of the names of God; making the whole system, like the Mahommedan *Ism Allah*, a science of the name of God. In fact, the name of God must be taken in Freemasonry as symbolical of truth, and then the search for it will be nothing but the search after truth, the true end and aim of the Masonic science. The subordinate names are the subordinate modifications of truth, but the ineffable tetragrammaton will be the sublimity and perfection of Divine Truth, to which all good Masons and all good men are seeking to approach, whether it be by the aid of the theological ladder, or passing through the pillars of strength and Establishment, or wandering in the mazes of darkness, beset on all sides by dangers, or traveling, weary and worn, over rough and rugged roads, whatever be the direction of our journey, or how accomplished, Light and Truth, the Urim and Thumnim, are the ultimate objects of our search as Freemasons."

It must be confessed, that the Bible will never cease to be the stone of stumbling till we approach it from the symbolic mount of vision as the record of the esoteric mysteries of ancient Freemasonry.

From this point of view, it may be read in the harmony of its members and aptitudes of its personifications, without being disturbed by the raids of literal Colensos. Mythology and fiction was the way of life in the evolution of the Oriental mind. When it spread its soul wings, it came warping on the eastern wind, wheel within a wheel, and rolling the heavens together as a scroll.

Hence the Masonic symbols, when the beholder is fully able to read them, point the most directly to the ancient Word. Not exactly apt, however, is the unpoetic mind of the modern age for the receiving of the wisdom of God, in a mystery. Goethe, of modern artists, shows excellent skill in the "free handling" of ancient Freemasonry. He has admirably wrought in warp and woof the clouded canopy of the ancients where the scarletina of Babylon tints the purple of Phœnicia. Understandingly he walks over the Mosaic pavement up to the New Jerusalem of John, for the German poet's mind was of that cast, readily to take the Biblical scope of God's word within its compass. But Goethe himself was in bonds, and might not say all he knew even in the most ambiguous givings out of that wisdom of God, hidden from the foundation of the world. How vastly more competent to do the Word was the genius of Goethe, than the clipped-winged genius of Swedenborg's Arcana. Though Swedenborg was an open medium, yet were his wing stumps beating the Word for wind wherewith to fly in the narrow valley, an unsightly effort to the eye of the broader artist. Swedenborg flaps the spurs, while the eagle's eye and flight is beyond the crest of the mountain.

What is wanted to-day, is the genius initiated into all the mysteries of Freemasonry, yet not so much in bonds as to conceal whereunto the Word may grow, and not so much in bonds to the pasteboard barriers of the Bible as to say, thus far and no farther, when the full truth and light refuse to be thus straitened in such swaddling clothes, when they preclude any of equivalent or of larger pattern. Urim and Thumnim must have a universal sweep, for God is no respecter of persons, and the Hebrew Teraphim is of no more worth than if fashioned by Gentile hands. Where the Gentile mysteries are essentially the same as the Hebrew, it is not befitting to denounce the former as "Spurious Freemasonry" to suit the narrowness of modern sects. Dr. Oliver, a D.D. of the Church of England plane, labors hard to this end, but such labor is unworthy the broad foundation of true Masonry, which must accept the "regular bricks," though from the holy land or the heathen. Where all is wrought from the same universal scale of principles, however variously fashioned, and may be the work of Architects and Builders, so far as one part is apt and fitting to another, though of different name, the work cannot be called spurious, when the music of its sphere resounds in the harmony of all its parts to the common principles of the wise Master Builder.

The universal mother is not the Agar or the letter of Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, but she is the Jerusalem above, studded with the precious stones of the golden, the silver, and the hazen heavens, while still brooding over the tabernacles of clay. She is the symbolic Pelican which feeds all her children from her bosom—the redeemer of mankind, as the hen which gathereth her chickens in the Jerusalem which is free. "For it is written, Rejoice, *thou* barren that beareth not—break forth and cry, thou that travailest not; for the solitary hath many more children than she which hath an husband." This solitary mother was the virgin of Israel, the mother of God, and of the starry hosts. She is sometimes the "desolate," and sometimes the "widow," as in the undertone of the Word as per Goethe; yet were many of her children laughter loving'—the children of promise in the kingdom of heaven, and when Isaac was born, "inextinguished laughter rent the skies," because he was born of the Spirit, and so became the jolly God to the casting out of the bondwoman and her son, "which things are an allegory."

Thus, when we are free of the bondwoman, or letter of God's Word which gendereth to bondage, and outgrow the swaddling clothes of our clergy and "pulpit stuff," as Milton aptly terms it, and thus get up through the "six troubles" of Job, we become the children of promise, and split the heavens in the laughter of Isaac, and the Homeric shout of the gods, as when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

But if the bondwoman allures us, we become transformed into Isaachar, the strong ass crouching down between two burdens, not yet made free in the full embraces of the Shekinah, Christ, or Sun of Righteousness, which bears us up with healing on its wings; hence the apt language of Paul, who was a wise master builder in the kingdom of heaven: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage;" for though the angels have charge concerning you, lest at any time you dash your foot against the stone or stumbling block of Israel, yet they cannot always prevent an unseemly backsliding to the meshes of the bondwoman.

Even the pious Dr. Oliver, in all the Phariseeism of his exclusive claims, is yet compelled so to skirt the horizon of Jerusalem Masonry, as to let Sun and Christ embrace each other in the light, though the darkness comprehendeth it not. He says: "The Sun is an emblem of all the great attributes of the Divinity; and, together with the Moon, raises our thoughts to the fountain of Truth; and though, in the language of the Psalmist, they have neither speech nor language, their voices are heard among them; their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world," and that hence to aspire to the purity of these, constituted the Freemasons "the Sons of Light," if they were in the full moral and spiritual correspondence of the same. But on the same wise was it in what he pharisaically calls "spurious Freemasonry." Virgil represents Magnus Apollo, the Christ or Sun shining in his strength, as bending down from the sky to address the youth Julius—"go on, spotless boy in the paths of virtue, it is the way to the stars." In the same ark of the covenant, with chariots and horsemen thereof, was the Hebrew God borne along in his excellence on the sky, and variously symbolized in the many headed cherubim. But how does Dr. Oliver seek to make a case for the church and to escape the unescapable common source of all the ancient mysteries, and the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality of God's Word on the same plane underlying them all? Why, to some Jewry of the holy land, in a partial Godhead he says: "The application which was made to each of the component parts of the Cherubim, was to signify a different Deity, and that the Almighty condescended so far to the prejudices of the Israelites in Egypt, as to make use of the Cherubim as a symbolical representation of Himself in the character of the tutelary deity of the Hebrews and supreme Lord of the Universe, by appropriating to himself those symbols by which the most celebrated deities of the Heathen world were represented," that is to say, the Hebrew God had to appear in the old clothes of the Heathen as He was unable to make himself known in a new suit! Exactly so—hence the Biblical symbols of God's Word were those taken from the Heathen, and thus the Hebrews spoiled the Egyptians by appropriating the spoons, jewels and precious stones of the Egyptian Jerusalem, and working them into the Mosaic pavement of the pattern on the Mount. The Sun as emblem of the Shekinah, *Jah* or Christ, was in character as king of kings, or lord of lords, and fought against his enemies for his people Israel. It was in that character that Joshua addressed him to stand still on Mount Gibeon while the Queen of heaven should take lodgings in the valley of Ajalon. So too, the stars came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and fought in their courses against Sisera, till every man should get a damsel or two, and a goodly Babylonish garment of needlework.

Max. Muller, in his "Science of Language" traces the *Logos* to the *Mythos*—Mythos, *word*; Logos, *speech*. "A myth means a word, but a word which, from being a name or an attribute, has been allowed to assume a more substantial existence." Thus the names of the Elohim or Gods in all the ancient religions "were gradually allowed to assume a divine personality." It is from this status that the Bible has become perpetuated, and its Word "to assume a divine personality." "The founders of Astronomy were not the poet or the philosopher, but the sailor and the farmer. The early poet may have admired the mazy dance of the planets, and the philosopher may have speculated on the heavenly harmonies; but it was to the sailor alone that a knowledge of the glittering guides of heaven became a question of life and death." While the lesser planets danced before the Lord with all their might, the Moon was masculine and feminine interchangeably—"was the golden hand on the dark dial of heaven, and by the plowers of sea and land called the *Measurer*—the measurer of time." As the ruler of days, and weeks, and seasons, the Moon was the Lord of the Sabbath day—the regulator of the tides, and the presider at the festivals; hence the apt significance of the Hebrew psalmist when he sings "Blow up the trumpet in the new Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast day. Sing aloud with God our strength; make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltry. For this is a statute for Israel, a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained in Joseph, a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt. I heard a language—I understood not. I removed his shoulder from the burden; his hands were delivered from the pots. Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee—I answered thee in the secret place of thunder—I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." Thus too, the *Muses* or Moses sang when the Sun or Moon was in Joseph, the *Taurus* of the Biblical Zodiac. Joseph was the blest of the Lord when ordained in the sign of *Taurus*—when he went out through the land of Egypt, while yet his emblem was the golden calf before the bringing in of the Paschal Ram of God, which taketh away the sins of the world by the procession of the equinoxes. If the Pentateuch was written by Samuel, as per Colenso, or even some five hundred years after that according to others, the earlier records would be so revised in the enigmatical language of the mysteries as to slough off some of the earlier Word, as "Spurious Freemasonry." Still we may see that the Sun and Moon were interchangeably the Lord and his symbol in the *seven* of the heavenly Arch—the Royal Arch degree, or ark of the covenant, for Sun and Moon are equal in "the precious fruits by the Sun, and the precious things put forth by the Moon."

For the *he* name and *she* names of the Moon, see Dunlap's "Vestiges and Sodo-mysteries." Muller thinks she is not so much "the love-sick maiden," but rather the sterner stuff of the Lord. She was doubtless included in the *he-she* of the ineffable name, and may also have smiled significantly in the woman's face of the cherubim, and trailed her skirts in the dove-tail of the winged circle. With the ancient "wanderers on the sea or in the desert, the fixed stars were in full reality what their name implies—stars driven in and fixed, by which they might hold fast on the deep, as by heavenly anchors.

"Astrology was not such mere imposition as it is generally supposed to have been. It is counted a science by so sound and sober a scholar as Melancthon, and even Bacon allows it place among the sciences, though admitting that it had better confederacy with the imagination of man, than with his reason. In spite of the strong condemnation which Luther pronounced against astrology, astrology continued to sway the destinies of Europe; and a hundred years after Luther, the astrologer was the counsellor of Princes and Generals, while the founder of modern astronomy died in poverty and despair. In our time the very rudiments of astrology are lost and forgotten." All the ancient religions had their Word in the heavens, and all their various aspects had their personations in the name of God in singular and in plural—the *Elohim*, or visible Gods in the heavenly or starry hosts, to the more luminous One in light, whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Eve is a heavenly damsel or Goddess, the same as the Heathen Eva. In the starry garden were pendant the golden apples, though Eve preferred those which grew from the branch of the Brazen Serpent.

Muller suggests "innate ideas," or happy intuitions, as sometimes opening the chambers of boundless truth.

We must confess to a considerable belief in this direction, for where much comes from when the burden of the Lord is upon us—to make use of a forcible expression of our Southern brethren, "I *swar* I don't know." But says Muller, "Truth is not found by addition and multiplication only." When speaking of Kepler, whose method of reasoning has been considered as unsafe and fantastic by his cotemporaries, as well as by later astronomers, Sir David Brewster remarks very truly, "that as an instrument of research, the influence of imagination has been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy." To which Muller adds: "The torch of imagination is as necessary to him who looks for truth, as the lamp of study. Kepler held both, and more than that; he had the star of faith to guide him in all things from darkness to light."

We also cling to the star of faithful and true, and hence escape the influence of the "star called Wormwood." The *Cygnus* is our symbol of the faithful and true, whose dying note has reached us through the thick clouds by the modern unfolding of the heavens, where souls out, and souls in the body, may have loving communion with each other.

There is required a large scope of vision to be able to read the Word through all the ancient symbols. Gebelin, in his *Monde Primitif*, cited by Oliver, says: "Throughout all antiquity, the Dove was esteemed to be a symbol of the passive or fecundated principle, and the Cross or *Tau*, the active fecundating principle; and they were personified under the names of Isis and Osiris, the moon and the sun. These symbols were used as marks of distinction. Hence the Assyrians exhibited a dove in their standard, and the Egyptian priests carried the *Tau Cross* in their processions." It was the dove symbol of the Holy Ghost, whose voice was heard from heaven in praise of the beloved Sun. She was the symbol of the heavenly Venus, Mother or Virgin of God, while the *Tau Cross* was the physiological symbol of the Phallic Creator, and is even now symbolised in the spires of our churches pointing to the womb of the heavens. All these mysteries may be read in the light of ancient and modern Freemasonry, while Christian priesthoods, utterly ignorant or conveniently silent over the Biblical symbols, have charged upon the ancient heathen the worship of the generative organs, when even their own symbols are based upon the same significance in the wisdom of God in a mystery—the hidden truth, the Word made flesh in the riddles, the dark sayings, the parables, only to be understood by such as have ears to hear, and whose eyes have been anointed with eye salve—the initiated, who had been instructed how to climb by Jacob's ladder, into the congregation of the Lord.

Our motto is principles, not policy.

After the Ball.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed like other girls,
Who over the fire when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
When the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together;

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutters of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk;
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk.

And *one* face shining out like a star;
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And *one* voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,

And telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
The old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two by two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And all unheard in his lover's talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh! Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear,
For e'er the bitter St. Agnes weather,
Shall whiten another year;

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll only be one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal curls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls,
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh! beautiful Madge in your bridal white,
For *you* the revel is just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun;
Beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won.

Nora Perry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Career of the Human.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

The old question immediately recurs—what is man? And as quickly, the general answer—he is a *compound*—a compound of all above and all below him. Hence we say man is a *microcosm*. But a specific exposition of the nature and method of that combination pushes us back, at once, upon not only the suppositional origin of the *genus homo*, but, also, the primordial action of mind on matter. Let us, then, take a survey and make a statement as compact as possible of both; and traveling that way to trace the progressive march of this being, settle down into a somewhat deliberate consideration of it and him.

Now it is just as unphilosophical, in one sense, to affirm a *beginning* as it is an *end* to creation—that is creation, considered in the concrete and the absolute, even though we well know that not anything, organized as something, remains the same, but by the *law* of change *must* change. And almost, if not quite as much so, to talk of the origin of man. But we must settle somewhere. Comprehension, either by the intellect or the intuition of the mind of man, necessitates a *rest* as a starting point. And all investigation demands a postulate. Besides, such is the correspondence and unity of the universe, that we may *analogically* grasp the suppositional beginnings of things, by virtue of that repetition of plan, speaking from plane to plane of being, and shining out from them, from the lowest to the highest, and from the most immediate to the most remote.

Well, creation, so called, is a *result*. All things are results. And creation is a result of the combination of *substance*. But substance is of three kinds, that is, the substance we as three-fold beings of *body*, *mind* and *soul* are related to and deal with, to wit: *Natural* or *material*, *spiritual* and *celestial*. These comprehend the all of mind and matter which we can in the form realize, if not conceive of. Yet boundless being, finer and diviner, stretches on as royal life in the univercœlum. And these three hold, even as Swedenborg affirms, *discrete* relation to each other, while neither *originated* the other. A triune scheme is mapped out in the dominions of mind and matter, and we are *en rapport* with it by virtue of the possession of *body*, *mind* and *soul*. In us the first corresponds to the *natural*, the second to the *spiritual*, and the third to the *celestial*. For though mind in man has its material side in *perception* and *intellect*, and its special spiritual side in *intuition*; yet, because all mind is outwardly unseen, it may well take the *general* correspondential name of the spiritual.

Now creation, which in the universal sense we denominate nature, is *one* thing, and the planes of existence in it *another*. For instance, here is the vegetable, the animal, the human kingdom. Each is an expression of the combination of mind and matter. But certainly not the same degree of mind nor the same quality of matter finds organized exhibition in each. Hence there is need of a more specific indication of mind, so I affirm that it is of three great general degrees, to wit: The *spiritual natural*, the *special spiritual*, and the *celestial*. This is illustrated in man by (1st) perception and intellect, (2d) intuition, and (3d) interconsciousness. While, on the other hand, animals who show no sign of being endowed with either the special spiritual or the celestial kind of mind are certainly possessed with the spiritual natural. Whatever of instinct and intellect they have, attests to it. But pure spirit and soul as celestial mind-substance are assuredly not in them. If it were they would in some way show it, and would, indeed, be immortal. Man is so not simply, however, because he has pure spirit in him, but a *principled* substance, finer and diviner, even soul. That soul, as *inmost*, is of celestial genius, has affiliation with universals, and, inter-pervading the spirit, holds it compact in the death of the body. On the other hand, the chemical force of physical dissolution resolves the atoms of the internal of the animal, whereupon each goes to where it affinitively belongs. It has nothing fine enough in it to resist the disintegrative finger of death, and no *aspiring* substance attracting it to organized and pure spirit.

Well, what then was the precise relation of the lower kingdoms to man? The answer must be, they progressively yielded him a body. Each lower kingdom did its best, and so afforded a *matrix* for the insemination of the archetypal germ of the next higher. *Combination* of higher and lower did the deed. And the spiritual natural, the special spiritual, and the celestial degrees of mind substance met in man at last. While through all degrees, from the spiritual-natural—wherein is type of every lower kingdom—up to the most divine celestial, the more interior substance, as mind, was and is positive to acts upon, and controls the lower and coarser and more external to it. What we call matter is moulded by the force called mind, as finer substance; first and immediately, as the spiritual-natural, next the special-spiritual, and last as the celestial.

But the next inquiry is, what was man's primal state? Two views largely obtain, the *ecclesiastical* and the *rational*. One is based on the Bible, the other on the theory of progressive development. But a third, born from the *spiritual-intellectual*, and therefore, I think, truly philosophic standpoint, presents itself for acceptance, and I accept it. What, then, is that view? Now we have seen that as an immortal, man is, in the physical form, a tri-fold combination—that as to his body he came up, that as to his soul he came out or down. But there was a point in this career, when so-called man was no more than an animal. The divine grace had not lit upon him; in other words, the soul-substance had not come into him. But at a certain point of maturation his being was impregnated by, because his state invited, the new germ, and there was consummated a marriage in him. The celestial *monad*, translated by the law of atmospheral interpermeation into and developed by a magnetic substance of the spiritual, descended into the intelligential realm prepared for it, of the spiritual-natural. Now ensued a divine consciousness, a consciousness transcending fleshly sense and time, and rising upward into the *etern*. And strange thrills pervaded him, as the celestial magnetic spark organized another and a new balance in his tri-constituted life. Then was man opened up to God, and, like a child, felt the flow of the divine force. But did he then retrograde? Did he fall? In the absolute sense, there was neither retrogression nor a fall. For a slow march outward into the sphere of intellectual individuality, and a slower return, was ordained in the whole scheme. The God of *analogy* gives this word from the mounts of inspired reason. So the so-called fall was a step man had to take downward from the consciousness of spirit and soul to the plane of individualized intellect. Individuality, in the general sense, is of three great kinds; but it is intellect which especially individualizes.

Now it is a fact that all distinct peoples and all the races—from the primary and distinct three, of the *white* as *masculine*, the black as *feminine*, and the brown as *mixed*, to the various combinations of them—held traditions of an original state of purity and peace as a veritable golden age. Even the mathematic Fourier admits as much. Well, what has settled in the bowl of universal consciousness as the spirit-residuum of an interpreted fact, analogy, which is the chemistry of reason, infers and confirms. So I say that antecedent to savagism there was, long ages anterior to it, a *simplistic* and a child-like state. When the divine, celestial substance, as *soul*, had found a lodgment in the animal human, the immortal human then commenced to aspire, that is, it *breathed upward and inward*. The spiritistic, the interior lungs, became positive, and men respired outwardly from the within. All physiologists skilled in psychological science know the subtle and intimate relation between the lungs and the front-brain, between *breathing* and *thought*. Thus it may be apprehended that an inward and spiritual state, no matter how simple, if positive to an individuality conferred by the predominance of intellect, would necessitate, by a *discreted* condition of being, an inward action of the lungs—in other words, *internal breathing*.

But as, in the order of progressive development on this planet, the human began to descend into the sphere of intellect, going forth by degrees till there was a *plunge* from the Eden-garden of simplism and instinct of pure spirit, a new balance of mind and body was necessitated. So the internal lungs gradually grew *negative*; at last became so; and when the tide of internal life had fairly set outward to the lowlands of intellect, a correspondent plane of lung-activity was finally established. Then external sense, and perception, and intellect, and passion, grasped the throne of being. Spirit became subordinate to them. And the later breaths of man were not like his first. The first was *inward*, polarized to the top-brain; the second was *outward*, polarized to the back or to the front-brain.

Now a change like this must have wonderfully affected the *status* of the human. In its progress, death *choked* off many thousands. And the loss of a deep *centerstancement* in pure *spirit* flung man all abroad. Passions and appetites sprang into fierce play as unregulated forces, and pride of self in self rapidly induced bloody antagonisms. Everything felt the effect of it—the earth, the air, and all that in them was. Men exhaled a savage sort of life, and dripped with a contestive, heated and poisonous, because acrid and angular, magnetism. Ages of this kind of existence at last stamped themselves upon and modified all being on the planet, inverting and savagizing whatsoever breathed the breath of mortal life, or sprung from the bosom of the afflicted earth. Now what shall we say? Simply this: *that this was in the plan*, and that man, after traveling for cycles of centuries in the wilderness of *external* individuality—coming from the predominance of intellectual consciousness—but often made by him to bloom and blossom as the rose, is now coming back to the original state of purity and peace, carrying with him the rich-gotten wealth of a divinely-individualized and a complex life. Thus does he move in cycles. And once more *internal breathing* shall be a fact—the sign and grace of the regenerate race. But as convulsions issued it out, they shall usher it in. Man is to be born back into a practical individuality from the *inmost*—whose lungs are those of positive spirit breathing out through the physical—by awful and agonizing throes. First the few, and after a little lapse of years the many, shall experience this transcendent change. Then shall be exhibited a *divine* individuality. Jesus was the first to give the *general* type. But we shall have grander, because more complex manifestations than his, and the fulness of this *status* shall stand as a fact and shine as a sign of the third great era.

I say third great era, because by a general law of growth all things compass at least three stages. Hence, in point of fact, the human race must traverse three. The first died in the Eden-states of conscious, inmost instinct; the second is already coming to a climax, and the third remains to be born. That order may thus be stated:

I. THE SIMPLISTIC—Unindividualized.

II. THE INTERMEDIATE—1st, Physically Individualized; 2d, Physico-Spiritually Individualized; 3d, Intellectually Individualized.

III. THE COMPLEX—Divinely Individualized.

Here we have, in the first two stages of the *simplistic* and *intermediate*, all the past and the present; while the third, the *complex*, indicates the future. On the highest hills of mind of the *intermediate* shines the dawn of the coming complex era. Its possible is already reflected upon the sky of to-day. But what, now, were the conditions of the human career after it had passed from the sacred portals of the *simplistic* state? What was the order of progress after the *descent*? This has been denominated as: 1st, *savagism*; 2d, *barbarism*; 3d, *patriarchalism*; and 4th, *civilism*. We are now in civilism, but it is a civilism in process of baptizement by spirit; and the eye of that spirit looks towards us, while its voice proclaims a fifth advent. In other words, *divine republicanism*, as fifth, is even already prophetically putting its image upon us, outlining, internally, the august composite structure of a universal church, a theocratic-democratic government, and a new social state.

But while this five-fold order answers for a general and universally applicable *formula*, sweeping in, as it does, all nations and ages of the past, it will be found, upon a close analysis, and in correspondence with a certain *system* of *divine providences* to be included, that a seven-fold division is much more specific and precise. Hence I am moved to here state it. And that *formula* may be thus presented:

I.

Primary Stage.	*Characteristic.*
1st—Savagism,	Concentricism.
2d—Barbarism,	Chieftainism.
3d—Patriarchalism,	Familyism.

II.

Secondary Stage.	*Characteristic.*
4th—Judaism,	Nationalism.
5th—Christianism,	Humanitarianism.
6th—Civilism,	Individualism.

III.

Tertiary Stage.	*Characteristic.*
7th—Divine Republicanism,	Socialism.

Thus it will be seen that the human career, since the so-called *fall*, from the primary to the (future) tertiary stage, inclusive, presents a seven-fold order of progress. Each phase has its essential characteristic: Savagism, *concentricism*; barbarism, *chieftainism*; patriarchalism, *familyism*; Judaism, *nationalism*; Christianism, *humanitarianism*; civilism, *individualism*; and divine republicanism, *socialism*.

But here a question immediately thrusts itself upon us: Why present Judaism and Christianism, which were in their origin, at least, Hebraic and local, as stagetypes of a universal career? Because, though these two first rod in the midst of that peculiar people, the Jews, they are of universal significance. The characterizing spirit of each belonged to the race, and it will be found that every great people had a revelation or a teaching by the mouth of either prophet, priest or seer, of the *essentials* of both. The distinction of these two was, that while they were more *pronounced* in expression than others, they were, in the dispensational providences of God from the angelic world, made manifest as *specialities*. For the Hebrew people had long been selected, in and by the spirit, as the especial representative of the religious element. Moses, as the mouth-piece thereof, gave its *masculine* force of raw justice, but Jesus its *feminine* quality, of mellow charity. Yet history shows how that, by Brama to the Hindoos, by Zoroaster to the Persians, by Confucius to the Chinese, by Pythagoras, Plato and Socrates to the Greeks, and by Mahomet to the Arabians, as well as by others to other times and peoples, neither justice nor charity were ever, in their own age, without a living testimony.

We have seen, then, what was the primal and elemental characteristic of savagism, of barbarism, of patriarchalism, and of all the rest. What, now, is to be precisely understood as the essential significance of each? For instance, here is *concentricism*—what is meant by that? That word, manufactured in the spirit for a distinctive purpose, is in this connection as synonymous as may be for *natural attraction*. But it conveys more meaning; because all binding force of cohesion makes and presses towards the center. Hence *concentricism*, which knits together by a common magnetic, attractive and concentrative tie, flocks of birds and herds of cattle, gathers together and moves in hordes savage men. Concentricism is nature's crude, spontaneous *socialism*. And the prime use of savagism is that general, natural, irresistible *spirit* of socialistic combination, which bold, rank individualism in vain attempts to kill out. It is a unity of blood rather than of mind. Therefore, its animus is red and retributive, rather than like the essence of spirit, white and pure. But as the complex and composite state to which we tend needs every aid for the establishment of the *scientific socialism* it carries with it, as a gift of the Gods to help induce a God-like phase of life for the human, so savagism must yield up what it can, and be, because of that, not rejected, but esteemed.

So, also, with respect to every other style of existence. Neither the *chieftainism* of barbarism, nor the *familyism* of patriarchalism, nor the *nationalism* of Judaism, nor the divine *humanitarianism* of Christianism, nor the *individualism* of civilism, is to be overlooked nor neglected. For each has an indispensable something that will subserve. The divine *socialism*, whose incipient stage of constituted being lies in the womb of the not far future, will draw into and arrange for itself every one of these elements. In progressive growths, the latter stages take up and embody the essential goods and uses of all the former.

But this last truth will be made more apparent, perhaps, by a statement of the *social result* of each of the seven phases of existence, and by a presentment of the related contrast of all. And why do I say social result? Because it will be found that the *social* life of a nation, or a people, or even of individuals, is the ultimate expression of them. Society is the common body, of which the state is the head and hands, and the church the heart. Into this general reservoir debouches all the currental life from those two fountain streams. But there is a tide here—an ebb and a flow. And in proportion to the equity of the adjustment, considered with reference to the essential state of the people on the one hand, and the beneficent mood of the Church and the State on the other, is the ease and happiness of the inter-relation and the mutual commerce between them.

Now this social result of savagism, of barbarism, of patriarchalism, of Judaism, of Christianism, of civilism, in the present, and of that divine republicanism yet to appear, may be thus formulatively stated. Figures of forms speak to the understanding of consciousness, not only by the eye of intellect but by the eye of sense. So the social result is:

Of Savagism—*Anarchy*.
Of Barbarism—*Tyranny*.
Of Patriarchalism—*Paternity*.
Of Judaism—*Equity*.
Of Christianism—*Charity*.
Of Civilism—*Utility*.
Of Divine Republicanism—*Unity*.

Behold how beautifully the last (*unity*) repeats the first (*anarchy*) on a higher plane, and all the others as well. For liberty, which is in the spirit but is not the form of *anarchy*, must breathe through all the flexible frame-work of *unity*; while *paternity*, *equity*, *charity*, *utility*, lifted up into a broad and divine relationship, meet, conjoined and co-active, in the pure atmosphere of the beautiful *one*. But what of *tyranny*? Finds that no life nor expression? It does both. For the good and use of *it* are clearly shown in the action of that will in wisdom and love wherein is issued forth the swift, the necessary, and the unexplained deed. But now tyranny is overgrown, and perpetually overawes and overdoes. Instead of helping, it hinders happy growth. Therefore, that sort of this element is about to be damned by God and man. Whatsoever does not occupy its true place is certain to be ejected in the new age, now opening, of justice, and charity, and use divine.

But why make justice, charity and use especial, since unity comprehends the good of other elements of social result antecedent to them? Because in an especial way are those three to be inwrought. Justice, charity and use, while inclusive of whatsoever preceded them—but not so much, perhaps, by methodic incarnation as by a sort of blood absorption—are of *dispensational* significance. Here we have the words of God by Moses, by Jesus, and by the long line of luminous modern intellectists, bringing in the age of reason the gospel of science. Morals, religion and intellect are here. But a divine *socialism*, whose deep instinct shall be unity, shall absorb them all. The *individualism* of civilism, the *nationalism* of Judaism, and the *humanitarian-universalism* of Christianism, that civilism whose gospel is *use*, that Judaism whose gospel is *justice*, and that Christianism whose gospel is *charity*—each and all shall yet find a harmonial adjustment, and, were it possible between *three*, a happy marriage. In the new combination, the last shall repeat the first and every other. And the progressive extension of this empire, age on age, shall be boundless as the truth of God.

But the last great epoch, as the seventh form in the tertiary stage, even that of which I have been treating, must ere long commence to build its throne in the hearts and brains of men. In other words, the divine plan of socialism, as the characteristic of the new republicanism, will now, little by little, till the full outline is imaged on us, be let down from the spiritual heavens. Now who does not see that the ultimate of this dispensation is a divine socialism? Because repeated and disastrous efforts have been made by brave men and women to build a something better, socially, than they experimentally knew, shall there be none other? Because Spiritualism is teaching with such power the doctrine of *individuality*, does it not teach as well that of *sociality*? In fact a socialism such as the heavens have outlined and archived, elementally, in the spirit, is intended to be not only a conservator but an expander of a divine individuality. But this rank sort of that isolated life will emaciate away by sheer force of the doctrine of necessity. Men forget that we can no more ignore the demands of sociality than we can of religion. Whosoever tries to do either will be wasting himself in the vain effort to become an isolated, a selfish if not mean, and the one-third part, or at least the two-thirds part, of a man.

Now this socialism, which is to be gradually born out of a new dispensative church, and to be nourished into strength by the divine republic, is, as I understand it, to knit itself together on the basis of *religion*, *matehood* and *interest*. Strictly and thoroughly scientific, it will need all the attractive and concentric power which those three can afford to make it a practical force. And it will obey the law of all organizations, to wit: *first*, the establishment of a *center*; *second*, the adjustment of relation between that center and the circumference. In other words, the law of leadership must be recognized in the primary center and in the sub-centers.

For what do we see? In Shakerism, which is essencism, and in Mormonism, which is Judaism, *revived for ends of use*, a success based not simply upon community of interest, a sexual relation fitted to the peculiar genius of each of those peoples, and a common and powerful religious sentiment and organization, but also upon the practical acceptance of the law of leadership.

Now a *true* leader is the servant of, while he must be intellectually or morally (or both) superior to, the mass. He is the natural leader of other men who can, in the highest and broadest sense, best serve them. Any other leadership is the autocracy of tyranny, or the corrupt conniving of a United States politician. But both the Shakers and Mormons, *social opposites* as they are, measurably obey the law. Their head men, or women, though gifted with theocratic power, are careful not to abuse it. Yet even these people do not afford the best instance. Their great binding ties, interknit with sexuality, are religion and interest. On the other hand, no matter what may be thought of their peculiar doctrines—whether true or false, each must determine—the Oneida Communists exhibit a rare appreciation and a most successful application of the law of leadership. Their leader is truly their servant; and possessing an abundance of social *magnetism*, he is enabled to keep co-knit the mass around him.

Such, then, are the necessities to this sort of success. On the other hand, glancing for a moment at the causes of failure of many noble socialistic persons, in frequent attempts to actualize a more free and equitable social life, what do we see? The lack of some fit center. True, there have been at the head of socialistic schemes to engineer them into a working success, minds of no common standard, judged either by nobility of aim or by the measure of mental calibre. But there is needed something else—a certain almost unnameable quality, the *attractive*. It is one thing to be able to tell truly what and how something should be done; quite another to be able at the same time to do it. And in proportion to the complexity of a scheme, and the diversity of individuality to be dealt with, is the difficulty of managing the machine.

Now the socialists of this country have failed, because of several reasons. They have not only lacked born leaders—men of that genius that could *attract* as well as command—but a *religious* element profound and strong enough to take hold of deeps below individual will, to subordinate it; while at the same time they had to contend with, and at last succumb to, the rank individuality, the selfish spirit, or the idealistic condition of many who flocked to the new standard.

But the new idea, which waits in spirit to reveal itself, will plant itself firmly on *interest*, *marriage* and *religion*. Here is selfism, conjugalism, fraternalism, and divineism. And it will exhibit what never yet has been truly presented—a combination, to wit: 1st, a universal plan type of the solar scheme; 2d, a divine leader; and 3d, an attractive and compulsive power, to victoriously ultimate its inwardly outlined life. In the meanwhile, two forces will be clearing the way for it: the virtue of war as a disintegrative, pulverizing and purifying power, and the operations of the most Holy Spirit. It is the *spirit* that sanctifies and illumines, and leads us in the way we ought to go. Already it is stirring the inner pools. But by-and-by the *inmosts* of men and women shall be reached and quickened by this transforming power and grace of God.

Judge Not.

"The greatest of these is charity."

Bridle your virtue,
Tether the tongue;
Pity the fair vine
Blighted so young!
Why not the tomb?
Sad, shattered life;
Think of her doom—
Widow, yet wife!

Tears, like sad rivers,
Roll through all time;
He his heart-torrent
Poured for its crime.
Billows of sod
Swell o'er his breast!
Pleading with God—
There let him rest.

Still to another
Life is as death;
Home and its idol
Gone with a breath!
Blood on his hands,
Stain on his bed;
Pity them all
Living and dead.

Thou whose life current
Flows calm and quiet,
Whose love and whose passion
Never ran riot,
Judge not too harshly;
Few fall by design.
Pray for the erring—
Their fate may be thine.

Bridle your censure,
Tether the tongue;
Charity's blessings
Ever are young.
He knows the temptation
Who measures the sin;
May His mantled mercy
Shield all of our kin!

C. H. Webb.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dear R. P. Journal,—*Greeting:*

Here is my ☞, all hail! Long may you live and prosper in faith, hope and charity; strengthened and directed in the light of Infinite wisdom.

INTRODUCTORY.

We come, introducing ourselves as the firm of Abraham, Puisne Bowman. We ask for an occasional permit to present our ideas in your columns. They have been a source of amusement and blessing to us, and we think they might prove so to many others. We shall therefore herewith present you

CHAPTER I.

1. Ideas are the realities of life to man. They unfold our being and bring us joy or sorrow, life or death, sickness or health, good or ill; in fact they are all the realities we have, whether in earth or heaven.

2. Give a man the idea that he is bleeding to death, although not a drop of blood be taken from him, yet the idea firmly fastened upon the soul kills the body—it stops the pulse and he dies.

3. Take a well man and you can make him sick, just as soon as you fasten the idea of sickness upon his soul as a fact. You can thus give him any sickness you wish by ideally fastening the disease upon him.

4. Take a sick person, make him receive the idea that he is getting better, aye, is well—all right—sound as can be, and he is cured, if curable, whenever that idea fastens on him to remain with him. He begins to mend in his house of clay from the time the idea *is* received in the soul.

5. With the single idea wrought in the mind, any medical effect can be produced on the human system, so long as that mind dwells in the body. Here is the Christ power, "believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it."

6. Stamp the idea of any depravity whatever in the soul and you will soon see it exhibit itself in practical life. There never was a criminal who committed crime except he was goaded on ideally; and society to-day makes all its criminals with the criminal ideas it entertains.

7. Teach a child that he is good for nothing, depraved, and in proportion as he receives the idea, will he be worthless and wicked; and all that is needed to make a devil incarnate, is to fasten the idea of total depravity upon the soul of a sinless child of humanity.

8. A man with the idea of devil, hell and the bottomless pit in his soul as a fixed fact, becomes unhappy, cruel and hateful, as the ideal devil and hell within him; and no man was ever more tormented than he who receives the most horrid ideas of torment into his soul.

9. "As a man thinketh, so is he." If he thinks all is well, righteous, good and true, and has no trespasses to impute to any one, then is he pure and reconciled to God; "for to the pure all things are pure." But if all is wrong and false, the world a delusion, and that man is a sinner and devil by nature, are the ideas of the soul, how can it be reconciled to God; or even pure, with such ideas within as living realities. To the impure there is nothing pure.

10. So true is the above, that even a sinless Jesus walking over the plains of Judea, could only appear to such as Beelzebub, the chief of devils. The Scribes and Pharisees could see nothing better in Jesus, solely on account of their devilish ideas in their own souls. And Jesus being without such ideas, could see nothing to impute to his murderers; hence the cry from His lips, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

11. Here let me close this chapter with the following verses on

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Just make your home the world all o'er,
And do forever right;
To gain a home forevermore,
A land of pure delight.

Blot from your record all the things
You've charged upon the globe;
To gain the pardon of your sins,
The spotless lily robe.

Let love unbounded ever run
To all the human race,
To gain the love of ev'ry one,
The smiles of ev'ry face.

Just cleanse your soul of all you see
Till left without alloy,
You gain a world of purity,
A life of holy joy.

Let all your ideas ever be
The brightest and the best,
To cheer you on in harmony
A reconciled guest.

The wisdom of Our Father, God
So perfect and complete,
Should be your reconciling word,
Your sure and safe retreat.

An English gentleman who has resided for a long time on the shores of the Dead Sea, has a work in press, in which he states many of the stories about the margin of the sea being fatal to animal and vegetable life, to be myths.

Of four hundred oil wells in Canada, 30 are in working order.

The New Exodus.

"Forsake this flowery garden," the frowning angel said;
"Its vines no more may feed thee—compel from stones thy bread.
Pursue the veins deep buried, that hide thy wine and oil—
Fruit shalt thou find with sorrow, and children rear in toil."

Oh! not in heathen vengeance the wing'd apostle spoke,
Nor savage retribution the blooming fetters broke.
Man had an arm for labor, a strength to conquer pain;
A brain to plot and study, a will to serve and reign.

That will with slow arraying confronts itself with fate,
The pair unconscious twining the arches of the state.
Earth keeps her fairest garlands to crown the tireless shade,
The fields are white with harvest, the hireling's fee is paid.

From tented field to city, to palace, and to throne,
Man built is with work his kingdom, and makes the world his own.
All welded with conditions is empire's golden ring,
The king must keep the peasant, the peasant feed the king.

The word of God once spoken, from truth is never lost.
The high command once given, earth guards with jealous cost.
By this perplexing lesson men build their busy schemes:
"The way of comfort lies not, kind Eden, thro' thy dreams."

I see a land before me where manhood in its pride
Forgot the solemn sentence, the wage of toil denied.
To wealth and lofty station some royal road must be;
Our brother, bound and plundered, shall earn us luxury.

One half of knowledge give him, for service and for skill,
The nobler half withholding, that moulds the manly will;
From justice bar his pleadings, from mercy hold his prayers;
His daughters for our pleasure, his sons to serve our heirs.

Again the frowning angel commandeth to depart,
With fiery scourge of terror, with want and woe of heart.
Go forth! the earth is weary to bear unrighteous feet;
Release your false possession, go, work that ye may eat.

Bring here the light of knowledge, the seat of equal rule,
Bring the Republic's weapons, the forum and the school.
The Dagon of your worship is broken on his shrine,
The palm of Christian mercy brings in the true divine.

So from your Southern Eden the flaming sword doth drive;
Your lesson is appointed, go, learn how workmen thrive;
Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride of stately crest,
But thou of God beloved, O labor crowned with rest!

Julia Ward Howe.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Vision of the Future.

The evening of the 5th of December, 1864, was spent in the company of A. S. Waterman, Esq. He was unexpectedly entranced, and commenced to relate a panorama as it was presented to his vision. On the morning following, the whole was written out according to my best recollection, which I now offer for publication in the Journal. I trust its importance will secure an insertion, notwithstanding its length. If this should find a welcome, others will follow, to the number of twelve, in weekly instalments. Perhaps the residue will be of more moderate dimensions. H. Hugunin.

Waukegan, Oct. 13th, 1865.

VISION.

I see a vast Temple—square in form, with colonnades on the west and east fronts. The columns are spanned by arches. Wide entrances into the temple beneath the colonnades are also arched. I see a vast multitude gathered round it, divided into two dissenting parties; one desiring to enter, and the other striving to hinder, with no desire to enter themselves.

Now appears at the East, three armies or nationalities. They are contending against each other. On the banners of one I see emblazoned the cross; on those of another the polar bear; on the banners of the third is the cock. Another emblem I see: two upright poles, connected above by an arch, supported by persons on each side, and the whole covered by a crimson drapery. The bottom is drawn into festoons, fringed and tasseled at the points, representing a canopy.

The multitude near the temple now form into an army, and march southward, across a conical mountain, and actively, with one accord, set about to fortify, arm and supply it abundantly, with all the appliances and munitions of defence. Terrace above terrace is being excavated, from base to summit, and artillery bristles in every direction, rendering the fortress completely impregnable. On the summit floats a standard with red, white and blue stripes, and thirty-six stars. In the center is the figure of a man, standing erect, in the dignity and majesty of true manhood.

A detachment from the mountain march eastward, where the foreign forces are contending, but their mission is pacific. They go for peace, not for war. When these are seen among them, the three armies unite to attack them. The little band defend themselves with heroic valor and persistent fortitude. Faint but not faltering, they maintain the unequal conflict.

Where, oh where, are those who should come to their deliverance in this their extreme necessity? Is this little band of heroes thus to perish? Is there no hope? Overpowered by numbers, they retire, but not in disordered flight, or the confusion of panic, but steady and in order.

The three foreign armies now hasten to intercept their return to the mountain, which they effectually accomplish. They now surround and besiege the mountain. Again and again they attempt to carry it by assault, but in vain, while the batteries from the terraces above, actively shower upon their desperate assailants the death-dealing missiles of war. Shot, shell, grape and cannister descend in rapid discharges, inflicting frightful carnage upon the assailants.

My attention is now directed westward. Here appears a multitude, who seem stupidly indifferent to the result of the conflict, in which their brethren are engaged. The siege of the mountain is madly maintained, while the fortress holds, at small cost, its well constructed defences. The carnage below is fearful; whole columns are killed at each discharge.

Now I see approaching from the South, an army, innumerable for multitude. The southern plains are alive with moving masses. Far as the vision extends they appear, and still they come in view. They have no arms. Their discipline is admirable; as one moves all move; when one halts all halt. All as one they approach in compact circles. They are dressed in white uniform, new and bright. They wear tunics reaching nearly to the knee, with loose pants drawn close at the ankles; caps with tassels at the corners, and rising into a peak, also tasseled.

Now I see that a part are women, with this difference in their apparel: they have close-fitting caps, have no beards, and are girded at the waist. Instead of boots they have light, neat-fitting shoes, latched in front by a ribbon. The men wear a sash over the right shoulder, which is absent in the women.

Their commanders issue no orders—all go by signs. They approach. Now they deploy, form lines, and completely surround the mountain, and the besiegers are themselves besieged, by bright myriads, who, though unarmed and unseen, are yet all powerful to achieve. Here they take position, and remain with the intent that these invaders shall reap of their own doings, until, from experience, they shall perceive the folly and uselessness of war.

Still the battle rages. The assailants, though reduced to one-tenth of their original numbers, yet madly press the siege—are still resolute and boldly defiant. Famine now adds its horrors to the scene, but still the siege is maintained. Now pestilence commences its havoc with the invaders. Their forces have now dwindled into a mere remnant. Desperation can go no farther. They deliberate, and now collect their haggard fragments and retire.

Now in the East appears the little army who had been detailed to serve on a mission of peace, and who had been so rudely treated by the combined three. They approach the mountain. They are seen and recognized by their friends, who hasten from the fortress to meet them at the base. The outer circle of white clad troops cheerfully open to afford a passage way for this little band of returned veterans. They meet their brothers. Oh, what a joyful re-union.

And now the re-united army march westward for the Temple. They enter by the eastern gateway. Here they rest from the severe rigors of war, to enjoy peace and abundance.

Now the invaders perceive the white-clad myriads by whom they had been, and still were, surrounded. They are stricken with wonder and amazement at the discovery.

Now come forth from the Temple the leaders with their banners, in full regalia. They advance toward their persecutors; when within a few yards, they halt in line. The leaders of the invaders, with banners, advance and form in line fronting the first. The standard bearers step out to the center. They gracefully uncover, salute respectfully, and clasp right hands, while, with outstretched left hands, they point to their flags, the sacred emblems of nationalities, which, in their ignorance, they had served too long and too faithfully.

They part. The visitors return to the Temple; the troops are turned out and march in platoons, to meet their new made friends. They draw near and wheel into line, facing the line of their former enemies. The banners of both armies advance to the center, and the flag-staffs are thrust into the ground. The troops step forward and stack their arms, by thrusting their bayonets in the earth, leaving them standing breech up. They now mingle and clasp right hands. They pair off, each taking the arm of his new friend, and all march for the Temple, light of heart, buoyant of hope, and full of joy. They enter by the eastern gate, a band of brothers, no more to be sundered.

Now I see a man approaching from the West, attended by twelve persons. He is of dazzling radiance. I cannot look upon him. He carries a trumpet in his left hand, upon which he discourses heavenly music. In his right he bears a staff, upon which a beauteous flag is spread to the breeze. The flag is striped with the seven prismatic colors, not boldly defined, but gently blending into each other, like colors of the rainbow.

In the flag, near the staff, is displayed a lamb; above is a small globe—ribbons, fastened above, droop over and enzone the globe. Above the globe appears the glittering lance of the spontoon, or halberd. They advance to the Temple, and enter by the western archway.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reconstruction, or the Science of True Living.

We have come to a period in the history of our race when everything improvable has got to be overhauled, added to, subtracted from, amended, remodeled, approved, or cast aside as worthless. Nothing will stand now, however time-honored, unless it will bear the test-hammer of truth and take the brand of science. The reasoning and intuitional faculties of man, through modern inspirations, have now got the ascendancy over Bible authority, priestly dictation, and even hereditary or Puritanic superstition and formality. Everything must sell for what it is worth in the market of scientific realities. Religion must be made scientific, and science sacredly religious. Holy Sabbaths have got to run all through the week, and necessary work has got to be made holy enough to be done on Sunday, without meeting the pious scowls of unfriendly, unsocial, hard faced, twelve per cent. seventh day Christians. "The day of Judgment" has come! and instead of saying "Judge not lest ye be judged"—what was applicable 1800 years ago—we say now, Judge ye that ye may be judged; but let your judgment be tempered with love and justice.

Science, law, order, justice, love and wisdom are to rule in the near approaching future, instead of farce, fashion, fanaticism, pious hypocrisy or sincere superstition. Think you that while time-honored governments and religions are being broken up and remodeled, while railroads and telegraphs are multiplying, while men and women are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased, that society in its isolated, selfish, money getting, labor ruling, serf producing, poverty begetting conditions is not going to be brought to judgment? Yea, verily; that religion which selfishly calls man brother, only to decoy him into aristocratic service, which professes to be saved by grace, never deals graciously toward its dependants, is near its end. That self-sufficient trust in riches, which makes ignorant men insolent and overbearing, is bound to lose its power to intimidate and crush the honest burden bearers of humanity.

Society is going to be remodeled. The honest genius of this age cannot stand the injustice of such oppression. The intelligent poor having learned that all capital is based on labor, that union gives strength, that combination surmounts all difficulties, will not be long in discovering the uses of fraternal love and justice sufficiently to protect themselves by combination into unitary homes, great family fraternities; and there will be enough of philanthropic intellect to direct, and benevolent capital to start, foster and multiply these fraternal institutions, till sin, sorrow and war, want and wretchedness, isolation, ignorance and inharmony shall be done away, and money power, priest power and king power shall be the weakest of all powers.

To help bring about this glorious end, a company of us have associated down here in Hammonton, N. J.—the land of fruits and flowers, of long summers and short winters, of pure air and soft water, under the name of the Millennial Fraternity, determined to know nothing opposed to the best interests of fraternal life—where each is pledged to all, and all to each; and that to obey the injunction of the intuitive Nazarene—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." We ignore the doctrine of free-love as popularly understood, and pledge ourselves to be faithful to accepted and acknowledged partners; and if single, to live in chastity till we are, according to the Fraternity's highest wisdom, scientifically mated, so that we may propagate if we choose, without violating the rights of the unborn or the law of divine use and consistency. We are laying the foundation of the great temple of harmony, of which all the poets have sung and all the prophets have written, the following principles being used as the chief corner stones:

1st. *Righteous Mating and Righteous Propagation*—The Domestic.

2d. Mutual Interest and Mutual Sympathy—The Social.

3d. The Highest Economy of Time and the Highest Economy of Means—The Financial.

4th. The Best Education of the Body and the Best Education of the Mind—The progressive.

Almost every day some of the blocks, prepared in the mountains without hands, are coming in and taking their places as lively stones, and the temple is going up without the noise of axe or hammer. Now if any of the readers of the Journal would like to see our Constitution and By-Laws, or rather the principles, aims and pledges of our Fraternity, they have but to send us a single dime and get it by return mail.

Accept our thanks for the compliment paid our pen by inviting us to contribute to the columns of your promising paper; and as our best inspirations come in the direction of unitary life, you may look for other articles under the above caption. If any of your readers sympathize with our movement, and feel disposed to correspond with us, they may direct to D. H. Hamilton, Millennial Home, Lake Lawn, Hammonton, N. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Existing Facts vs. Prevalent Opinions.

The prevalent belief in a personal God and his antagonist, the devil, seems to be fast losing ground, especially in the latter gentleman, and if as your correspondent, K. Graves, says, old Capt. Harry has been mustered out of service, the reason is evident why the times are so much out of joint. The ballance of power has been destroyed and the present deranged condition of things, the natural consequence. Under these circumstances, I agree with Chas. Partridge when he says, "We must have a new basis of religion." Truer words were never spoken; the old is fast passing away, and the sooner we give it a decent burial the better, for humanity has ever been sacrificed in its service. The base on which the religious systems of the world have ever rested has been a divided one. The idea of a personal God and devil, each antagonistic to the other, and ever retaining their distinct individualities, is the natural parent of discord. The belief that spirit is separate and distinct from matter, is an outgrowth from the same parent stock, and will ever produce similar results. What then can be substituted in the room of the old that shall produce harmony where discord reigns supreme. I am asked by one, "Are you a Spiritualist?" My answer is an emphatic *yes*; the next one I meet says, "Are you a Materialist?" I answer with equal sincerity, yes. "But how is this, you can't be both?" I am both, and that makes me a naturalist, and for that very reason I agree and disagree with both; for while they separate the two I connect them, making them one by interchange and conversion. To illustrate, suppose a given circle to represent the universe, and by that term I mean all that is, with nothing outside or beyond. Suppose a number of dots placed in that circle, to represent suns, planets, their outgrowths, and all visible matter, the balance within the circle to represent the invisible or what is termed space. Now I claim that the invisible forces of space are the exact counterparts of visible matter, the two halves of one whole; the one exactly balancing, the other interchanging and representing the motive power of every animate form, each taking the place of the other and becoming what the other was—matter becoming spirit by decomposition and consequent expansion, and spirit becoming matter by a reverse action. That every visible form has its invisible counterpart or duplicate, and each material world having its attendant spirit world, that when we pass from the material to spirit our spirit duplicate passes from spirit to the material, changing from one to the other in one eternal round. Had Miss Hardinge seen things in this light, the phantom Emma and attending circumstances would not have perplexed her. Aside from the fossil remains of antiquated superstition, everything, every organic form by which we are surrounded is trumpet-tongued in proclaiming that spirit and matter cannot be separated; that they are interchanging and convertible. Matter bears the same relation to spirit that night does to day, or that winter does to summer; and with the same propriety might we claim that to-morrow would be the commencement of a neverending day, with no intervening night, or that winter is to be absorbed in one perpetual summer, as that the material is to give place to a never ending spirit life. Spirit and matter are currents and countercurrrents, each equally necessary to a perfect balance of the whole. From matter to spirit and from spirit to matter, is the eternal law of nature, written in the constitution of things; and these changes are developing forms from one condition to another without the aid of any outside creative power. The monarchies of the world are founded on the assumption that there is a power independent of us, but on which we are dependent. They claim to be legal representatives of that power, and to rule by the grace of God and right divine, and that all our rights, powers of action, and even life itself, are derived from the same source. Our government is founded on the principle that all just powers are derived from the consent of the governed. This principle was distinctly enunciated by our fathers, in their bill of rights, that the people are the source of power; that their rights are equal, and that all the powers the highest functionaries ever possessed are the combined powers of those below them; withdraw them and their powers cease. Our rulers, from highest to lowest, are taken from our ranks by our free choice, perform the duties we assign them and return again to the ranks. The people, then, are the source of power, and the rulers chosen by them their servants, the instruments of their power, and are continued in power or removed at their pleasure.

That the religious belief of the world is its controling power none will pretend to deny, and that the religious belief under a monarchial government is in strict harmony with the base on which that government is founded, is equally evident.

But can the same be said of our own? Is our religion founded on the principles of Freedom or a Republic, or on that of a monarchy. What difference between the base of our religion and that of the most absolute despotism? Are the humble petitions that are sent up from thousands of temples and millions of worshipers, directed to a chosen ruler or as supplicants to an absolute monarch, who is entirely independent of us? That it is utterly impossible to sustain a republic on the same base with the monarchies of the world, and that they are exact opposites, should be evident by this time, and the idea that we must have a new base of religion has not come too soon. It is an absolute necessity, and the sooner we realize it the better it will be for us; and as our government is based on the inherent rights of man, our religion must have the same foundation to harmonize one with the other, and nothing but this can save us from a return to the barbarisms of the past. That we are fast tending in that direction, the experience of the past four years is sufficient evidence.

To sum up, then, I claim, as facts that challenge refutation, that matter and its motive power are inseparable and convertible, and that the belief in a power that is independent of either is the parent of despotism and the enemy of Freedom and Progress.

Westfield, N. Y. J. Tinney.

Last year there died in New York 14,572 children.

Labor is Honor.

Labor is honor! God's spirit hath spoken;
This is the song that his universe sings;
Through the vast halls of creation unbroken,
Loudly and clearly the glad echo rings;
Up from the hills and the green vallies stealing,
Seeking the light of the bright sky above,
Rises the song to the blue heavens pealing,
Labor is honor and labor is love!

All the great deeds that are grandest in story,
Living through centuries cherished and bright,
All the great lives that are dearest to glory,
Filling the world with flashes of light;
Words from whose utterance ages are dated,
Thoughts that have held the whole world in control,
Names on whose echoes the proudest have waited,
Are but the offspring of labor and soul!

Not to the eye that glanceth there lightly
Doth the bright book of the heavens unfold;
But to the spirit that turneth there rightly,
Are all its wonders and mysteries told;
And at each step to the soul upward springing,
Cometh new radiance, new light from above,
While in the heart is an angel voice singing,
"Labor is honor and labor is love!"

Not on her brow doth the earth bear all brightness—
Deep in her breast do the rich diamonds shine.
Down in the wave is the pearl's soft whiteness,
Hiding the gold is the dust of the mine!
Beauty and power, and riches and pleasure,
Safe in her bosom lies hidden to-day;
Toil is the key that will open her treasure,
And at its touch she will give them away.

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded,
Strength to the spirit that weakness had touched,
Joy to the soul that in sorrow was shrouded,
Life to the heart when its life-springs were hushed.
Truth as their foothold who seek it sincerely,
Skill to the hand when it toileth to live,
Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly,
These are the honors that labor can give!

Religious Reconstruction; the Necessity of a Scientific Basis for Religion.—No. 1.

BY K. GRAVES.

A philosophical analysis of the human mind, viewed in connection with the practical history of man from the early morning of his existence, fully demonstrates it as an important truth, that individual happiness and the moral welfare of society depends essentially upon the uniform action and harmonious co-operation of all the mental faculties; and that on the other hand, their individually excessive and inharmonious action constitute the primary source of nearly all the crime, misery and discord of society. And it may be well to note here, as another important preliminary truth, that the progressive development of the science of mental philosophy has settled the division of the mental faculties into the following classifications, viz: 1st. The Animal, which imparts energy and impulsive strength to the whole character, mental and physical. 2d. The Social, which is the source of family ties and social and co-operative institutions of society. 3d. The Moral, which makes us regardful of the happiness and welfare of other beings than ourselves. 4th. The Intellectual, which is the great pilot chamber or light-house of the whole mind, though it is but recently that discoveries in mental philosophy have fully disclosed this as being its natural and legitimate office, and thus demonstrated it to be the most important department of the mind. Its position in the cerebrum, occupying as it does, the superior frontal lobe of the brain, might, however, have suggested this. Now this is no fanciful delineation, no mere ideal mapping of the mind, but has been demonstrated thousands of times since the discoveries of Gall, to be the true condition and classified analysis of the mental faculties. I propose to show (restricting my inquiries to the last two divisions named,) that in the world, which includes also the religious faculties, being that department of the mind which dictates our movements and conduct toward others, and that as it is situated at the apex of the brain, at the point whither the most intensified feelings and impulsive action of the mind concentrates, its misdirection or abnormal exercise is consequently attended with the most direful consequences to society of any other portion of mind, and that all history demonstrates this as a tragical fact. For religion more especially is *always born blind*. This being a tenable fact, and the religious faculties being awakened into action at an early period of human society before the intellectual chambers of the mind were lighted up by the illuminating rays of science, supplied by a philosophical education and a thorough and untrammeled study of nature's laws; their natural intensity of feeling, thus uncurbed and unenlightened, drove their honest but dark minded possessors into the most senseless and childish superstitions, the most absurd doctrines, the most relentless intolerance of belief, and the most bloody minded and murderous persecutions, thus proving that conscience unenlightened is a very unsafe and a very dangerous moral and religious guide. The popular Christian proverb, that "man cannot be too religious," comprehends a very fatal error in moral ethics. For the man who possesses more religion than intellect, or more devotional piety than intellectual cultivation and philosophical enlightenment, is a more dangerous man to society than the highway robber or the midnight assassin; because always finding many accomplices to aid him in his direful deeds of bloody persecution, and frequently being able also to invoke successfully the strong arm of the law, his work of defamation and spoliation, if not of open persecution and bloodshed, is wider spread than that of the burglar or the stealthy assassin.

A review of history shows us: 1st. That up to the instalation of the era of science which dates less than three centuries ago, the world (that is the *Christian* world,) was literally a vast prison house of chains, and a slaughterhouse of butchery and blood, the result of a practical effort of men devoutly pious, to "promote the glory of God" and the establishment of a true religion. 2d. That the perpetrators of these tragical deeds upon men and women were as religious, honest and conscientious "as ever breathed the breath of life," and that they verily believed they were doing God service in thus punishing and exterminating dissenters and heretics. The very fact that many of these pious persecutors perished themselves at the fiery stake in the conscientious and unflinching maintenance of their principles, shouting "*Hallelujah*," while the burning fagots consumed their bodies, leaves us no possible ground for doubt that a deep religious conviction had actuated them in the work of persecuting and punishing the enemies of their religion, and in attempting to convert the world to its "saving truth" by the sword. Much is said about "conscience," "the internal monitor," "the still, small voice," &c., as a guide for man's moral actions. But if experience and history have ever proved or can prove anything, they prove most conclusively that *conscience*, unenlightened by the intellectual department of the mind, or a conscience grown up amid the weeds of scientific ignorance is as dangerous a pilot upon the moral ocean as the helmsman of a ship in midnight darkness, surrounded by dangerous shoals and resistless whirlpools. Conscience without science or philosophy, is a lamp without oil, which, consequently being without light, is more likely to lead us astray than to guide us to the temple of truth. Science is the pilot lamp by which we discern our way on the pilgrim voyage of life, while religion is the feeling, the motive power which impels us on. Hence, the latter should at all times be subservient to the former, and should be checked and restrained from spontaneous development and exercise until the former is duly instaled upon the mental throne as ruler of the moral empire. It is dangerous to cultivate and stimulate the religious feelings until the fires of science or practical philosophy have been kindled up in the intellectual chambers, to furnish the light necessary to guide them in their impulsive course, as it would be to steam up the boilers of a boat when approaching a precipice or cascade in the night, with the pilot asleep upon his hammock and all the lights extinguished in his room. Neither religion nor conscience possess primordially any light of their own. Both are born blind, and all the light they ever possess is by reflection from the intellectual light-house. Prolific indeed of the proof of this statement, is human nature, human experience and universal history. In illustration and demonstration of its truth, let us review for a moment some of the legitimate fruits of the workings of conscience and a "heart-felt religion" before intellect, the father of reason, was awakened to action or was allowed an appreciable voice in the council chambers of the mind, and before the sun of intellectual science has risen above the mental horizon, and streamed out a light upon the onward pathway of man, and prior to which he was consequently drifted upon the ocean of superstition, without rudder and without compass, a victim to the storms of religious excitement, both within and without. Ample historical proofs of these propositions the reader will be supplied with in forthcoming numbers.

Harveysburg, Ohio.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Story of Southern Life.

BY J. FRANCIS.

In 1856 I resided in the State of Virginia, and was in the employ of a wealthy planter, residing in Prince William's county. During my sojourn there I became perfectly familiar with the workings of slavery, and the petty despotisms practiced by the aristocracy, who, having become wealthy through the hardships and toils of the slave, practiced a strict surveillance over strangers and those they called the *white trash*—a portion of Southern society, who were blessed with as white skins and far whiter hearts than those who were constantly abusing them and maligning their character. However, I will give the Virginia slaveholder more than ordinary praise, for the fairness manifested toward those unfortunate beings whose case I am now about to lay before your readers.

It was a bright moonlight night in the month of December. There was a gentle breeze combing the tree-tops, and warmed by the breath of the tropics. The evening seemed so much like summer, that I came near forgetting that the sun had reached the southern solstice, and that a severe change was liable to take place at any moment. All was quiet. Nature seemed hushed in one grand repose. Little did I think that in a lovely mansion, near by, where I thought all was happiness and harmony, a deed was about to be committed that is considered the most heinous and revolting in the list of crimes. A man with dark blue eyes, his head inclined and supported by his arm resting on his knee, is sitting by a huge fire-place, apparently wrapped in thought. His genial countenance, expressive features, and dark glossy hair, indicated that he was far above mediocrity. The wall was adorned with various paintings, so nicely arranged and so well selected, that he certainly must be a man of taste and refinement. Little did he think that the bright sunshine, balmy breezes, and sweet singing birds, would soon be no more to him on earth, and that he was to pass away by the hands of violence. Another person is present. An old colored woman, seventy years of age, is sitting near. Her heart throbs violently. The tear glistens in her eyes, and she seems to look upward, as if invoking the aid of God. On her countenance is an expression of extreme goodness, but underneath that is manifested a resolute will that seems to betoken violence. Sitting near her in a chair is the man who, when a child, she nursed. The nourishment from her bosom brought him up from a helpless babe to a frolicsome, happy boy, and many a kiss did she imprint upon his rosy cheeks while a mere child, and clasped him to her bosom with all the fondness and devotion of a mother. The door before her is open. Her three children are sitting in an adjoining room, but were beckoned by her to leave the house. She murmurs to herself, "*It shall not be.*" Within her bosom is a raging torrent, unbalancing, seemingly, all the better qualities of her nature. Her three children were to be sold on the following day, and a mother's love, pure as an angel's, incited her to a deed of violence. Taking an axe, she walks up to her victim, who is partially asleep, and deals him a stunning blow on the head. The axe drops from her hand; she stands paralyzed with fear, while her victim, only rendered crazy by the blow, is staggering and reeling about the room, presenting an awful, ghastly spectacle. With the blood streaming down his face, his countenance pale, and his whole frame quivering in agony, he unconsciously steps out of the house, where he is confronted by her children, who finish the horrid deed. They then drag his body into the house, and in order to cover up their bloody work, set fire to it. The lurid flames attract the attention of the adjoining planters, and soon a large number are in attendance. The slaves are closely questioned, and finally confess the horrid deed. Thanks to the planters, they did not, though infuriated to the highest degree, hang them on the spot, but took them to jail, to await their trial at the next session of court. The time for court arrived, and the old woman and two of her sons, after examination and trial, were sentenced to be hung. The other was acquitted. The day for their execution came, and with it people from far and near, to witness the action of retributive justice. In a common lumber wagon, the old slave and her two sons were conveyed from the jail to the scaffold. Sitting between the two, with her arms clasped around their necks, and her eyes turned heavenward, she was carried along, singing, "We are going home to Jesus," etc. Thus ended the life of a poor old soul, who, to save her children, killed her master. She had no thought that the scaffold would come between her and the "home with Jesus."

The Camels.—A correspondent asked the other day what had become of the camels which the United States had in Texas before the war. We have come upon traces of one of these animals, which seems to have joined the rebels. The Memphis *Argus* says: The first effort to introduce the camel into this country was in process of successful experiment when the war came, and put a stop to it. One of the camels originally imported for the purpose, fell into the hands of one of General Sterling Price's captains of Infantry, commanding a company from Noxubee county, Miss., who used it all through the war to carry his own and the whole company's baggage. Many a time on the march he might have been seen swinging easily along under a little mountain of carpet sacks, cooking utensils, blankets, etc., amounting in all to at least twelve hundred pounds.

In Mexico everything is in a muddle.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

☞ *For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.*

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TO POSTMASTERS.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each $3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each $1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

Hudson Tuttle.

No man of Letters in America has a better right to be known than has Hudson Tuttle; no one, perhaps, is so little known, outside the ranks of Spiritualists and reformers.

It cannot be said that he has written but little, and that that little is devoid of merit. Few persons under thirty have written so much or so well. Neither is it because we are not a nation of readers. There is hardly a school girl who is not familiar with the writings of Emma Southworth, Artemus Ward, Orpheus Kerr, and in fact with most of the great army of trash venders. One would hardly venture to ask a reader if he had read Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson, but ask if he is familiar with the "Arcana of Nature," and very likely he will reply, "Who wrote it? Where was the work published?" If Bayard Taylor, Donald Mitchell, or Edmund Kirk—gentlemen who wear honorably won laurels—were in the city, there is not a soul of us who would not feel ennobled by the friendly clasp of their inky fingers; but Hudson Tuttle has been ten days in Chicago, and about all that is known of him, outside of the Spiritualists, is that a young man, with quiet grace and a gait which seems to say, "out of the way," goes and comes, eats and sleeps, and speaks twice on Sunday in Bryan Hall, to attentive audiences. We do not mention this to criticize, but simply to state a fact.

Mr. Tuttle, as is true of almost all, who deeply apply themselves to thought, is wanting in attractive power. We only know him, as we know a far-off, nameless star—by its steady, mellow light. If, then, he is looking fameward, he must work, and wait to be posthumously lionized.

Hudson Tuttle was born in a log cabin, situated in the dense wilderness which then extended over Northern Ohio. Nature endowed him with a fine, sensitive temperament and a good intellectual organization. His early advantages were those a country district school afforded. But to *do* and to *be* depends much upon the individual. If the will is wanting, schools avail but little. The resolve to develop one's mental powers, once made, and all things become aids. Every leaf and flower, every star and every sand-grain, will turn teacher. Mr. Tuttle knows this, and applies to them as frequently as he does to books for the analysis of stern problems.

It has been erroneously stated that he is not educated—is not informed upon philosophical subjects, only as he receives information from the angel spheres. This is a mistake. While he accepts, with deep gratitude, the aid of those in the Beyond, he accepts, equally reverently, the great truths found elsewhere. Mr. Tuttle, with an independence characteristic of all he does, chose the farm as a means of securing a livelihood. Said he, when still a boy: "I am about to engage in a cause which is unpopular. I cannot expect support from it. I must look to a business which will yield a steady maintenance." His hands and brain work in unison. All the modern improvements, all the revelations of science, are sagaciously applied to agriculture, the production of grain and fruits, and perfection of his herds. In this he has been pre-eminently successful. From the plow he turns to his study—a studio, as well. Midnight and the small hours of the morning find him with his books or pen. He is, no doubt, thoroughly conversant with the writings of Agassiz, Hugh Miller, Bolingbroke, D'Holback, Hume, Humboldt, Darwin, and the latest works of all the great thinkers of the Old World, as with the popular American works.

These authors are not his teachers, but his companions, his friends; and for Humboldt he has the deep feelings of a son for a tender father. He reads what they have written here, and their spirits closely approach him, correcting the errors they have committed, in their writings, and impressing new thoughts.

In 1857 Mr. Tuttle was united in marriage to Miss Emma Rood, a young lady of rare poetical and artistic powers. With hands, hearts and heads united, they have accomplished a great work. Emma, not yet twenty-six years of age, the housekeeper, the mother of two children, has written more poems in the past eight years than have been written in the same time by any man or woman in the country. Hudson has written much in verse; but he excels as a prose writer. His style is pithy, clear; his words are few and well chosen. Like most students, he belongs more to the study than to the rostrum. He is, however, a good speaker; his lectures, like his books, are terse, philosophical, and his deep-thoughted metaphors often tell like cannon balls. But he lacks the sensational—the intoxicating elixir — which lifts the wondering audience into star-land.

Mr. Tuttle, at the age of sixteen years, found himself a medium. At first he wrote mechanically; then by impression. We next find him drawing antidiluvian shells, reptiles, men. He has painted in oil scenes in the spirit world. A fine group, "The Guardian Angels," has been photographed and scattered over the country.

At the age of twenty he wrote his first published volume, "Life in the Spheres," a wonderful story interwoven with the great principles of the Spiritual philosophy. At the same age he wrote the first volume of the "Arcana of Nature." It was published in 1863. He has since written a second volume. The books have had a large sale among the more advanced minds in this country, already having passed through three editions, and have been translated into the German language. They are doing very much towards liberalizing the German mind on both sides of the Atlantic. The German, perhaps, has been more ready to accept the philosophy of the Arcana than the American has been.

In 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle published "The Blossoms of Our Spring," a volume of poems, which has been well received by the public. Hudson has a new work in press, on the "Origin and Antiquity of Man, Scientifically Considered." We understand that he has another work in MSS. to follow soon. All this he has accomplished, beside writing weekly leading articles, stories, essays, etc., for reform journals. But our object is not to write of Mr. Tuttle. We designed simply to say that he is speaking to the Spiritualists in this city, and to give a sketch of his lectures.

Sunday morning, the 8th, he took for a text "The Religion of the Future." The lecturer stated that Protestantism and Catholicism were the same in essence—they were foreign to the nature of man, were *forced* upon him, and not outgrowths of his own spirit. The follies and inconsistencies of this belief were admirably delineated, sometimes by logical reasoning, at others by keen sarcasm. They have become effete, and no longer serve the wants of a vigorous thinking people. The church might prolong its existence by adopting Spiritualism, but it will not, it would destroy it eventually. Hence Spiritualism stands alone as the Religion of the Future. It is not a graft upon Christianity as Christianity is on Judaism, but the sum total of human progress, embracing the universe of matter and of spirit.

The subject of the evening was: "Spirit—Its Origin, Phenomena, Laws and Destiny." This was treated in an entirely original manner. All the communications from the Spirit world were collected, and from them all a philosophy, which, at first, however fanciful, was developed, and its enunciations proven by scientific facts. After presenting the numberless views, ancient and modern, of the origin of spirit, the lecturer presented what science had to say on the mysterious question. The reason why a spirit is immortal and physical forms mortal, was clearly explained. The phenomena of death, harsh and repulsive, became, while following the lecturer, wonderful and beautiful.

The morning's discourse of last Sunday was: "Heaven." The lecturer gave a history of the ideas of hell and heaven, beginning in savage ages, the childhood of Chaldea and Egypt. The sternest logic, the sharpest sarcasm, were brought to bear on these old ideas. He then compared them with the spirit-world, which was presented in all the beauty eloquence could paint.

The evening's subject was "The Intellectual and Moral Progress of the Ages." All the great moral maxims were known from immemorial time. There was not a single truth in Christ's sermon on the mount, but had been known for ages. The golden rule was stated by Confucius 600, and by Pythagoras 500 years before. All progress arises from development of the intellect from knowledge—persecution and intolerance from ignorance. Knowledge is our only saviour and guide. Revelation has given nothing new to the world. It but repeats the old. Conversion *must* grow out of the mind and not be forced upon it.

Mr. Tuttle has gone to his home, bearing with him the blessings of all who had the good fortune to listen to his instructive discourses.

The Fenians.

A great movement is agitating the Irish people, both in this country and their native land. Of its extent, we can only conjecture. It may be but another of those spasmodic efforts that people have made to throw off the galling yoke of a foreign despotism, so ruthlessly forced upon them; it may be a great uprising involving a whole people, and meriting the name of revolution, and not rebellion. From the wide combinations of this country, the great and sagacious preparations made, the latter supposition is probably the correct one. It is somewhat like the great uprising of the Slavonians in 1848, and presents us with the astonishing sympathy which exists between the individuals of the same RACE.

It is said England trembles, and that the prospects for Erin's success are fair. Renan says everything great in the world has been produced by great and unwarrantable hopes, and assuredly the expectations of the Fenians and their friends are such. Their cause is a noble one, and worthy of the noble ambition it generates. The prayer of every freeman will arise for their success, but at the same time, reason sternly tells us that they cannot be successful.

Dominion rests with Power. We may say what we will about the power of right and truth; perhaps the silliest idea that ever passed into a proverb, is that one which ascribes a strength to support itself, to truth. It as often fails as error. It may conquer in the end, because successive generations arise, and some of them at a favorable time may adopt it, but it is not received until that time comes. Is the Koran true? It was forced on millions of men. A hundred reformers perished before Luther vindicated the same truth. His truth has been put down in Italy, Spain, France, and more than half of Europe. It was received in those countries where the sovereigns accepted it.

So Fenianism may be very right, and can hope nothing but the sympathy of the world, for being right. Victory will perch on the banner of the strongest legion. It has been thus in America. Twelve millions opposed themselves to twenty millions. It is true the twenty millions had the right; but suppose the twelve millions had been double, who doubts but the right of the twenty would have been trampled in the dust, and the blackness of slavery spread to-day from the Great Lakes to the Gulf—from ocean to ocean?

The Irish have, say a population of three millions, England of twenty-seven millions. England has a vast navy, a standing army, exhaustless munitions of war, is already prepared, so that we must allow one Englishman is equal to an Irishman, and give a great balance of valor to the latter. Now in a hand to hand fight, a death grapple, it is plain that after every Irishman was utterly destroyed, there would be twenty-four millions of English left.

This may appear heartless; it is only the invincible argument of figures. It is rather heartless to encourage the hope of success, when only disaster and ruin can follow.

Perhaps, however, the United States may eventually become involved in the struggle. If so, then the view is changed; but of that there can be no reasonable expectation. We have nothing to gain, but everything to lose by such an encounter.

There can be but one inevitable result. The Anglo-Saxon, proud, haughty, and defiant, believing in self-government applied to himself, and at the same time nursing the idea that he is the born ruler of all other peoples, crushed centuries ago vigorous, youthful Ireland, and they now will plant the iron heel of military despotism on her very heart.

There is no escape. The Celtic race can never be their own republican rulers. A foreign people—the Anglo-Saxon Bourbons governed the French Celt, until the last brief episode of Louis Napoleon, and they have governed Ireland until they have almost made it their own.

They never let go their hold of a conquest, and sooner than yield an inch of territory, will yield their lives.

What is more, Fenianism is but another name for Catholicism. The most intelligent and influential portion of the Irish population are Protestants, and they, of course, are opposed to the movement. Ireland is divided against itself—how meet the crushing force of England? It is better to accept the fact. Ireland has no future, except her influence exerted in union with other nations. Even their chief acknowledges that at the present rate of emigration, in twenty-five years only one and a half millions of people will be left. These will be mostly Protestants, for it is the Catholic element that emigrates. Then there will be no need of rebellion.

Rev. John Pierpont.

Human nature, taken as a whole, is a strange commodity. We have been taken from the same dust-heap, and moulded by the same hand. We inhale the same air, we are warmed by the same sun, and we are going to the same Beyond; yet how diverse our works and ways! Some are mere *earthlings*; they ask for nothing but what belongs to the earth. Others shoot away like sky-rockets, blaze a moment, and are gone.

There are those who, fungia-like, collect and cling together. These persons are wanting in courage, character, selfhood. You find them creeping into monasteries, taking shelter in churches, binding themselves by creeds and looking for *their* gospel in the statute code. They die, are decently buried, and are forgotten—*fortunately*.

There is another class of humanity, who pay little heed to croakers, little to Mrs. Grundy. They are pioneers—independent thinkers. They accept the waters of truth without even asking, or caring to know, who are the pitcher-bearers. They cry aloud against crime, whether it comes clothed in rags or ermine. Among these apostles of our humanity we find John Pierpont. We have never heard his voice, never so much as touched his garment's hem; but we know him as we know his elder brother, the gentle Jesus.

Forty years ago Mr. Pierpont sat alone in his little study. It was night—a desolate, starless night. The commotion in the outer world, the storm and drifting snow spoke to his listening spirit of the inharmony, the wretchedness, the wrongs, the storms of human passion, that were desolating the world within. He saw blear-eyed conservatism and red-handed wrong crushing the world's aching heart. In that awful hour the future, its lights and shadows, passed like kaleidoscopic views before his mental vision. Intemperance, slavery, a false theology, vile oppression, rested incubus like upon God's green earth. He heard the wail of pale poverty, and saw pampered wealth enthroned upon broken spirits; he saw beautiful women victimized in the name of law, and heard the church cry "Amen!" With these scenes and sounds before and around him, he cast the nation's horoscope, and then and there vowed unto heaven a vow that henceforth he would take humanity, like a precious child, to his heart. The wrongs inflicted upon one of the humblest should be a wrong unto him. So, consecrated by heaven to the new work, he went out among men a teacher of righteousness. He became a prophet to this wicked nation, revealing its crimes and foretelling the dread consequences. He rebuked the mammon-worshipper, who lives to count profit and loss. He plead the cause of the poor, the victims of oppression. He called the church to its awful reckoning, and waged an uncompromising war against African slavery. All these things the church bore with commendable grace, although his words rang like shot and shell in the theological ranks. At last this soldier of the New Dispensation stormed a fortification, supposed hitherto invulnerable, took captive King Alcohol, and disbanded his cohorts. The distillers were frantic; the retailers of ardent spirits were infuriated. Their gods of gold had been demolished. "Othello's occupation was gone." With these *glorious* calamities, pomp and splendor, fine houses and fast horses, would pass away. What was to be done? The church took counsel and resolved to banish their minister from the pulpit.

The infamous work was done. In 1839 the members of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, Mass., dismissed Rev. John Pierpont for "meddling with the temperance question." Wonder if Boston is not ashamed of the outrage! Wonder if the Hollis Street Church members would not like to burn the records of 1839, and scatter the ashes to the "winds of heaven!"

Mr. Pierpont's faithful friend, the risen N. P. Rogers, in writing of the great wrong imposed upon Mr. Pierpont, said:

"We bid the servile country look at it as a sign of the times. It will be marked by the future historian, as he tells of the reformation of the country or its downfall, which ever event may be in the designs of Providence, an alternative puzzling to our conjecture. Much is doing to save it. Pierpont has done much. Hollis street pews mistake, in supposing their ejection will prevent his doing *much more*. He was before a pent moral volcano—ribbed in by these pew and pulpit obstructions;—for after all his burning freedom, he has been impeded and embarrassed by those nightmares, that from their *sixty-three* perches, stared their torporific eyes at his dedicated station. Cast out from that house, he will prove an Ætna in full eruption.

"It is a threatening token, when the New England capital banishes her *Unitarian* ministers from the pulpit, for being bold and faithful to speak of the mammoth vices of the city and the crimes of the day. Boston's favorite denomination banished unblushingly for preaching the truth, even in the graceful phrase and scholarly periods of Pierpont! See how her other steeples will bear it. But it is again an encouraging token, that a preacher of this popular persuasion there, should have the boldness and fidelity to incur ejection in such a behalf. It shows one *tenth* at least, in the haughty city, of the salt, that may be required to save it."

Mr. Rogers was correct in his estimate of his friend. Driven from the pulpit, the broad world became his theatre of action; rejected by the people he had loved to lead into the "green pastures of a better land" the slaves, the outcasts, the prisoners, the paupers, came nearer to his heart. He heard their pleas for help, their prayers for strength to bear life's burdens. He saw hands, pale and helpless and shackled, asking assistance. So the watcher on the Unitarian walls turned missionary at large, and denounced wickedness everywhere, whether in high or low places. The church and the slave power cursed, but did not silence the brave worker.

When Spiritualism knocked at the world's gate, Mr. Pierpont was among the first to give it a hearing. He did not question its origin; he did not ask in whose name it was ——; but he asked if it was the bearer of blessings to the soul, the harbinger of "peace and good will" to the children of men.

When the war called for men and money, strong arms and clear heads, Mr. Pierpont said: "I am an old man; but if I can be of service to my country, take me." He has been of vast benefit in the field and in the forum. Now we hear of him presiding over the Convention of Spiritualists in Philadelphia. Dr. Child heard his first words to the assembled multitude, and catching them upon his pen-point, he sent them over to us.

Mr. President Pierpont said: "As I look around this hall, I see no head that the hand of time has floated down its snows upon, deeper than my own." We wonder if the hovering, listening angels did not add: "We see no robes whiter than thine."

The Eclipse.

On Wednesday of last week, pursuant to an engagement made in early ages, the moon promenaded before the face of the sun. It was a grand sight to thus see the vindication of great astronomical and mathematical laws; laws, which, like impalpable but gigantic spirits, pervade the interminable planetary spaces, and hold the revolving orbs with chains of adamant. Who can deny that the moon revolves around the earth, when the eclipse writes the fact in such plain letters? Did you watch, oh, astronomer from your lofty observatory, through your mammoth telescope for the appearance of twilight on the moon's escaping circumference? You detected none, and say the moon has no atmosphere—she has none, or else there would have been twilight. You learn that by the eclipse, and that there is no water on her silvery surface. The immense jagged shadows you observe stretching over the plains, speak of volcanic mountains, thirty and forty miles high. The black spots you see are cavities equally deep. So far as population is concerned, the moon is a great failure, if created by design.

We stood on the shores of Lake Michigan, and saw the edge of the sun broken! We called to our aid our faith in planetary laws. Wonderful faith in those gigantic inapproachable spirits of space! Will they guide the orbs aright? Are we correct in saying it is the moon? May be it is a solar spot, that will spread over the whole disc and the earth be shrouded in eternal gloom! Man! Vaunting man, ant that thou art, how little does it take to destroy all thy boasted nothingness!

Then as the waves splashed, the shades of the red Indians so recently occupying this spot seemed to arise, and terrified as children by the incomprehensible fact, having no idea of planetary laws, and consequently personifying every occurrence, united in dismal howlings, and beating of drums to frighten away the monster that is devouring the sun! Children of the forest, who rest on the senses, the philosopher who rests on divine laws feels equal awe as you. How small is the stretch of fancy to picture the devouring dragon in the dark sky? The night hue of the horizon is the shadow of his bat-like wings!

The morning was cold, we thought it peculiarly icy. It was probably fancy. During the eclipse it seemed colder, and the deep dusky ultra-marine of the horizon conveyed a feeling of loneliness and sadness. The buildings of the city and the ships in the harbor appeared strange in the ghostly light, and the white sails in the dim distance, like lost spirits, homeward bound through the gloom.

The Cholera.

The cholera is again approaching this country. The former visits of this epidemic were in 1832, and in 1849. Its cycle is, apparently, seventeen years, and 1866 will be the periodical year for its visitation. The cause that produces it, the hygienic influences that modify its fatality, and the best remedy for its cure, are questions that interest every one.

A mystery involves its cause, though many incline to the opinion that it is produced by some derangement of the magnetic and electric forces of the earth, which we cannot control, but our system of defence is confined to the proper regulation of our habits and surroundings.

A locality that is perfectly drained, that is free from all decaying matter, is of course preferable for a home, during the prevalence of the disease. In addition, it might be suggested to eat moderately of such articles as fully nourish the body, and also create no disturbance in the digestive organs. An abundance of sleep, which is the great restorer of nervous energy, is no less important, and should not be neglected. The digestive functions of every one, in a cholera atmosphere, are debilitated, and the greatest number of cases occur in the night resulting from the indigestion of supper. It will be wise for every one during its prevalence to avoid that meal or partake of a very light repast.

Another exciting cause of cholera is the use of limestone water as a drink, or in any culinary preparation. In the limestone regions it has always prevailed with the greatest fatality, and in freestone regions, the cases have been only sporadic. Plantations on the Mississippi river in former visitations of the epidemic, when all the slaves used cistern water, were entirely exempt from the disease, whilst those plantations adjacent, which used river or well water, were decimated by the pestilence. For that purpose, the rains that fall in the winter alone should be used for drink—otherwise, it would require filtration.

As regards the remedy, of course every one will avail himself of a physician as soon as practicable. To those attacked, who may not be able to procure immediate medical attention, I have preserved and copied a remedy used with marked success, by Captain Peabody, who treated forty cases on his ship in crossing the Atlantic, and never lost a case. He administered to each patient as soon as attacked, a tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a cup of hot water. It acted promptly as an emetic, cleansing the stomach of a discolored mucus, produced reaction, and with a judiciously regulated diet, resulted in the cure of every case.

O. S. POSTON.

Reconstruction.

In another column will be found an article upon reconstruction, by Dr. Hamilton. It contains some very grand ideas; but we see no good reason for the *pledge* of faithfulness "to accepted and acknowledged partners." The law is for the lawless; the prison for the criminal; the asylums for the mentally and physically diseased. If a class of persons have need of *pledges*, if virtue is not in-souled, let asylums be built for these morally diseased, for they are not fitted for the glorious work of "Reconstruction."

Let us make an everlasting covenant with our own souls, that we will not bow the servile knee to the gods of this world. If we are true to our better natures; if we are uncontaminated by the filth of false doctrines, the world will learn the fact by our lives, far better than by pledges and protestations. Let us repel every system, every ism, law, and custom, that binds or limits the soul in its search for truth. Let us accept whatever promotes the health, beauty, harmony and divine growth of the Spirit, without asking permission of men, angels or institutions.

Mrs. Jordan, the medium, is at No. 78 North Dearborn street, and not at 74 as has been stated.

Our Children.

The young readers of the JOURNAL are among the fortunates. While the old people are racking their brains in the vain endeavor to solve theological problems, our children are reading the very pleasant stories written for them by Hudson Tuttle, and by Dr. "W. H. W."

But it is not enough that they learn the deep mysteries stowed away in the heart of Mother Earth, and the number of bones in the human structure; they are calling for stories. Well, we are all lovers of fiction; we all love to float away into cloudland, to dream, and to live with the ideal. Then may not these darlings be gratified with a few chapters of romance, if they contain—as they do—good moral precepts?

We have heard the children's call, and heeded it. The consequence is, we have received two genuinely good stories, and we mistake if others than *young* eyes and ears do not read and listen to these admirable tales.

We shall, next week, ask Mr. Tuttle and Dr. W. to step aside and make room, while a lady tells our children a capital story. Who will present our children with a Christmas story? They will want—*expect* one.

Singular Event.

On Tuesday night, of last week, Mr. John Macauley and his wife Margaret, both seventy-eight years of age, and formerly of the county of Down, Ireland, retired to bed, complaining of being sick. They rapidly grew worse, and in the premonition of approaching death, requested to be buried in the same grave. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Macauley died, and at four o'clock yesterday morning, the husband also breathed his last.

This aged couple commenced life's journey on the same green isle, about the same time. In life's May they united their hands, lives, destinies. They have seen much of life, its changes, sorrows, joys. New births have made glad, and death sorrowful their lives. But amid all these changes, they have kept, unwavering, their faith in God and Heaven; and the Shamrock is not fresher, greener, than has ever been the love and trust each heart has borne the other.

When the sunset betokened the closing of life's day, they had but one request to make, "Bury us together." All that was mortal of this venerable couple lies in our cemetery; but the immortals have gone on to the Eternal Hills.

Personal.

DR. L. K. COONLEY is slowly recovering from a long illness. He passed through this city a day or two since, on his way to Newburyport, Mass.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS, from the State of New York, is in our city, *en route* for the South. Mr. Francis has escaped from ecclesiastical chains and wisely declines to put himself again into bonds. He is, however, a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and will ever be found ready to defend his faith.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH, the medium, has returned to this city and will devote his time to the answering of sealed letters. His Post Office box is 282, Chicago, Ill.

Notice of Meetings.

Mr. Warwick Martin will speak in Bryan Hall, in this city, on Sunday, the 29th, at 10½ A.M., and at 7½ P.M.

Mrs. A. A. Currier will speak in Bryan Hall, in this city, the Sundays of November and December.

The North Western Spiritual Association hold their next Convention at Appleton, Wisconsin, November 4th and 5th. The Rev. Mr. Fishback, N. F. White and Mrs. S. E. Warner are invited to address the meeting. L. L. RANDALL.

The Convention.

By the kindness of the Secretary of the Convention, we have received a report of the proceedings of the first two days of the Convention. We may safely promise our readers a continuation of the report in our next number. In fact it will take some weeks to give—as we hope to give—a full report of most of the speeches as, Dr. Child is a rapid and correct short hand reporter.

To Our Patrons.

All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George H. Jones. Subscribers wishing their address changed should be particular to send the address to which their paper is now sent, as well as the location to which they have removed. On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

To Contributors.

We are under many obligations to our contributors for so generously furnishing us with communications. We trust that they will continue to speak to the public through our columns.

JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* describes a visit to the grave of John Brown, at North Elba, Essex County, N. Y.:

"The grave is three miles from the house where we were staying. We walked slowly through the woods. The air was soft, clear and calm. It seemed a foretaste of the peace which he and all blessed martyrs have entered into. The beautiful mountains looked so blue and grand! The walk was a solemn one to us all. It was a lovely spot. We found it close by his house, under the shadow of a rock. The stone was simple, old and rough. The name of Captain Brown, a revolutionary soldier, came first; then that of John Brown, with only the statement of his execution in Charlestown, Va.; below this was the name of his son Oliver, killed at Harper's Ferry. On the other side of the monument are the names of two other of his boys, Ossawattomie and Watson, who were killed in the raid; beneath Ossawattomie's name it was recorded that he died for his adherence to the cause of freedom; this was the only epitaph. It seemed so fitting for him to be laid in sight of the grand old mountains! I could not help thinking he drew the inspiration of his brave spirit from them. The enclosure has been tenderly kept. Rose bushes had been planted in it. On our way to the grave we gathered evergreen and the bright immortelles, and when we reached it we sat down and twined them into wreaths and crosses, and placed them upon it. We had a beautiful service there. Mr. —— read from the Psalms. I asked him to read 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' and he did. I read two or three hymns, and then came a benediction."

It is asserted that in Germany, since the beginning of the railroad system, twenty or thirty years ago, not a single life has been lost in consequence of mismanagement on the part of the railroad agents. A few have killed themselves by incautiously approaching or getting off the train, but none have been killed by what are called accidents or casualities.

The Post Office Department has issued a special order declaring that any one carrying letters outside of the mails, except in a government stamped envelope, will be hereafter arrested, and the law fully enforced upon him.

[OFFICIAL.]
Reported by H. T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE SECOND
National Convention of Spiritualists
HELD AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1865.

TUESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

The venerable John Pierpont said:

Brothers and Sisters:—As I look around this Hall, I see no head that the hand of Time has floated down its snows upon deeper than my own. I trust, therefore, that it will not be considered arrogance or assumption on my part, if I take the few advantages of age in requesting you to come to order.

By the grace of my generous friends in this city, I have been placed at the head of the delegation from Philadelphia, and as such, it is my privilege to welcome you to this city of Brotherly Love, to deliberate upon the great interests of Spiritualism, those things pertaining to the Spirit of Man, which I take to be the interest of the kingdom of God. In what better place could the friends of the cause be welcomed than in *this*, the city of Brotherly Love. We come here to deliberate upon the interests of no new form of religion; for if, in the language of Byron,

"But if as holiest men have deemed there be
A land of souls beyond the sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,"

it is a cause and interest that deserves serious consideration from every individual, the most full calm, deliberate consideration that can be given to it, not that it contributes a new form of religion, a new religion. Perhaps we have outgrown the creeds in which we were born and early indoctrinated, but Spiritualism as I understand it, is no new religion; it is older than Protestantism; it is older than Mahommedanism: it is older than Judaism; it is older than any known form of religion; it is older than the oldest form of literature that is known in this part of the world; for the author of that most magnificent of all poems, the Book of Job, was a Spiritualist, whoever he was; for—

"In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, a vision passed before mine eyes: the hair of my flesh stood up, and the bones within me did quake, a form passed before my eyes."

It is this old belief, that communication between the spirits that have left the form, and those that remain here, is not a new faith. We come now to deliberate on this that has sometimes been called a new faith. What better place than in *this* city, where the independence of our nation was first declared? Why may we not come together here? If our fathers were independent of those who had gone before them in their national efforts, why may we not be independent of those around *us*, and stand forth nobly for the defence of our principles? But I will not detain you longer, but call upon Hon. S. S. Jones, of Illinois, President of the former Convention, to temporarily preside.

Frank L. Wadsworth was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

Call of the Convention read by the Secretary.

The following members of the National Executive Committee were present: S. S. Jones, F. L. Wadsworth, Henry T. Child, M. D.; Warren Chase, Mary F. Davis, and Milo O. Mott.

Dr. H. T. Child moved that a committee of five be appointed by the Convention, to act with the Executive Committee as Committee on Credentials.

Judge Carter moved as a substitute for Dr. Child's motion, that a Committee of thirteen be appointed by the Convention, who should constitute the Committee on Credentials. Substitute accepted, and the motion adopted.

The following persons were thereupon appointed: Judge Carter, Warren Chase, F. L. Wadsworth, Milo O. Mott, Dr. Geo. Dutton, L. B. Wilson, M. B. Dyott, J. S. Loveland, Dr. H. T. Child, Dr. H. S. Brown, Dr. Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, Mrs. J. S. Fuller.

The Committee retired to examine the credentials of membership to the Convention.

The Committee reported favorably upon the credentials of the following named persons:

Vermont—Newman Weeks, Geo. Dutton, M. D.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. M. B. Randall, W. W. Russell, Milo O. Mott.

Massachusetts—J. S. Loveland, Chas. W. Crowell, George W. Smith, Mrs. George W. Smith, L. B. Wilson, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Miss Lizzie Doten, C. A. Southworth, Mrs. C. A. Southworth, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, Phineas E. Gay, Uriah Clark, H. F. Gardner, Daniel Farrar, John Weatherbee, Mrs. L. B. Stockwell, Chas. E. Jenkins, Jonathan Pierce, A. E. Giles, E. Haynes, N. S. Greenleaf, G. W. Walker, Sarah Holbrook, Annie Lord Chamberlain, A. H. Richardson, C. C. York, Mrs. C. C. York, A. S. Hayward, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, James Hulme, Harriet M. Owen, Mrs. S. H. Young, Wm. E. Pollock.

Rhode Island—L. K. Joslyn, W. G. R. Mowrey, Josiah Simmons, Mrs. Josiah Simmons, Miss Phebe H. Hall, Rufus Reed, Mrs. Rufus Reed, Samuel B. Chaffer, Octavia Rice, Louisa Boomer.

Connecticut—J. S. Loveland, J. J. Hatlinger, M. D.; Emeline Moses, Asa H. Rogers.

New York—A. J. Davis, Mary F. Davis, Dr. Ralph Glover, Miss Fannie E. Love, Benj. Todd, Dr. D. B. Marks, Miss Sarah Betts, F. L. H. Willis, Henry Bush, Chas. Partridge, H. B. Storer, Albert Day, P. J. Avery, Emma A. Halsted, Eliza L. Schriber, Mrs. Eliza Marvin, Jacob Covert, John Brownell, James McClure, Andrew J. King, Maria M. King, D. B. King, N. Frank White, Mrs. A. M. Spence.

New Jersey—J. G. Fish, Dr. H. E. Bowles, Mrs. C. A. P. Poor, Hosea Allen, J. N. Dixon, Deborah Butler, Dr. C. W. Howard, A. Woodburn, Warren Chase.

Pennsylvania—M. B. Dyott, Mrs. M. B. Dyott, Alice Tyson, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. — Chase, Peter Osborne, Mrs. Minnie Shumway, Martha Brown, Wm. Wharton, Isaac Rehn, Mary Stretch, Mrs. — Barney, Louis Belrose, Julia Belrose, C. E. Sargent, Mrs. — Fithian, W. L. Robinson, James Trueman, Alfred B. Justice, Geo. Bellinger, John L. Isett, Ellen S. Banks, Wm. H. Grash, John Langham, J. H. Hobbs, Mary Cavanaugh, Susan Baker, Rev. C. Jeffries, Joseph Bardine, F. Hill, Wm. H. Johnston, Olive H. Frazer, Isaac P. Walton, Geo. Ramsey, Dr. Wm. B. Fahnestock.

Delaware—Thomas Garrett, Mr. Lea Pusey.

District of Columbia—Hon. J. C. Smith, Dr. J. A. Rowland.

Ohio—Judge Carter, Mrs. Judge Carter, J. L. Taylor, Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Wm. Ward, Mrs. Wm. Ward, Henry Beck, Chas. Thompson, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Mr. Geo. Cary, Mrs. Geo. Cary.

Illinois—S. S. Jones, A. H. Robinson, G. W. Thomas, Dr. Geo. H. Haskell, Emma Steel, Mrs. S. Fuller, N. E. Daggett, Mr. Coe, Mr. Burr.

Wisconsin—Joseph B. Burr, H. S. Brown, M. D.; A. S. Palmer, Mrs. A. S. Palmer, Nellie L. Wiltsie.

Michigan—F. L. Wadsworth, Benj. Todd.

Kentucky—Sarah B. Smith.

The report was adopted.

The following substitutes were received for delegates not present: J. W. H. Toohey, for Charles Partridge; W. A. Ludden, for Albert Day, of New York; J. S. Hunter, for Henry Beck, of Ohio.

Dr. Child offered a resolution, that the delegations from each State appoint one of their number to act on Committee of Permanent Organization for the Convention. Adopted.

The following named persons were appointed: Dr. W. W. Russell, Vt.; C. H. Crowell, Mass.; Henry Bush, N. Y.; Dr. Bowles, N. J.; M. B. Dyott, Penn.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; Dr. Rowland, D. C.; Benj. Todd, Mich.; Dr. Geo. Haskell, Ill.; George Cary, Ohio; Thos. Garrett, Delaware; Nellie L. Wiltsie, Wis.

Adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M.

TUESDAY, 3 P. M.

Convention met, pursuant to adjournment.

The Committee of Permanent Organization made the following report, which was, on motion, unanimously adopted:

For President.—Rev. John Pierpont, Washington, D. C.

Vice Presidents.—Isaac Rehn, Penn.; H. S. Brown, M. D., Wis.; J. G. Fish, N. J.; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; J. A. Rowland, M. D., D. C.; Judge Carter, Ohio; Mrs. Mary F. Davis, N. J.; Hon. S. S. Jones, Ill.; C. H. Crowell, Mass.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Randall, M. D., Vt.; Benj. Todd, Mich.

Secretaries.—Henry T. Child, M. D., Penn.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; F. L. Wadsworth, Mich.; Nellie L. Wiltsie, Wis.

Treasurer.—M. B. Dyott, Penn.

(Signed) HENRY BUSH, Chairman.
CHAS. H. CROWELL, Secretary.

On motion of Warren Chase, it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed to make arrangements for the opening and closing of the sessions, and other general business pertaining to the Convention. Whereupon, Messrs. M. B. Dyott, Judge A. G. W. Carter, A. J. Davis, Mrs. Fuller, and Annie Lord Chamberlain, were appointed.

On motion, Hon. S. S. Jones was added to this committee.

Mr. Dyott offered a resolution in reference to the finances, as follows:

Resolved, That a fee of five cents be charged for the afternoon sessions, and of ten cents for the evening sessions; and that season tickets be issued at fifty cents each.

On motion of Mr. Chase, the above was referred to a Committee of Finances, consisting of Mr. M. B. Dyott, Dr. H. S. Brown, J. L. Taylor, Mr. L. B. Wilson, and Nellie L. Wiltsie, as Finance Committee.

On motion of Hon. Warren Chase:

Resolved, That the Delegates from each State be requested to nominate one person to serve as a Committee on Education, who shall prepare a report on that subject to be submitted to the Convention.

Whereupon, the following were appointed:

Dr. George Dutton, Vt.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; L. K. Joslyn, R. I.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; A. J. Davis, N. J.; A. T. Bowles, N. J.; M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia; Thos. Garrett, Delaware; Dr. J. A. Rowland, D. C.; Mrs. Judge Carter, Ohio; F. L. Wadsworth, Mich.; Dr. Haskell, Ill.; Nellie L. Wiltsie, Wis.

On motion, the names of Warren Chase, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, and Lizzie Doten, were added to the committee.

One of the Committees being absent on business, Benjamin Todd was called upon to address the Convention. He said he was glad to meet so many Spiritualists in convention. We had one Convention last year, and in many respects it was a grand one, and in some it was a grand mob. Perhaps I contributed as much as any one to that result. If so, I ask forgiveness, if it is needed. I will be true to my own conscience. The world has been, and still is, governed by policy, but it seems to me that it is time that it should cease. I don't believe we are under any obligation to believe professed communications from spirits, because a medium shuts up his eyes and gives a few jerks; don't wish to disparage mediumship in any way, but there is much policy and self-seeking among Spiritualists. I love Spiritualism for its beauty and glory of teaching, and for the good it is doing and will do in the future, to bless and elevate humanity. I love it for what it does for the human soul. But that which simply sits down to hear raps, and goes away in its old selfishness, is of little account; but when it makes us more noble, more beautiful in our sympathies, then I love it. It is destined, like the little stone cut out of the mountain, to roll on till it fills the whole earth. Then every heart will become an altar, on which the sweet incense of holy, fraternal love will be perpetually offered.

Warren Chase said he was here for a purely practical purpose. He had no axe to grind. Knew the Spiritualists of America better than any other person. Had traveled more and seen more than any other lecturer in the field.* We are now distracted and divided to some extent. I have sought to find out the cause of this condition, and have endeavored to avoid the difficulties of Chicago—to unite the Spiritualists of the country, especially upon the subject of popular education. Every college, and every principal seminary in the land, is under the control of the clergy. [A voice—"How about Girard College?"] It is not a college, but an orphan asylum, and even that is a perversion of the will of Girard.

The Committee on Business reported the following:

1st. The Spiritualists are invited to meet in a social and conversational gathering, at 9 o'clock each morning.

2d. At 10 A. M., the meeting will be called to order, and ten minutes' speeches and addresses until 11 o'clock.

2d. Then the regular business of the Convention will commence and continue till 1 o'clock.

4th. Take a recess until 3 P. M.

5th. The Convention proceed in the regular order of business until 5 o'clock.

6th. Recess until 7½ o'clock.

7th. The half hour addresses from ladies and gentlemen, to be selected, from time to time, by the Committee on Business.

8th. At 8½ P. M., the regular business of the Convention to continue until the close of the session.

Order of business Tuesday evening—At 7½ o'clock half-hour address by J. S. Loveland.

At 8½, the regular business of the Convention.

On Thursday, October 19, one morning session of the Convention, to last as long as they may desire.

Afternoon, no session.

Thursday evening, the exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, commencing at 7½ o'clock. Free tickets will be furnished to the delegates.

The Finance Committee reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That in order to defray the expenses of the Convention, a fee of ten cents shall be charged for admission each session, and that season tickets be issued at one dollar each.

EVENING SESSION.

Judge Carter in the chair.

Dr. Child requested to be released from the Committee on Credentials, and Mr. J. G. Fish was appointed in his place. Mr. Loveland also declined, and proposed Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Mass. He was appointed.

Music.

Address by J. S. Loveland.

Song by S. H. Paiste, blind medium.

Address by Nellie L. Wiltsie.

The Committee on Credentials reported a number of names as delegates, who have come in during the day.

On motion of Judge Carter, the following resolution, which, after being discussed by Judge Carter, Mr. Fish, and Mr. Chase, was adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of one from each State be appointed by this Convention, to be called the Committee on Permanent Organization of the Spiritualists of the United States. Said committee to be selected by the delegates from each State, and that they report a plan of organization for the action of this Convention.

Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1865.

The address by H. T. Child, M. D.; Judge Carter, on motion, was requested to furnish copies of his address for the *Banner of Light* and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and that they be published at the request of the Convention.

The Committee on Credentials reported favorably on the credentials of the following named persons: John B. Jacobs, Wm. A. Baldwin, of Mich.; Wm. Butler, James E. Coe, Mrs. S. J. Avery, Mrs. J. S. Fuller, J. W. Taylor, Thomas Richmond, Warwick Martin, N. E. Daggett, of Ill., Cora L. V. Scott, Holland Richmond, Susan Richmond, J. W. Seaver, of New York, G. W. Pollock, of Mass.

Mr. Herman Snow and Emma Steele were added to the Illinois delegation, to fill vacancies at St. Charles; Mary L. Baldwin to fill vacancies at Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, substitute for Uriah Clark; Mrs. A. M. Spence, substitute for Dr. Gardner; Clift Rogers, substitute for John Weatherbee; Mrs. Clift Rogers, substitute for Mrs. L. B. Stockwell; E. Sprague, substitute for Eliza Merwin; Dr. Wm. White, substitute for Dr. George Haskell in his representation of the Society at Beloit, Wis.

The Committee on Permanent Organization was reported as follows:

W. S. Greenleaf, Mass.; Newman Weeks, Vt.; Josiah Simmons, R. I.; J. J. Hatlinger, Conn.; H. B. Storer, N. Y.; D. H. Bowles, N. J.; Isaac Rehn, Penn.; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Judge Carter, Ohio; S. S. Jones, Ill.; H. S. Brown, M. D., Wis.; Benj. Todd, Mich.; Warren Chase, D. C.

On motion of Mr. Chase, it was resolved that a committee of thirteen be appointed to prepare an address to the world, to be submitted to a future session of the Convention.

Adopted; and the delegates are requested to report for each State.

On motion of Mr. Chase, the following preamble and resolutions were, after a free discussion by Judge Carter, Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Bush, Mr. Fish, Mrs. Cora Scott, adopted.

The Business Committee reported that they proposed changing the order of business, so that each morning and afternoon session should be opened by an address of half an hour. They announced that Mrs. Townsend would open the meeting this afternoon, and in the evening Mr. M. B. Dyott would speak on the subject of the Children's Progressive Lyceum; after which an address would be delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Address by Mrs. Townsend.

Mr. Loveland spoke on the resolution laid on the table.

On motion of Dr. Child, Nellie L. Wiltsie was appointed Assistant Secretary.

The delegates from each State appointed a Committee on Address:

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Vt.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; L. K. Joslyn, R. I.; D. Hatlinger, Conn.; Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A. K. Poor, N. J.; Isaac Rehn, Penn.; Miss Lizzie Doten, Mass.; Judge Carter, Ohio; Herman Snow, Ill.; Wm. A. Baldwin, Mich.; Nellie L. Wiltsie, Wis.; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Ky.; Hon. J. C. Smith, D. C.

Mr. Rehn offered resolutions, which were, on motion, laid on the table for future consideration.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1865.
EVENING SESSION.

M. B. Dyott delivered an address on the subject of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

On motion of Judge Carter, Mr. Dyott was requested to furnish copies for the *Banner of Light* and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Miss Lizzie Doten addressed the Convention; followed by J. W. Toohey, on the subject of Lyceums.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Convention Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In company with many Western delegates, I arrived in the "City of Brotherly Love" on this Tuesday morning, after a prolonged journey of about sixty-six hours, occasioned by two "smash-ups" of freight trains in advance of the passenger trains. The first of these broken down freight trains was encountered on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago R. R.; the second, on the Pennsylvania Central R. R. As an offset against the unpleasantness of the delay, we were delighted with the charming natural scenery, fine pleasant weather, and the generally well conducted and orderly management of the whole line of railroad from Chicago to Philadelphia.

At ten o'clock this morning the Second National Convention of Spiritualists assembled, in pursuance of the call of the National Executive Committee, at Concert Hall, (the finest hall in the city). There was a large attendance of Delegates from the Eastern, Western and Northern States. The Convention was called to order by Rev. John Pierpont, the eloquent poet and preacher. After a welcome by him, S. S. Jones, President of the First National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Chicago last year, was called to the Chair to preside until a permanent organization was effected. Herewith I transmit to you an official copy of the proceedings of the committee down to the present.

Among the most important business will be the subject of education, National Organization, and an address to the Spiritualists throughout the world. The proceedings have been very interesting from day to day, both in the Convention and in committees. But the great, and I may say the absorbing question of the Convention, has been this day, Thursday, the 19th, fully ventilated and disposed of. It has resulted most triumphantly in favor of the broad and free platform. The principles involved in the call of the present Convention by the National Executive Committee, of which Mr. Jones was Chairman, were fully discussed, and that Committee was triumphantly sustained by an overwhelming majority.

The question came up on a motion to strike out a clause in the articles of National Organization of Spiritualists, which recognized other reformers, who sympathize with our great Spiritualistic movement, as well as those who especially assume the name of Spiritualists. The opposers of this broad and catholic principle contested every inch of the ground most manfully, and only yielded when compelled to by an overwhelming majority upon the call of the yeas and nays.

It was a triumph of principles that we shall be proud of in all coming time. It demonstrates the fact that Spiritualists are progressive, and will not consent to become bigoted sectarians.

The National Organization is of a character that will give entire satisfaction to those who are opposed to creeds, articles of faith, or other religious trammels. By a perusal of the articles instituting this National Organization, it will be seen that this organic body is forever shorn of all powers to ever, in any manner, interfere with individual rights or the perfect freedom and independence of Local Organizations of the National Organization. While there was a very large and almost unanimous expression in favor of the prohibitory clause in the Articles, the Convention were indebted to Mr. Jones, of Illinois, as its drafter and principal advocate.

The Convention to-night attends in a body the Exhibition of the Children's Lyceum, under the directorship of M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia. More anon. Fraternally, L.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the issue of your first number, I recommended the restaurant principle of living as a system where the economical and the temperate, the extravagant and the luxurious might each, enjoy or suffer the full consequences of his wisdom, or his want of it.

Your printer makes me say: Where each may enjoy a *supper* the full consequences of his wisdom, or his want of it.

The idea is quite too materialistic in its character for a Harmonial Philosopher.

IRA PORTER.

Matrimonial Foxes.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe is preaching excellent sermons in the "Chimney Corner" of the *Atlantic*. In the May number she has a sermon on "Little Foxes" in which she gives some point-blank shots into the Matrimonial Camp.

I am not sufficiently versed in theology to decide as to what particular phase of evangelical faith this sermon belongs. That it is genuinely Orthodox, there is but little doubt. This fact once established it matters not whether Harvard, Andover, or New Haven, has given it sanction. Mrs. Stowe illustrates her idea regarding ill-mated marriages by the following:

Suppose a blue-jay courts and wins and weds a Baltimore oriole. During courtship there may have been delightfully sympathetic conversation on the charm of being free birds, the felicity of soaring in the blue summer air. Mr. Jay may have been all humility and all ecstacy in comparing the discordant screech of his own note with the warbling tenderness of Miss Oriole. But once united, the two commence business relations. He is firmly convinced that a hole in a hollow tree is the only reasonable nest for a bird; she is positive that she should die there in a month, of damp and rheumatism. She never heard of going to housekeeping in anything but a nice little pendulous bag swinging down from under the branches of a breezy elm; he is sure he should have water on the brain before summer was over, from constant vertigo, in such swaying, unsteady quarters—he would be a sea-sick blue-jay on land, and he cannot think of it. She knows now he don't love her, or he never would think of shutting her up in an old muddy hole picked out of rotten wood; and he knows she doesn't love him, or she never would want to make him uncomfortable all his days by tilting and swinging him about as no decent bird ought to be swung. Both are dead-set in their own way and opinion; and how is either to be convinced that the way which seemeth right unto the other, is not best? Nature knows this, and therefore, in her feathered tribes, blue-jays do not mate with orioles; and so bird-housekeeping goes on in peace.

But men and women as diverse in their physical tastes and habits as blue-jays and orioles are wooing and wedding every day, and coming to the business of nest building, *alias* housekeeping, with predilections as violent, and as incapable of any logical defence, as the oriole's partiality for a swing-nest, and the jay's preference of rotten wood.

According to a court journal, the Princess of Wales is a very pattern for mothers. "It is whispered among the ladies of the Court, that every evening the mother of the future King of England may be seen in a flannel dress, in order that she may properly wash and put on baby's night clothes, and see him snugly in bed."

Sponge-Divers.

The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting; the sketch in some degree represents this also. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel, at either the bow or stern, and, placing by his side a large flat slab of marble, weighing about twenty-five pounds, to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (one and a half inch,) he then strips, and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterward, thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes, or more, according to the depth; and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him, or to distract him in any way during the process. It seems to a spectator as if the diver were going through a sort of mysterious ceremony or incantation. When, from some sensation known only to himself, after these repeated, long-drawn, and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and, after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it, like a returning dolphin, into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and, by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while as his safeguard for returning, and for making the known signal at the time he desires it.

Now let us notice the proceedings of his companions in the boat floating some twenty or thirty fathoms above him. The two men who were nearest to him previous to his making the dive, but who systematically seem to place themselves so as to prevent him from conceiving the idea of being impatiently watched by them while undergoing the preparation, spring to their feet as soon as he disappears, and rush to the rope, which one of them holds in his hand, veering it out or shortening it in, as the diver moves about upon the bottom; and as soon as the signal indicative of his wish to return is felt, they commence hauling up the rope with great energy and earnestness, and in a way calculated to insure the greatest expedition of ascent, since the overstay of a few seconds may be a point of life or death to the diver. The hauling up is thus effected: The assistant who has hold of the rope, awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same, and so on, the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time, and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils, to expel the water and exhausted air, indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes. A word or two is then spoken by his comrades to encourage him, if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of water from his body. Such is the trying life of a Levantine sponge-diver; and doubtless there are very few of us who have any idea of what a fellow-creature has suffered in procuring that little article which has become a necessity of our toilet-table and the luxury of our morning ablutions.

JOAN OF ARC.—A society of French antiquarians is striving to prove that Joan of Arc was not burned at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have published one extract from the *Mercure Galani* of October, 1686, edited by Vize. We here read that one Father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript, which states that in 1436 Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burned long ago. By and by she married Mons. des Amoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. The Society "Du Banquet Jeanne d'Arc" means to publish all its discoveries as soon as it has obtained one little missing link.

Rev. Jeremiah Day, ex-President of Yale College, is the oldest man in New Haven. He is in his 93d year, and visited Hartford the other day, where he astonished the young men by walking all about the city and up Asylum Hill, where younger men prefer to take the horse cars.

Business Matters.

DR. HATHAWAY'S HEALING INSTITUTE—No. 119 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, (opposite the post office,) has been refitted and newly furnished and is now open for the reception of patients. All diseases treated by the most approved methods, to meet the various wants, so that each patient will have the especial treatment required, whether it is Eclectic Medicines, Water Cure, Electricity, or Animal Magnetism, good operators being always in attendance. Dr. J. P. Bryant, one of the greatest healers of the age, will practice at this Institute for three months from the 15th of August, 1865. 2-tf

CHICKERING PIANOS—TEN FIRST PREMIUMS.—Reed's Temple of Music is introducing into this city some of the finest instruments money can buy. We have just seen two of Chickering's celebrated grand pianos, one of which has been purchased by one of our wealthy citizens. The East has long used this class of Pianos, where the *best* is desired. Wehli, Gottschalk and Thalberg use them also, and it is *supposed* that they understand what a good piano is. The Chickering piano has just received *ten first* premiums at the State fairs of Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Iowa, and in no case did any piano of this make fail to get a first premium, when exhibited at the fairs we speak of.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee *Daily Wisconsin*, of October 14th:

This public benefactor is constantly thronged with applicants. At his bidding and magic touch, the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear. The success of this remarkable man is unparalleled. During two months' practice here, he has treated 3,000 patients—curing many of long-standing complaints, heretofore considered incurable, and relieving many who knew nothing but constant suffering. The crowd of applicants at his rooms, eager and anxious to be healed by this wonderful man, continues unabated. He gives no medicine—performs no surgical operations—and yet does many astonishing cures. He treats eighty out of every hundred patients without charge—charging only the rich. His rooms are at 119 Wisconsin street, opposite the Post Office, and the crowd of people wears the appearance of an annual town meeting. Dr. Bryant is the most popular of all magnetic physicians, and won unfailing reputation in the States of New York and Michigan, which has been constantly increased, until his business has become larger than that of any other physician in the other modes of practice. He is enthusiastic in the belief that he can operate upon two hundred people per day, curing every curable case with few operations, which could not be cured or even relieved with medicine; and he believes that the practice of medicine in the treatment of chronic diseases, will eventually become obsolete. He also believes that much harm is done by those who pretend to heal the sick in this way, who have neither experience nor judgment. He believes that ignorant, uneducated men may, and often do possess the power to magnetize—and with the assistance of some *itinerant fortune teller*, or *ordinary clairvoyant* (who has once in a while been able to give a correct diagnosis of disease) open some place which they call an Institute for the Healing of the Sick, which in reality is nothing more than an institution for the murder and robbery of the living—but such institutions are short lived—mortgaged from the commencement—they only live till foreclosure. Dr. Bryant is everywhere known as the oldest and most successful practitioner of his system of practice. Although but a young man, he has operated upon upwards of 80,000 people—but one-fifth of these are allowed to pay for treatment. Yet he says he has made all the money he wants for his *own* use, and what he earns hereafter, he intends to give for the education of students in *his* philosophy. The Doctor remains from three to four months in all our large cities, and upon closing his business in each place he leaves some one who is qualified to continue the practice. Previous to his visit here, the Doctor operated at Detroit, one hundred days, with great success, and in that time treated 12,000—or 120 persons each day—leaving as his successor, Dr. D. A. Pease, formerly an old school physician of great ability, who had become convinced of his magnetic power while in that practice, and consequently left his drugs to the "dogs"—willingly embracing the teachings of Him who bade us, "lay our hands on the sick and heal them." Dr. Bryant recommends Dr. Pease to all who are suffering in mind or body, as a faithful and successful healer. Dr. Bryant closes his engagement at Dr. Hathaway's Healing Institute, opposite the Post Office, in Milwaukee, on Tuesday, November 14th, at 6 o'clock P. M., returning to his residence in Brooklyn, New York, for rest, till *January 1st*, when he will commence practice at Chicago for four months. He will leave as his successor *here*, our old friend Dr. R. W. Hathaway, who is well known to all the citizens of Milwaukee, as one of the best of physicians—a regular graduate of the Syracuse School of Medicine. Dr. Hathaway has had a large practice among us for many years, and during the past two years, he has departed somewhat from his medical practice, and partially adopted Dr. Bryant's method, although he has not wholly given up the drug system. Two years ago Mr. James K. Ober, a clerk well know in the American Express office here suffering from consumption and hemorrhage of the lungs, although considered incurable by all his former physicians, and by Dr. Hathaway himself, was induced to visit Dr. Bryant, then operating at Buffalo, New York, on condition that Dr. H. would accompany him. The result of the visit was, Mr. Ober's complete restoration to health, and Dr. Hathaway's conversion to the plan of "Healing by the laying on of hands"—in which practice he has been astonishingly successful, making many wonderful cures which he intends to make public after Dr. Bryant's engagement closes.

Dr. Bryant recommends Dr. Hathaway to suffering humanity, not only as the best healer of diseases, in Wisconsin, with whom he is acquainted, but a man of noble and Christian character, who will not rob the poor, or impose upon the rich, and our acquaintance with him is corroborative of Dr. Bryant's statement.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

M. C. BUSH will speak in East Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 22d; 1 Moriah, N. Y., Nov. 5th; Ludlow, Vt.

MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. COONLEY, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1st and 8th; in Rochester, Oct. 15th; will attend the National Convention at Philadelphia, in October, and lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS will lecture in Southern Illinois, Northern Mississippi, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. H. H. Way, till farther notice.

J. G. FISH will speak in Hammonton and Vineland, N. J., during October; in Cincinnati, O., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Alton, Ill., during September; in Elkhart, Ind., during October; in Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 5th and 12th; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape street, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during November.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. T. ROUSE may be addressed P. O. Box 303, Elkhart, Ind.

BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further notice.

A. B. WHITING, of Michigan, will lecture in Washington, D. C., during October. Address as above (care G. A. Bacon, Box 205,) till November 1st.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

E. V. WILSON may be addressed till Nov. 1st at No. 15 Water street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Railroad Time-Table.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINZIE STS.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Day Express	*9.00 a. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Night Express	*4.30 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation	*6.00 p. m.	*2.15 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation	*3.00 p. m.	*10.00 a. m.
GALENA DIVISION.		
Fulton and Cedar Rapids	8.20 a. m.	7.10 p. m.
Fulton and Iowa	†8.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith	9.00 a. m.	4.40 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith	10.20 p. m.	3.45 p. m.
Rockford and Fox River	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Dixon	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m.
Geneva and Elgin	5.30 p. m.	9.40 a. m.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.		
Detroit Express	*6.00 a. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Detroit Express	†5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.
Detroit Express	†*10.00 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Morning Express	*9.00 a. m.	*3.30 p. m.
Night Express	†5.30 p. m.	*11.00 p. m.
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN—DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.		
Day Express	*6.00 a. m.	*11.00 p. m.
Evening Express	†5.30 p. m.	*†6.00 a. m.
Night Express	*†10.05 p. m.	‡12.30 p. m.
DETROIT TRAINS.		
Express, via Adrian	*6.00 a. m.	*12.30 p. m.
Night Express, via Adrian	†5.30 p. m.	*‡11.00 p. m.
PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.		
Day Express	†6.00 a. m.	*8.20 p. m.
Evening Express, daily	5.30 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
Night Express	*†10.10 p. m.	*†12.30 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	†6.00 a. m.	†8.20 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m.

(CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.)

Leave Pittsburg	3.00 a. m.	4.35 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg	1.30 p. m.	2.45 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
Arrive at Philadelphia	5.45 p. m.	7.05 a. m.	12.50 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Allenton	10.20 p. m.	10.00 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Arrive at N. Y. via Philadel.	10.27 p. m.	12.00 m.	5.42 p. m.
Arrive at Baltimore	5.45 p. m.	7.00 a. m.	12.20 p. m.
Arrive at Washington	10.10 p. m.	10.35 a. m.	3.15 p. m.

CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)

	Depart.	Arrive.
Day Express	*6.00 a. m.	*9.40 p. m.
Night Express	†8.45 p. m.	‡7.30 a. m.
(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.)		
Mail Express	*6.00 a. m.	9.40 p. m.
Mail Express	†8.45 p. m.	7.30 a. m.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.		
Day Passenger	*9.30 a. m.	*9.55 p. m.
Night Passenger	†10.10 p. m.	*7.00 a. m.
Kankakee Accommodation	*4.45 p. m.	
Hyde Park Train	*6.25 a. m.	*7.45 a. m.
do do	*12.10 p. m.	*1.45 p. m.
do do	*4.00 p. m.	*5.25 p. m.
do do	*5.50 p. m.	*7.10 p. m.
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.		
Day Express and Mail	8.20 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express	12.00 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Mendota Accommodation	4.30 p. m.	9.15 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.		
Eastern Mail	8.10 a. m.	8.45 p. m.
Night Express	7.15 p. m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet and Wilmington Accomodat'n	4.00 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.		
Day Express and Mail	8.10 a. m.	4.30 p. m.
Night Express	12.00 m.	5.00 a. m.
Joliet Accommodation	4.45 p. m.	9.50 a. m.
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.		
St. Paul Express	*9.05 a. m.	*8.30 p. m.
Express	*4.20 p. m.	*11.30 a. m.
Waukegan Accommodation	5.40 p. m.	8.45 a. m.
Night Accommodation	11.30 p. m.	1.00 a. m.
Evanston	2.50 p. m.	4.00 p. m.

*Sundays except'd. †Saturdays except'd. ‡Mondays except'd.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

October 13.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou infinite source of wisdom, from whence we derive that knowledge which enables us to choose good from evil, light from darkness, hope, and not despondency; Thou that causest the sun to shine by day and the moon and stars by night; Thou that sendest Thy light to illuminate our minds and brighten our understandings. May our minds be so illuminated, may our understandings become so quickened, that we shall be enabled to realize that prayer is the desire of the soul, and that in order to gratify that desire we must set ourselves diligently to work; and work without ceasing, instead of praying without ceasing, and never realizing any answer to our prayers.

May we listen to the voice of reason; and though our pathway be filled with thorns, may we be enabled by Thy light to pass onward and upward until every thorn shall have turned to beautiful flowers. And as we admire the flowers, may we be enabled to realize that it is our pathway and one that has been marked out by that power which worketh for good unto us all.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for Thy tender care. We will ever bless and praise Thee—aye, forever more will we praise Thee.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—Do spirits at their change from earth to spirit life become unconscious for any considerable time?

A.—Most spirits are unconscious; some are in a semi-conscious state, and some do not seem to lose a moment.

Q.—What class are unconscious longest?

A.—In most cases it is those who die a sudden death, or by violence.

Q.—Why is it so?

A.—Those persons that die of a lingering disease, and are some time in passing the change, their spiritual bodies become perfected sufficiently, so that they are conscious as soon as the thread of earth-life is snapped asunder.

In cases of violence the formation of the spiritual body is the same, but the spirit is unconscious during the time of its formation; yet it is not so in every case of violent death.

Q.—Is there conscious suffering at death?

A.—No; the only suffering is while nature is struggling with disease—then there is suffering; but when death takes place, there is no suffering—all pain ceases. When death ensues, nature ceases then to struggle with disease.

Sunday, October 15.

Q.—Is gross matter, such as stone and wooden walls, any obstruction to the passage of spirits in and out of buildings at any place they desire to pass?

A.—Not so long as they are in their spiritual bodies.

Q.—Why does it not obstruct their passage if their spiritual bodies are material?

A.—That which is material to spirits is not material to you. In order to make spirits tangible to your senses they have to materialize themselves. When in that condition they are on the material plane, and have to contend with material substances. Everything has substance and form. To illustrate—you can see and feel a rose. You can't see the aroma of the rose, but you can recognize its existence by the sense of smell. This aroma has a real, tangible body, as much as the rose you see, from which it emanates. In like manner, the spirit of man has a real, tangible body. The spirit of man has powers which the man has not. The spirit of man is governed by intelligence, and that intelligence gives it power that the rose, which is governed by what are called natural laws, has not got.

Q.—Can a spirit descend into the solid substance of the earth?

A.—If they desire, they can do so. Gross matter is no obstruction to the passage of a spirit. All matter has its spirit, and the spirit of man only recognizes spiritual matter—on which plane spirits live after passing the material plane.

Q.—Can spirits see gross matter?

A.—Certainly they can. There is no spirit so refined but what it can see gross matter; but individuals on the material plane cannot see spiritual matter, unless they are clairvoyant; and when clairvoyant, the physical eyes are not called into use.

Some spirits are so much more refined than others that they have more the appearance of a halo of light than a human form to those near the earth plane.

CHARLES DEEDS, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Sitting in this way reminds me of a little incident that transpired when I was but a boy.

My home was in Cleveland, Ohio. I have a mother, two sisters and three brothers and a step-father, all now living in Cleveland.

Now I will give you the incident before alluded to. I was eleven years of age, in my twelfth year. I suppose I must have thought that I was old enough to go where I chose, and return when I got ready. Accordingly one day, immediately after dinner, I went away and did not return until about nine in the evening.

As a punishment for the offence, my mother said I should go to bed without any supper. In vain I plead for something to eat. To bed she had said, and to bed I must go. In my anger (I can see now just how I looked,) I said to my mother, I hope I shall wake up in the morning dead. Rather a strange idea, but true, that we should wake up when we were dead. For when we are what the world calls dead, we have but just wakened. Life has been a sleep—we have dreamed, and now we realize that dream. We enjoy the beauties of the world beyond—have waked up and found ourselves dead! I wished to recal this incident to my friends that they might recognize me.

I died at Mission Ridge. My age was twenty-three years. My name is Charles Deeds.

Will you please direct one of your papers to Richard Deeds, Cleveland, Ohio? [I will.] Mother, I am happy.

MRS. ANNA M. KNEELAND, Elmira, N. Y.

I find a great many people contending that the world is all right. I agree with them upon this point. That the people are all right—again, I agree with them. That the laws are all right—but, there, mark you, I do not agree with them. I hold that every law that binds any individual, either physically or mentally, is a great wrong. It is thought by many that the slavery of the African race is America's greatest curse. Is she rid of that curse? I answer, in a measure; but there exists to-day a greater curse upon the American people than that of enslaving the African. Of the truth of this thousands of my own sex will bear me witness. The African in his native condition possesses but little intelligence. And the more intelligent the people who are in slavery, the harder it is to be borne. All married women are slaves—made so by the laws of society. Every woman that enters the marriage relation binds herself, soul and body, for life—sells herself for a few shillings, and even that is not her own, for after a woman is once sold all that she may be possessed of at once goes into the legal possession of her owner. Woman may devote herself entirely to her husband—suffer as none but mothers can suffer—and then her children are not her own. Oh God, what laws! Are they just?

Men look upon the slavery of the blacks with horror, little thinking that they themselves have a part in the laws that make slaves of their wives and children.

The negro had no voice in making the laws by which he was bound; and women likewise have no voice in making the laws by which they are bound.

I am the mother of three children; was permitted by my husband to care for these children until the youngest was three and a half and the eldest eleven years of age. He, in that length of time, had learned that I was not competent to take the care of *his* children! "*Your* children," I indignantly said, "they are my children." The particulars I will not relate. The law was on his side—that just law which separates a mother from her offspring. I struggled hard for two years to get my children. From the effects of that struggle my spirit was forced to leave my body, and happy was that release, for I was enabled to be nearer my children than before. I had hoped for what I always thought to be heaven, and that was a place of rest. If I had found that heaven, and it had been, as I supposed, free from care, I should have been happier than I now am. For now I see my children need that care that none but a mother can bestow. Not having the power to change their condition, I am far from being happy. My home was in Elmira, New York. My name was Anna M. Kneeland. I was thirty-seven years of age; have been in spirit-life one year the 19th of last June. My husband will see this. His name is Henry J. Kneeland.

NELLIE MORRIS, of Davenport, Iowa.

I fell in the river and was drowned, and my folks did not find me for two weeks. My mamma was almost distracted at not finding me. When they did find me, mamma said, "I am glad I have found my Nellie's body, but her spirit is in heaven." But I was not in heaven, mamma, because it made me feel bad when you cried so. But I feel better now, because you don't cry, and you think I am happy and in heaven. I suppose it is heaven, but I will be happier when you and papa come. I fell in the river where there are two places on the river. One is Davenport, the other is Rock Island. I lived in Davenport, Iowa. My name is Nellie Morris. I was little over seven years old when I fell in the river. And that was over a year ago. Tell mamma I have seen her.

The Condition and Prospect of our Country.

A SERMON.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Delivered at Hammonton, N. J., July 23d, 1865.

Questions like these have been passing through my mind: "Where are we drifting? Watchman, what of the night?"

As I thus queried, before me stood the tall and manly form of my friend, Colonel Baker, Edward, as he always so modestly says.

I never saw a man who wore his honors so well; they shine so brightly that he does not see them, and he toils on now with the same earnestness that animated and inspired him when his young hand plied the shuttle to and fro, and his noble mind saw beyond that little loom, the great loom of destiny, on which he was to weave a more mighty warp and woof—for his native land, for humanity and for God.

Months have rolled away since I have seen him so clearly; and oh! how glad I was to perceive the glowing light of his serene countenance in an hour like this, when clouds are lowering upon the horizon of our beloved country, and we are standing with hushed breath, watching for the flashing lightnings of unsubdued passions, and wild and wicked impulses—listening for the distant thunder of discord, turmoil and bloodshed. We all feel now, that great coming events are casting their fearful and uncertain shadows before them.

Yes, replied he, there are dark and portentous clouds now upon our land. Brave men and true have poured out their blood freely at Freedom's shrine, on tented plains and crimsoned battle-field; and in the nation's council chamber its noble head has fallen, and all for what? That men might worship more truly at the shrine of *principle* and banish from their minds forever the thought of compromise, which, like a certain leak, whether small or great, must surely sink every ship of State, however stately, that sails on time's troubled waves. I have watched attentively from the stand point of a higher life, the tides of human emotion and impulse, as they have swayed the multitudes of our nation, during the past four years—and have seen many instances wherein men have risen nobly and rapidly, to a position in which their vision has been cleared of the mists of policy and compromise, and fixed upon the line of rectitude and strict upright principle which alone can save men or nations. And to-day, while the ebbing tide of reaction is falling back and leaving many weak and wavering minds in the regions of doubt and almost despair, there is danger that some will lay "unholy hands upon the ark of the covenant" of our Government, and though we know, as in ancient times, a curse will fall upon these, still the people must suffer.

Yet standing as I do, above all this turmoil and strife, and perceiving clearly how the inevitable laws of cause and effect are operating in everything, I see plainly that there must be suffering. Man has not yet grown out of those conditions, and can only do so through continued suffering. I see four distinct classes in the community—two small classes about equal in number—and two which are much larger and also about equal. Of the first—one stands firmly planted upon principle, and the other manifests a total want of this. Their lives are a continued scene of revelry and riot, violation of right and principle.

Of the larger classes, the one is composed of those who prefer the right and the true, but who are wavering and uncertain, and the other those who are indifferent, and scarcely appreciate principle, and will make little or no effort to maintain it, and who do not feel sufficient interest in this to care whether it be maintained or not.

Let us examine each of these classes. First, those who are spiritually unfolded and planted upon the rock of eternal principle.

Such having received good physical and moral natures, and having been purified through great tribulation—being established thus upon the ground of truth, stand unmoved by the storms of evil which are raging around them. They know that "men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," that "as we sow, so shall we reap."

In looking over the condition of society, they perceive that in the sum total "whatever is, is right," and there is compensation in every condition, while the great law of progress points to an unbroken line of improvement, to which they cannot be indifferent. Standing in this position, they can exclaim: "*Fiat justitia fuat cælum.*" Let justice reign, though the heavens fall. Such are not moved by the whims and caprices of self-interest. They are the salt of the earth—the light of the world—its saviours; persecuted and crucified while here, sainted and canonized when apparently beyond the reach of these external influences.

Never before in the world's history, has this class been so numerous and powerful as they are to-day, and mankind are beginning to appreciate these, and this is the dawn of a better day, for them and for humanity.

The first class of the second division—those who want to do right and fail because they have not grown strong, and from defects of organization and culture, who rejoice when right is uppermost and prevails, and weep when evil sways the people, while they are, in a great measure, impotent to produce the one or prevent the other.

The perils and sufferings of the last four years have elevated and promoted many from this class into the first conditions of the former. We may look hopefully upon these—the rapidity of their progress is unparalleled in the world's history. These are the people for, and with whom labor will be most productive and satisfactory.

The reaction which is now going on, is their time of trial; it will winnow the wheat from the chaff, and those who have not laid hold of principle as a foundation sure and steadfast, will be in darkness and suffering until they can rise into a fuller recognition of these. Be earnest and faithful in your efforts to teach these, that they may grow stronger and be able to take a higher and more noble stand upon the only true and living foundation—*principle*. Let every one gird themselves about with truth, and endeavor to scatter its seeds among these, seeking ever to hold up the hands that are weak, and to encourage the drooping spirits, so that the land may not continue to be filled with mourning and lamentation; because the people have turned away from righteousness, and iniquity is in their hearts. If you will stand faithful now, if you will "cry aloud and spare not," many of these will turn and aid you in the work, and the nation will stand "redeemed, regenerated and disenthraled" from many of the evils which have hung like millstones upon its neck. Much, very much, depends upon your efforts with these; do your duty and you will have your reward.

The second class of this division, which is also a numerous one, consists of those who, selfish and indifferent to the welfare of the race, are plodding on; these must suffer and others with them, until they shall learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

And lastly we come to those who are "desperately wicked." Those who do not desire justice and virtue to prevail, but who are constantly acting so as to promote discord and inharmony, and fermenting evil. These unfortunate beings are pupils whom it is the duty of society to educate, and *to restrain* for that purpose alone.

And though the two latter must ever cause suffering to themselves and others, the evils of society are the real ladder by which these must ascend, through suffering to higher planes and conditions, and mankind will look in vain for a cessation of evils and sufferings, while such individuals exist. They must grow up through these channels, and if those who have passed to higher conceptions of right will stand firm, and be true to principle, these must pass on to better conditions.

Popular education, and the establishment of justice between man and man, will tend more than anything else to bring this class into a condition of harmony, and thus improve the state of society.

Do not deceive yourselves with the idea, that because through the instrumentality of war, human slavery has been abolished in our land, all the evils which this system has engendered, are to be eradicated at once.

No, my friends, labor and suffering must be your portion yet; and the rapid and rushing tide of the last four years will soon give place to an ebb, in which much of the evils which seemed to have disappeared, will again come to the surface, and many will be discouraged, and exclaim: All is lost, the struggles and trials of these long years have brought us no good fruit. But be not dismayed, it is not so. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail"; your only hope is to plant yourself with the first class—upon the rock of eternal and immutable principles, and then you may safely defy the storms of all the evil passions of wicked and designing men, and like the prophet of old, in an hour like this, when the earthquake and the storm have been around them, they will "wrap their mantles about their faces, and stand in the mouth of the cave and listen for the still, small voice," which is more potent than the rushing, mighty wind, or the fierce rumbling of the thunder. And as they hear this voice and obey it, they will be prepared to speak words in season to the people.

The destiny of our country is shrouded in darkness to-day. But standing as we do above the mists of earth, we can see beyond and above these clouds the golden and gorgeous sunlight, shining in effulgence on this fair land of America—land of the free and home of the brave—and each step by the people, in the direction of a higher and nobler condition, is clearly defined in our vision, till we can see the whole land blooming like a garden of beauty, and man everywhere laboring peacefully and honorably to build up homes for himself, in which, while he enjoys all the rights of humanity, he accords to every other man, without distinction of sect, sex, or clime, the same inalienable and God-given rights. Thus crowned with peace and plenty, prosperity and happiness, we can see this continent dotted all over with flourishing towns and cities, while its broad plains and teeming fields are pouring out their luxuriant products into the lap of a free and enlightened people, among whom education is as common as the air they breathe, and as free to all.

And the highest aspiration of man now is, to become the greatest benefactor of the race.

Not in a day, not in a century, do I look for the fulfilment of these things, but as sure as there is a God in heaven, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, these are the inevitable and unmistakable lines of destiny. They are plainly written out for these people and this land. And though dark clouds now overshadow the nation, and may postpone the coming of the good time, they will not prevent it. Many are now beginning to realize it for themselves, and the number will increase rapidly, as the floodgates are opening, and the light is being poured down in beauty from the land of the hereafter.

Let us, then, one and all, labor earnestly and faithfully, in season and out of season, for the coming of the glory of the Lord. The outpouring of the spirit upon the world, and the resurrection of humanity from the thraldom of ignorance, superstition and error, into the beautiful light and liberty of reason, intuition and inspiration, so that freedom and justice may reign in the kingdoms of men, and every man shall be able to "sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

As we come thus, individually, to realize these things, the dawn of the millenium will be upon us, and the kingdom of heaven will be at hand.

Thus the future opens brightly before us; but man is the author of his condition in a great measure, and while these bright and beautiful things are opening to our gaze, they will not be reached by you unless you put forth your energies in a proper direction. Every noble thought that fires the human soul, every living and divine aspiration, comes like a strong breeze, a favoring gale, to fill the sails of the human bark and waft it rapidly on to the Elysian shores where these glorious realities are to be found.

On the contrary, listlessness and indifference will permit your sails to fall and your barks to float hither and thither, without any real advancement; or it may be that vice and crime will fill your sails with such a current as shall carry you rapidly away from these peaceful shades, into turmoil and confusion. May we, then, ask you to turn the rudder of judgment in the line of rectitude, and bring all the breezes of truth and virtue, and holy aspiration and earnest hope, to fill your sails to the utmost and carry you rapidly away from the shoals and quicksands of falsehood and compromise, into the broad and illimitable ocean of divine and eternal principles, on whose clear and unruffled bosom you may sail on forever in peace and safety, and realize the joys of a high and noble manhood, in the perfection of the outworking of the divine nature within yourselves?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Social Organization.

Incidentally a number of the Journal fell in my way, and I was much pleased to find it advocating the true position of society, the highest principles of human existence—consequently, I intend to support the Journal so long as it adheres to its motto and its published principles, and will exert myself to get subscriptions for its support and the extension of its sphere of usefulness. Having faith that a new era of a much higher type is about to be inaugurated, I believe that your efforts will be crowned with the desired result, for you are pulling on the right string—scientific development—which is the great redeemer of polluted society. For many years the evidence has fast been accumulating, that we are living in the most eventful and interesting period of the world's history—evidently on the threshold of a new and most glorious era, which will secure unalloyed and enduring happiness to those who are wise enough to accept of the benign unfoldings of that millennial organization which dethrones all selfishness, and lays aside all individual interest in this world's goods. The social system is the only basis on which happiness can rest. On the true social system true happiness can rest, as secure and as firm as the everlasting hills rest on the bosom of the earth, for social order is the legitimate offspring of scientific development; therefore, no other system or organization can stand in the light of truth, for the light of truth will dispel all the present existing black clouds of conventionalism and selfishness. When the condition of society is bettered, it will be the effect of scientific development. Happiness never was, nor never will be, obtained, except through social order in accordance with scientific demonstration. The dawning of the light of reason is so far advanced that we who have moral stamina enough to open our eyes to the light, can't help seeing that the darkness of conventionalism, superstition and bigotry, is fast receding, consequently we have come to that point where we can see what needs doing and how to do it. When the shackles of education are thoroughly broken, then we can see things as they exist in their true form; and when we see things as they are we shall consequently and necessarily see them alike; therefore harmony and concentration of action will be the result, and happiness the legitimate offspring. The true social system, in the nature of things, must be an organized body founded on scientific principles, on revealed, demonstrable truth, without the vestige of sophistry. Such an institution could not, in the nature of things, avoid being extremely prosperous, for all of its operations would be under the especial and unbiased supervision of moral and intellectual co-operation, which is the highest power in existence. Therefore a true social organization would conduct its business precisely as God would conduct it; consequently it would flourish like the green bay tree, and enjoy unalloyed happiness, inasmuch as it would dispel every vestige of sickness and sorrow.

Now, I propose that those who are disposed to carry out practically the principles of scientific demonstration, send in their names to be recorded in the Journal, so that it may be known how many, and who they are, that are ready to enter into the service of usefulness and blessedness. When there can be found twelve men who are ready to combine their efforts for the elevation of their race, the social order may be considered as substantially inaugurated. Let us hear from those who are ready to immortalize their names by being the few who shall set the wheel rolling, and commence the greatest work the world ever did or ever will witness. For one I am now ready to put shoulder to the wheel, and help put it in motion, which, once in motion, no existing power will be able to impede, but it will run stronger and faster, till it crushes all opposition in the length and breadth of all the earth.

N. P. Stearns.

The New Planet and its Discoverer.—The Detroit *Tribune* says:

Prof. James C. Watson, Director of the Detroit Observatory at Ann Arbor, announces the discovery by himself, on Monday evening, of a new planet. Its astronomical location is given as follows: Right ascension, fourteen deg. 15 min.; declination, nine deg. north. It is a small star, its magnitude being only 9½. This is the second discovery of this character that Prof. Watson has made since his ascension to the Directorship of the Observatory. He was appointed successor to Prof. Brunnow, August 25th, 1863, and on September 14th he discovered a planet in the constellation Pisces, never before recognized by nor known to any astronomer of either hemisphere. Subsequent observations fully established the planetary character of the new star, and the discovery was immediately announced by the American press and through the European astronomical journals. Observations at both Washington and Albany, and also at the Royal Observatory of Leipsic, confirmed the discovery, and the new planet was named Eurynome. It is situated between Mars and Jupiter. Its main distance from the sun is 233,000,000 miles, and its year contains 1,397 of our days.

There is a principle which is the basis of things, which all speech aims to say, and all action to evolve—a simple, quiet, undescribed, undescribable presence, dwelling very peacefully in us, our rightful lord; we are not to do, but to let do; not to work, but to be worked upon; and to this homage there is consent of all thoughtful and just men in all ages and conditions.—*Emerson.*

From the Banner of Light.

Hypatia, the Female Philosopher of Alexandria.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was the fourteenth year of the fifth century. Slowly and surely Paganism was dying, before the march of victorious Christianity. Her philosophers—great minds who sought to solve the invincible problems of cosmical forces and human existence—were of the things of the past. Learning lingered at a few heathen shrines, giving but glimmering and feeble rays. The rising religion scorned learning. Mathematics, and the experiments by which the elements are revealed, to bigoted monk or Bishop, were sorcery and dealings with the devil. Christianity swept over philosophy like an annihilating simoon, or rather like a ghastly mildew, which destroys life, and then gathers over the corpse.

Words cannot express the hatred of the Christians for learning. They made no distinction between philosophy and mythology. The divine perfections of art, which breathed life into marble and made the dull canvass glow with poetry, were unspeakably odious. Temples, expressing in the grandeur of colossal columns and vaulted ceilings, the perfection of imagination, and saying to the world that the hand of man hewed them out in the measure of an epic song; sculptures of inimitable grace and beauty; works of great historians, sages and bards, alike felt the holy indignation of the ignorant proselyte, and were swept to dust beneath his fury.

Alexandria was founded by the Great Alexander, on a site which the far-seeing mind of the first Napoleon saw must make it the great emporium of the Mediterrancan. At the period of which I write, it rivaled Constantinople. As the voyager came in from the sea, for an immense distance he saw the guiding light of that seventh wonder of the ancient world, the Pharos. Built of white marble, sculptured into massive columns, rising tier above tier to the height of more than three hundred cubics, it shed its beacon flame far and wide over the blue sea. It guided the ship into the splendid harbor, which resembled a forest, from the masts gathered from all parts of the known world, bringing and carrying the trade from the remotest West and furthest East.

Two great streets intersected the city at right angles. One was three, and the other was one mile long. At the point of their intersection was a square, in the centre of which stood the mausoleum where rested in their last repose the earthly remains of the restless Alexander, at length asleep.

The city was full of splendid edifices—the palace, the exchange, the Cæsarian, the halls of justice, the temples of Neptune and Pan, theatres, churches and synagogues. There was, a few years before this period, the large and classically finished building which contained the museum and library of Ptolemy, and in which the academy assembled, composed of learned men drawn from all parts of the world by the bounty given by that liberal king to learning. There were specimens of every known bird, beast, fish and reptile, and four hundred thousand volumes in that museum. In the Temple of Jupiter, Serapis, were three hundred thousand volumes more. The latter remained unharmed until the time of Theodosius the Great. Theologians, ashamed of their deeds, have charged the Saracen with its destruction. Not so. A mob of Christians, headed by their archbishop, stormed the temple, and destroyed its treasures of learning. The Saracen in A. D. 642, *restored*, as far as he was able, the academy and the library.

This temple of Serapis was approached on one side by a slope for carriages, on the other by a flight of a hundred marble steps. On these stood the magnificent portico, with its columns extending around an immense roofless hall, the porches of which contained the library. In the central area arose a lofty pillar, seen far away on the sea.

The royal docks were on one side of the town, the hippodrome on the other. There were groves, amphitheatres, gardens, fountains, and countless noble buildings with gilded roofs glittering in the sun.

The streets were thronged with camels, wearily coming over the yellow sands of the desert, bringing the produce of the ever fertile Nile; wealthy Christian ladies, their dresses embroidered with Scripture parables and phrases, in gold, and the Gospels suspended by a golden chain from their necks; their slaves with parasols and fans, walking behind; the ever trading, ever thriving Jew, whose food is usury and commerce; the sooty Ethiopian from the southern "ends of the earth," singing in wild strains, just as he sings in slavery to-day; the sinister Assyrian following in the wake of his conquerer; in short, a mixture of all nationalities, a jargon of all tongues. Such was Alexandria, when for the first time it beheld a female occupy the place of a philosopher, and succeed in the long line of illustrious names which had rendered her academy famous.

Hypatia was the daughter of the celebrated Theon and far surpassed in attainments and renown her philosophical father. Possessing the rarest mental endowments, such was her ardor in the pursuit of her studies that to them she devoted her entire days and the larger portions of her nights. Plato was more truthful in her esteem than Aristotle. She followed their example by traveling. She visited Athens, and listened to the ablest instructors of that emporium of thought. On her return, at the request of the magistrates of her native city, she began to give lessons. She was an eclectic, but made the exact sciences the basis of knowledge. Thus she was the first to introduce the rigorous method into philosophy.

To the great attractions of her mind was added transcendant beauty. Her dress was simple and her conduct ever above suspicion. Thinking that marriage would interfere with her pursuits, she repulsed all her numerous suitors with a grace that, although disappointing their hopes, retained them as her friends.

The greatest men of her time—sages, poets and statesmen—came to listen to the wonderful wisdom of her lectures. Her hall was crowded with the wealth and fashion of the great metropolis. The street was obstructed by the long line of chariots drawn up and waiting before her door.

What did it mean? The archbishop Cyril was enraged. He stood representative of Christ and his doctrines; Hypatia was a Pagan—worse, a Pagan philosopher, who refused to be converted! The audience who attended her lectures, to hear discussed the problems of "How came the Universe?" "How came I?" was larger than that which listened to his incomprehensible jargon on the Godship of Christ.

The witch, Hypatia, must perish.

She deluded the youths of Alexandria by sorcery and black arts. She was leagued with the devil.

Hypatia, pure, noble, beautiful, the embodiment and emblem of science and learning; Cyril, emblem of bigotry, intolerance and Churchanity, howling at learning, and boasting of the foul and loathsome slime in which he wallows.

The two conflicting elements are brought in collision. The star is obscured by the dismal fog—that star, the last, purest and brightest in the galaxy of the ancient world! It sinks; and across the dreary desert of a thousand years we see none other in the black and gloomy heavens! Cyril, the *saint*, collects a mob of monks. When Hypatia comes forth from her academy, they assault her. In a mortal agony of fear amid the horrid shouts and yells of those bare-legged and cowled demons, she is dragged from her chariot, in the public streets, divested of her simple raiment, exposed to contumely, hisses, jests and insult; they drag her to church, kill her with clubs, and her quivering limbs torn asunder by these devout Christians, are dragged through the city with the applause of an intoxicated rabble of disciples.

Cyril—is a saint.

Hypatia—the first of a long line of martyrs to science—the last of a long line of ancient sages, like a bright star shines across the dismal gulf of mediæval anarchy and ignorance, connecting ancient speculation with the stern and unflinching investigations of to-day.

The Origin of the Locomotive.—The first steam carriage seems to have been made by a Frenchman, Cugnot, in 1760, that same marvelous year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon I., Wellington, Humboldt, Mehemit Ali, Lord Castlereigh, Sir E. I. Brunel, Cuvier, and the first patent of Arkwright, the first patent of Watt, as also some other events almost as great in their eventful influence on the present era. An engine made by Cugnot is still in existence in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. It has a copper boiler, very much like a common kettle, without the handle and spout, furnishing with steam a pair of 13-inch single acting cylinders. The engine propels a single driving wheel, which is roughened on its periphery. Altogether, this engine bears considerable testimony to the mechanical genius of its inventor. It was unsuccessful, having got overturned once or twice on the very bad roads then existing in France, and it was put on one side. It is stated, however, that arrangements were made in 1801 to put it to work, in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Old Oaken Cradle.

Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recal them,
Electric they shimmer on mem'ry's warm sky,
The maple-fringed river, the hills grand and solemn,
And all the dear haunts in the forest near by;
I deem these fresh views on the past's panorama
As sweetest of all the enchantments of earth—
The ancient red house, in which life's devious drama
Commenced in the cradle which stood by the hearth;
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

Near two generations from earth have departed
Since home in high state this quaint cradle was brought,
Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted,
Gave joy, pure and holy, of sad sorrow nought!
Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted,
To mother and infant, when hushed was his mirth;
How grateful was sleep when the babe for it panted,
A boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth!
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high posted cradle which stands by the hearth.

Not all mem'ry's promptings of bygones that gather
Are free from a sadness made sacred by space,
Since angels led two from our home—and forever
Seraphic behold they Immanuel's face;
And we who remain, from those scenes all are distant,
But never forget we the place of our birth;
The light of our mem'ry, in realms reminiscent,
Reveals the staid cradle which stood by the hearth;
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high posted cradle, which stood by the hearth.

EDWARD P. NOWELL.

Anear to Thee.

So I might walk, what time my life shall last,
Within the shelter of thy tender arms;
I'd waste no thought on all the hurts and harms,
Which fate broadcasts by handfuls thick and fast;
Fortune's capricious heart might never beat
Kindly for me; I'd count her frowns more sweet
Than sweetest smiles, so I might only be
Anear to thee, dear love—anear to thee!

So I might lean, what time this pulse shall thrill
To *thy* loved name, my weakness on thy strength,
I'd little reck, though many a torturing length
Of care begirt my feet. In every ill
I'd see, nor haunting shade, but budding good—
Filch golden dreams from Nature's stormiest mood;
Nor even Pain should sting, so I might be
Anear to thee, sweet love—anear to thee!

Since I have hope to meet thee—soon or late—
Up yonder 'mong the paths the angels tread—
Where hearts that erst went hungering are fed;
And bruised lives are healed, which fickle Fate
Made footballs of! What need to wail and cry,
"We are so far apart, my love and I!"
Why heed for earth, since I am sure to be
Anear to thee in Heaven—anear to thee!

The Legend of Y Street.

The word legend embodies untold wealth of romance and poetry. As it meets the eye on the printed page, or falls in music upon the ear, the mind wings its way far back through the centuries to the time when frisking fauns peopled the glades of ancient Greece, and when nymphs and dryads were familiar to Italian groves and fountains; or, if less adventurous in its flight, it at least reaches the mediæval period when ignorance became the nurse of fancy and struck a thousand brilliant sparks from hard, bare lines, which in truth never knew a sun-glint. But sometimes the imagination travels too far and too long, and is suddenly arrested on its way and recaled to a more modern date and a far humbler locality. It happens thus in the present case, for Y street has its legend as well as joy-breathing Arcadia. Y street has a story as well as Avernus and its mysterious hills. Y street has undergone a transformation as curious and as wonderful as any of which the Roman poet sings.

I feel really shy and nervous about introducing Y street personally—so to speak—for at the time when my tale commences it was so utterly forlorn, so radically corrupt, so absolutely and thoroughly offensive to every sense, that only by a powerful effort can one connect it with any pure and tender sentiment. Originally, it was intended for a quiet, substantial place, but a soap and bone factory having been established at either end, all hopes of respectability vanished in their smoke. The inhabitants fought against them manfully until they were worn out with expense and vexation, when, finding themselves no further advanced than at first, they fled, leaving their houses to those unfortunate people who, as they are compelled to dwell perpetually among nauseous odors, it is to be hoped are not gifted with an undue delicacy of scent. Lower and lower sank the unlucky locality; the buildings went speedily to ruin; a dozen families crowded into each tenement, which blossomed thereupon into rows of wet and tattered garments; a few miserable shops exhibited second-hand clothing, stale meat, and decaying vegetables; unwashed and half-clad children swarmed on the broken and dirty sidewalks, quarreling and swearing in frightful precocious imitation of their elders, or bruised and maimed themselves in the cellars and on the tottering piles and arches over which fires had swept. The little stream which crossed it, the once clear and sparkling Rielle, was choked with every species of garbage, and sent up its pestiferous breath to poison still further the unwholesome atmosphere. In addition to this outward discomfort there was also a demoralizing influence which subtily infused itself into the souls of those who dwelt there. Whether it was that they reached this dismal abode by a descent so prolonged and wearisome as to eliminate from their characters all that contributes to achievement either on a larger or smaller scale, or because there existed in the tainted air a certain quality which incapacitated those who breathed it, or the productive activities of life, certain it is that almost all who went thither yielded to the spirit of the place. No matter how courageous, how diligent, or how cleanly they might have been before, they speedily sank to the level of their degenerate neighbors. They planned nothing, struggled for nothing beyond bare existence. They had no longer heart or hope, and a sluggish despondency never brightened into expectation, and often sinking into absolute despair, took possession of them. So the rain dripped at will through the dilapidated roofs, old hats replaced the glass in broken windows, loose clap-boards swung in the wind, great gaps appeared between the crazy doorsteps, fiery drink wrought apace, and disease and death rioted amidst the reeking filth which all the gums of Araby would have failed to sweeten.

There was but one chance for Y street to rise from its degradation and array itself in the beautiful garments of order and cleanliness, and even that was rendered nearly impossible by reason of the difficult conditions through which alone it could be reached. Nobody knew when or by whom the prophecy was uttered, but the best authorities were agreed that if a pure-minded dweller therein should at 12 o'clock precisely upon Christmas Eve laugh a joyous laugh out of sheer delight in the anticipated pleasure of Y street people, possessing no claim of kindred or kindness, he or she at the moment being ignorant of the prophecy, the street would suddenly put on an aspect of brightness and beauty. At the magical sound the straying shingles would return to their places, the loose clapboards would welcome their accustomed nails, the gaping door-steps would close up like soldiers at the word of command, the vacant lots would bloom into parks and gardens, the Rielle would run clear and sweet to its confluent stream, the factories would cease to send forth sickening odors, the children would be washed and clothed, and a pretty church would start up on the very spot where, summer and winter, day and night, painted and bejeweled girls, bold-faced and free in manner, dealt out fiery liquors to imbruted customers. But, alas! when would this be? On Christmas Eve, as upon all other evenings, there was laughter in Y street; but it was the laughter of men and women rioting amidst their cups, the frenzied revelry excited by the maddening dice, the tumultuous merriment of the lost seeking to drown the memory of a better past and the consciousness of a degraded present, the forced and hollow mirth of a haunting fear, a creeping dread which ever pointed with a mocking finger to the certain horror of a dishonored grave. It was laughter without purity, without joy, without sympathy, without generosity. It was untouched by a single gleam from the coming day of peace and good will, it had in it no element of truth and hope, and so nothing came of it but a darker sin and a deeper sorrow.

Y street was looking its worst one midsummer's afternoon when a bright little woman stepped daintily along the broken sidewalks. She was not handsome, but her eyes were full of tender meanings and her fresh lips looked ready to drop pearls—pearls of goodness and love. Her pretty chintz dress fitted her trim figure to perfection, and her thimble clinked pleasantly against the coins which she had received for her day's work in one pocket of her coquettish apron. A neat needle-case peeped from the other pocket, and a substantial pair of scissors glittered at her belt. All the population was abroad, and all stared and wondered at the unusual spectacle; the elder boys, giving vent to prolonged whistles and oaths, meant to be playful and complimentary—a kind of greeting which would probably have taken a more active form but for the tact and good nature of the stranger. At length she stopped before one of the more decent houses, shook her head, scanned it a second time, and then with a slight nod of recognition, tripped lightly up the stairway.

Norah Graham was country-born and bred, and an unfortunate day it was when her widowed mother moved to the great manufacturing town, incited to that ill-judged step by glowing accounts of extravagant wages and light work. She found the mills, where alone high wages were to be obtained, insufferable from their heat and dust and noise; and without acquaintances or recommendations of any kind, she could not make her way among strangers. She fell ill with disappointment and anxiety, and her small means barely sufficed to furnish her a grave in a pleasant cemetery. Norah far excelled her mother in inward characteristics and outward graces, and no long time elapsed before she obtained employment as a seamstress. As she increased in skill, her remuneration increased; and now, after five years of steady diligence, she was still young and bright, and had laid aside a trifle against possible sickness and mischance. Norah had converted all her patrons into friends, but they were recent friends. None of them had known her in her happy childhood, none had known the father whom she so loved and reverenced; to none could she reveal the heart-history, which, beginning in sunshine, had ended in darkness and tears. The new did not replace the old, and she was eager to welcome any memorial of her country life, and to seek a renewal of the slightest of early ties. She was in this mood when she learned that the Lows—her favorites, among old-time neighbors—had met with successive misfortunes, and had finally established themselves in Y street. Norah easily divined the cause of their rapid descent from the farm-house in Burton, shaded by elms and maples, to this repulsive spot; for countless memories crowded upon her of Jack Low lounging lazily about the bar of the little inn, and of Mrs. Low's good nature and unthrift. With them came also, recollections of aprons full of luscious pears, baskets of red-cheeked apples, brimming pitchers of new cider, and ears of purple pop-corn which found their way from the farm to the cottage; and those awoke a thrill of affectionate gratitude which could be satisfied only by an effort in their behalf. "I have but little to give," she said to herself, "but I can lodge and breakfast with them, and pay them the same that I pay my present landlady."

Norah was welcomed by Mrs. Low with tears of mingled pain and pleasure; and her proposal was, after a few faint denials, thankfully accepted. The best of the poor rooms was assigned her, which she furnished neatly, and which she consecrated by countless beautiful deeds of generous self-denial. Many a long hour, after her day's work was done, she plied her needle for the little Lows, without a thought of payment; and many and many a time her pleasant chat and pleasant singing kept the father from the grog-shop and sent him sober to bed. She gave new courage to the desponding mother, showed her how best to manage her small and uncertain income, and taught her to make her home tidy and cheerful, despite the baleful power of place and circumstance. Quietly, also, her influence penetrated to other families, but her chief success was among the children. To them she gave her Sabbaths, denying herself all the sacred pleasures of the house of prayer, and when the summer melted into autumn, and the evenings grew long, she gathered them by classes in her warm chamber, and taught them charming things so charmingly that many began actually to thirst for knowledge, and applied for and obtained admission to the city schools.

At length the cold winds swept bracingly through Y Street, and the snow draped it with fleecy folds. White, glittering, all impurities covered from sight and scent, it waited for the coming Christmas. The stars looked the glad tidings from the depths of their purple silence, the air breathed it in its frosty sleep, the Rielle murmured it from between its icy banks, even the very houses seemed to feel it, although weakly and without voice. Here and there, also, a little heart leaped at the thought, and young eyes flashed with the promise of the approaching festival. Norah Graham was both busy and joyful. She was trimming a tree for her Sunday School children. It was a real tree, which had been given her by a patron, and she was hanging up not only streamers and flags, but shoes and stockings, and mittens and comforters, and jackets and caps; and beside these she had frosted cakes, and great bunches of grapes, and strings of figs, pyramids of apples, and bags of candy, to say nothing of the books and pictures not a few. How her pulses beat! how her blood went racing through her veins! how quick and light were her movements! how her hand trembled with pleasure as she labeled article after article, and tied them to the glossy holly boughs! and how prettily she turned her head, now this way and now that, to observe the effect of her handiwork! The minutes flew by, and the hours as well, till the last ornament found its place; and then such a vivid picture of the morrow's joy rose before her—such a thrill of love for the forlorn little ones who were to be her guests, struck through her heart—that she laughed aloud. A clear, sparkling laugh it was, and while it yet filled the chamber with its inimitable music, the distant bells rang in the merry Christmas. For an instant the cheery tones appeared to her but the echo of her own merriment, and she laughed again, and then listened gleefully for a second echo. It came, low and sweet, and freighted with a proud delight, but not from the metal spheres suspended away in the soft ether. It broke from the darkness just beyond her threshold, and before it had died into silence, two stalwart arms caught up the blithesome seamstress, and lips as bright as hers sought their companion lips in a long and clinging kiss. Ah! the heart history begun in sunshine had not, as she believed, ended in darkness and tears. The lover of her early youth, absent so long and so bitterly lamented, had returned, rich in purse, richer still in a matured and disciplined affection, and a character moulded by endeavor and mellowed by success. As Norah looked into his face, every shadow of doubt passed away. She re-trimmed her lamp, and under the glittering holly boughs the two sat, hand in hand, relating their adventures, until morning, gold-crowned and rosy-hued, called them to begin the work before them. Such a breakfast as smoked on the Lows' usually scanty table! such a dinner as was sent them from the best cooks in the city! such additions as were made to the Christmas tree! and such additions, too, to the guests who danced around it!

Other things happened in Y Street, or rather had happened, for only the stars witnessed the coming of its good fortune. When Norah went out to assist her betrothed in the purchase of the Christmas offering which he gratefully desired to make, she was utterly bewildered by the changes which had occurred within a few brief hours. Every house stood whole and trim before her, the sidewalk had been newly paved, and furnished with curbstones of hammered granite. The rubbish had vanished from vacant lots, and trees nodded and whispered over the neat palings which had mysteriously sprung up around them. The Rielle, cleared of impurities, flowed gleefully by. The factories were closed for the last time, and a pretty church stood on the spot where, season by season, day and night, men and women had imbruted themselves with the poison dealt to them by painted and bejeweled girls.

"I am terrified," said Norah. "Hilland, dear Hilland, what can it mean?"

Her question was answered soon afterward, and it was with profound gratitude and tender awe that she perceived how a new spirit had settled upon and permeated the place. Neatness touched with encroaching finger the realm of slovenliness and unthrift; hope dawned upon the darkness of despair and a firm resolve for worthier doing replaced the fatal indifference which cared for nothing, and nothing sought. And in the radiance of this promise, in the glory of this dawn, in the presence of the men and women and little children, who were being lifted heavenward by ever so short a step, by ever so timorous a beginning, Norah and Hilland joined hands; and God made them one in life, one in work, and one in worship, then and forever.

To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing this, they never will have the power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise.—*Ruskin.*

One of the lady graduates from Oberlin this year, was born a slave at Washington, hired her time, bought her freedom, and prepared for college in Providence, R. I.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to *recommend*, believing that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful, to guard sacredly INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the *general laws* governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a *type of Religion*, based on *sound philosophy*, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and *all* progressive minds boldly contend.

S. S. JONES, *Chairman*, St. Charles, Ill.
WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.
W. F. SHUEY, Elkhart, Indiana.
MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.
SELDEN J. FINNEY, Plato P. O., Ohio.
M. M. DANIELS, Independence, Iowa.
H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass.
MILO O. MOTT, Brandon, Vermont.
F. L. WADSWORTH,
Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.
Chicago, August 15, 1864.

PLAN RECOMMENDED — RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the First Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The *Religio*-Philosophical Society;"

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lecturers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"—such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the *Religio*-Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our   as a public Lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and recognize   as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorize   to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at   , this   day of   A. D. 18

........................PRESIDENT }
........................PRESIDENT } Executive Board of the
........................CLERK } *Religio*-Philosophical Society.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident,*" That we are all children of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be suspended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the *internal forces of his own being and external surroundings*; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action—thoughts, and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before provided.

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing articles of association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 18— and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz:

THE HEALING ART.

COMMENCING with the Grecians, during the lives of Æsculapius and Hippocrates, individuals of energy and learning devoted their time to researches into the laws of health and disease. For a lapse of centuries, the profession was divided equally among the Dogmatists and Empirics. In these latter days, the temples of Æsculapius have been rebuilt. Drugs and poisons as remedies have been so commonly used, that the Gods of Physic, like warriors of old, can point to every graveyard in the land, where lie the premature dead, the trophies of their mighty skill!

To the rational mind, the inquiry arises, "Is physic or drugs necessary in the treatment of human disease?" Shakspeare said: "Throw physic to the dogs." *Ergo*—will dogs take physic?

When we refer to ages in the past, embracing the enlightened countries of Egypt, we find that the healing of disease was performed by the *laying on of hands*, the agent employed being *animal magnetism*, and more potent in its effects than any other known remedy, removing or quieting all pain and inflammatory action in a few minutes, and applicable to all diseases to which the human family are liable.

Divesting the *healing of disease* from the *miraculous*, we find *the Apostles and their successors*, including *Ignatius Loyalla* and *Chrysostum*; also, the *Saxon Kings*, healing disease by the *laying on of hands*.

The history of the past reveals the fact that this treatment is as old as humanity. Why, then, should the human mind of the present age cry "*Humbug!*" at the revival of this well known and universally successful method of treatment? Verily, *Ignorance vaunteth itself!* We challenge the scientific physician to refute the fact, that all disease comes to the system by way of deranged and diseased nervous fluids; hence, to regulate these fluids is to remove all cause of disease from the system, whether chronic or acute, nervous or muscular. This we can do with our treatment. Whilst we claim to *cure all curable diseases* with this agent, we do not claim to cure all instantly or in a few minutes. We believe that those who do, are *either dishonest* or ignorant of the laws controling the element. Enough can be accomplished without being presumptuous. It is a well established fact, that if the treatment be persisted in, it will overcome all curable diseases.

The Dynamic Institute has been in operation about one year, during which time we have treated over 6,000 *patients*, afflicted with every variety of disease. We give below a few cases of cures to which we call the reader's attention, some of which have never been surpassed in the world's history:

TESTIMONIALS.

THE OSSIFIED WOMAN.—The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an ossified woman, 31 years of age, perfectly helpless and unable to move a joint in her anatomical system for ten years. Dr. Kezertee, surgeon of Oshkosh, administered chloroform to the patient six times, whilst the Doctor operated from two to three minutes each time, and succeeded in loosening all her joints. Since the operation her conditions are daily improving. The above was accomplished entirely with the humnn hand.

W. M. Graves, Glenbulah, Wis.—Leg drawn up by Rheumatism; obliged to use crutches 14 months; cured in 15 minutes, and left his crutches with the Doctor, as a trophy of his skill.

W. H. Cory, Taycheedah, Wis.—Walked on crutches over two years, having no use of one limb; cured in 20 minutes.

Wm. Shepherd, Rubicon, Wis.—Diseased leg for 15 years; running sores from knee down to ancle: walked with a crutch for 1½ years; cured in ten minutes, and walked off well, three miles, same afternoon.

Joseph Galland, Fond du Lac, Wis.—Foot displaced; walked on side of it; could not wear a boot for two years; cured in two treatments.

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.—White swelling and rheumatism; was unable to use her limbs since last May; made to walk in 20 minutes.

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.—Typhoid fever for two weeks, cured in 5 minutes.

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.—By a fall from a load of hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine, drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put out his arm. Suffered for six years. Spent $700 and received no benefit. Cured in 3 minutes.

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee.—Three years totally deaf in one ear, and sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eyesight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes, and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee.—Rheumatism in heart, chest and one arm; cured in less than 10 minutes.

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau.)—White swelling and rheumatism in both limbs, with bone disease; could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes made to walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in good health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.—Sixty years old, very fleshy. Hip ail and falling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes.

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis.—By falling from a building 15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in August, 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as 25 in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in 15 minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis.—Diptheria—a very bad case, cured in 15 minutes.

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.—Ovarian tumor and falling of womb, cured in 2 treatments.

Patrick Kneeland, Milwaukee.—Lame in one limb for three years, unable to walk without help, cured in 8 minutes, and walked off rejoicing.

Mrs. Job Galloway, Northfield Ill.—Cancer in breast—a very bad case. Relieved at once, and cured in ten days.

William Wilson, Chicago, Ill.—Rose cancer, cured in 18 treatments.

James Cooper, Chicago, Ill.—Large tumor on neck for three years, cured in a short time.

Mrs. L. Culver, Chicago, Ill.—Paralysis for 10 months, confined to bed, unable to stand on her feet, cured and made to walk in 10 minutes.

D. D. Nichols, Chicago, Ill.—Rheumatism; long time unable to walk without help. Cured in 10 minutes.

C. W. K. Howard, Wheaton, Ill.—Chronic inflammation of stomach for 15 years. Cured in a short time.

William Stewart, Chicago, Ill.—Typhoid fever, very bad case. Cured in a few treatments.

Mrs. C. A. Gale, Milwaukee.—Typhoid fever three weeks. Cured instantly.

Christian Erion, Herman, Dodge Co., Wis.—Rheumatism; walked with crutch and cane for 5 months. In one treatment of 15 minutes, left his crutch and walked off well.

Philo C. Spooner, Fairwater, Wis.—Totally deaf for twenty years. After second treatment of 10 minutes, could hear well in ordinary conversation.

Hugh Kinnefick, Ripon, Wis.—Paralyzed arm for 9 years. Hand drawn up close to shoulder, and fingers closely contracted, straightened and rendered useful in 6 minutes.

Mrs. Margaret Carr, Milwaukee.—Paralyzed arm; cured in 10 minutes.

Smith Hoyt, Milford, Wis.—Rheumatism of heart, lame in both limbs for 7 years, and walked on crutches or canes. Soundly cured in three treatments.

A CARD TO THE AFFLICTED.—This is to certify that I, the undersigned, have been under the treatment of Dr. Persons, of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, for the last four weeks. I have been a sufferer from Paralysis, having had two attacks, the second one reduced me to *the last extremity*, rendering me *entirely helpless*, unable to *articulate or swallow*. The paralysis was nearly total, and my physicians and friends gave up my case as hopeless.

Dr. Persons was called to see me, and under his potent treatment, without taking a particle of medicine, I recovered rapidly, and am now able to return to my home in Nantucket, Mass. I will make this an occasion to recommend all my friends who may require treatment, to call on Dr. Persons, as he is well qualified to treat every disease that is curable, by his simple gift, *the laying on of hands*.

FRANCIS M. GARDNER,
Milwaukee, July 26, 1865. Master Mariner.

Nearly all of the above cases we have certificates of, which may be referred to. Special references, Col. Geo. H. Walker, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, Esq., Kellogg Sexton, Esq., and Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

Patients boarded at the Institute. Terms, from $15 to $20 per week for board and treatment, they furnishing towels, sheets and comforts for their beds.

The institution is located in Milwaukee, Wis., on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, No. 587, and within 200 feet of the street railroad. Post Office Drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.
Milwaukee, 1865. 5-1am-tf

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

EXAMINES AND PRESCRIBES IN SPECIAL CASES ONLY. Diseases affecting the nerves, brain, sight, memory, which arise from exhaustion of the vital powers, prematurely, from disease or excess, rendering the patient emasculent in mind, and powerless in body. *Such and such only!* The system of cure is an improvement on that acquired by Dr. R. in Turkey, Egypt, Syria and France. It is dynamic in operation, and therefore true. Terms, $5.00—Medicines extra. Address "New Orleans, Louisiana." 2-tf

C. H. WATERMAN,
CHICAGO UNION TOBACCO WORKS,
22 Market Street, Chicago.
Manufacturer of FINE CUT, SMOKING and PLUG TOBACCO.
Also—CIGARS.
All orders promptly attended to. Address 22 Market st. [1-tf

LAMB'S
KNITTING MACHINE
Knits the Heel into the Stocking and Narrows off the Toe Complete,
LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTE'S HAND-KNITTING.

LAMB'S MACHINE
Is the only one in the World that can set up its Own Work.

IT KNITS ANY DESIRED SIZE without removing needles, from four loops forming a cord, up to its fullest capacity; widens and narrows by varying the number of loops, the same as by hand, and knits the web either tubular, double or flat, with selvidge, producing Shawls, Nubias, Breakfast Capes, Jackets, Hoods, Sacks, Wrappers, Drawers, Comforts, Leggings, Smoking and Skating Caps, Cravats, Suspenders, Lamp Wicks, Gloves, Mittens, &c.

All other machines knit merely a straight tube, into which the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability.

IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter" and the "Crowning Triumph."

☞ Wanted, Agents. For circulars address (enclosing stamp) to 148 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, or 128 Clark st., Chicago. [1-tf] S. BRANSON, Agent.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME,
ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN.
R. T. TRALL, M. D. } Proprietors.
M. NEVINS, M. D. }

THE INVIGORATING CLIMATE, clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, and charming scenery, render this region unrivalled as a resort for invalids affected with consumptive, dyspeptic, bronchial, rheumatic, and, indeed, all chronic diseases. The building is replete with all the appliances of the Hygienic System, and has accommodations for 500 or 600 persons.

Send stamps for circulars to the *Home*, or No. 15 Laight st., New York.

HYGEIO-THERAPEUTIC COLLEGES.—The lectures of the Summer terms will hereafter be given at "Western Hygeian Home," St. Anthony, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in June*. The winter terms will be held in New York, commencing on the *Second Tuesday in November*. Fees for the course, $100. Graduation $30. After the first term Students or Graduates are charged $10 for every subsequent term. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted on precisely equal terms.

☞ The Honorary Degree of the College is conferred on properly qualified persons, on payment of the Diploma fee of $30.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME PRIMARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.—In this School *Physical Culture* is as much a part of the educational programme as is reading, writing, arithmetic, Geography, &c. A superior system of Light Gymnastics is taught; and the health and development of both body and mind are carefully and equally attended to. 1-tf

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

TALLMADGE & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
GREAT WESTERN DEPOT
FOR ALL
Spiritual and Reformatory Books
AND PERIODICALS.

Also—Agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and *Banner of Light.*

☞ These Publications will be furnished to patrons in Chicago at Boston prices, at No. 109 Monroe Street, (Lombard Block), two doors west of the Post Office.

Catalogues of books and prices sent on application.
Address, TALLMADGE & CO.,
1-tf Box 2222, Chicago, Ill.

A. JAMES,
The MEDIUM ARTIST,

THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given, will send to any address, for 20 cents, a History of the CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send a Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPATION. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 52x88 inches—"Life Size;" said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this country.

☞ *It can be seen at the Artesian Well.*
Address A. JAMES,
1-tf Chicago, P. O. Box 2079.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,
FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.
BY MRS H. F. M. BROWN,

This is a Liberal Juvenile, made up of short stories—gems which are calculated to please and instruct Youth.

☞ Price, plain, 50 cents; half gilt, 65 cents. For sale at this office. 1-tf

FURST, BRADLEY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
No. 46, 48 and 50 West Lake St.,
CONRAD FURST,
DAVID BRADLEY,
JOHN SALISBURY,
HENRY SHERMAN. } *CHICAGO, ILL.* 1-tf

O. S. POSTON,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
SMITH & NIXON'S BLOCK, No. 2. 1-tf

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS. Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, $3.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address 1179 Washington street, Boston. 2-tf

DR. J. B. GULLY.
HYGIENIC HOUSE, GENEVA, KANE CO., ILL.
Letters, Telegrams, and Patients punctually attended to in all parts of the country. 2-tf

NORTH-WESTERN PATENT AGENCY.
TUTTLE & CO.,
Solicitors of
AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS.
INVENTORS' GUIDE,
Containing important information, sent to applicants gratis.

F. W. KRAUSE, Agent,
FRANKLIN IRON WORKS,
S. E. Corner Washington and Jefferson Sts.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Manufacture Steam Engines, Sawmills, all kinds of Hoisting Machines, Derricks, Pulleys, Shafting, Hangers, Gearing, Mill Work, Tobacco Machinery, Lard Presses, and all kinds of Wood and Iron Machinery.

☞ All kinds of Machinery Repaired. 1-tf

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO answers sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing $3.00 and four three cent postage stamps. The letter, after being prepared, must be enclosed in a second envelope, with the necessary fee, and directed as below.

He will delineate character, advise in regard to business matters, give prominent traits, peculiarities of disposition, changes in past and future life, physical diseases, with directions what business they are best adapted to be successful in; the physical and mental capableness of those intending marriage; also gives instructions for self-improvement, by sending him your photograph, or the photograph of any one, autograph, or lock of hair. Terms, $2.00.

Mr. Jackson also treats diseases with great success, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Fits, Eruptions on the Face, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness, Lassitude, Insanity, Gravel, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, all kinds of Head-aches, all Throat Diseases Dropsy, Jaundice, Piles, all Chronic Diseases, Giddiness, and all Nervous Diseases, Diarrhea, Palpitation of the Heart, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Send two three cent stamps for circulars. Medicine sent to any part of the United States, California, or Canadas.

Address all communications to WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois.

THE WORLD'S FRIEND, a new book, just published, by William Jackson; a work beyond all comprehension, a great book for the young and old of both sexes, as it contains truths, which all are anxious to understand. It treats upon diseases, how they can be cured, their symptoms, the effects of disease upon the physical system, how the young people can know who is to be their future companion for life, it gives great advice to all, it will guide all to a happy and harmonious position in life, it teaches various things too numerous to mention here. It is something handed down from the Invisible World.

Sent to any part of the country, securely done up, on receipt of $1.00.

Address WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall County, Illinois. 2-tf

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm: but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

Flowers for Children.

Oh, the flow'rets, the bonnie wee flow'rets,
Glinting and smiling, and peeping through the grass!
And oh, the children, the bonnie little children,
I see them and love them, and bless them as I pass!
I bless them—but I'm sad for them—
I wish I could be glad for them,
For who, alas! can tell me the fate that shall befal?
The flow'rets of the morning,
The greenwood path adorning,
May be scattered ere the noontide, by the wild wind's sudden call:
Or plucked because they're beautiful,
By rudest hands, undutiful;
Or trampled under foot by the cattle of the stall:
And the smiling little children, the bonnie little children,
That sport like happy moths in the sunny summer sheen,
May perish ere the daytime
Of their sweet expected May-time,
And sleep beneath the daises and the long grass growing green;
Or a worse, worse fate may light on them,
And cast more fatal blight on them;
The bonnie little maiden may be woo'd and cast away,
And the bonnie boy prove ruthless,
Or cowardly, or truthless,
Or a gold adoring hypocrite, before his head be gray.
But oh, ye fairy blossoms! whatever be the future,
I would not, if I might, peer through its awful glass;
Bloom, flow'rets of the wild wood!
Rejoice, oh happy childhood!
I look at you and love you, and bless you as I pass.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Stories and Thoughts for My Young Folks.

NUMBER TWO.

BY W. H. W.

"The temple we live in. Temple!" exclaims Storm; "ay, it is only an old shake-down of a house, and I know all about it."

"I mean this human body, which is a wonderful *temple* for the soul to dwell in, for a time its lord and master."

The body is composed of various organs and tissues, each bearing a close relation to all, and wonderfully adapted to the functions to be performed.

It is composed of bones, ligaments, tendons, muscles, blood-vessels, glands, viscera, etc.

"Please explain the large words, for you have taught me 'that understanding is the foster-parent of memory'; and I am sure I shall not understand unless you do so."

"Each word shall be formally introduced with an explanation."

There are 206 bones in the frame of this house—some long, some short, some flat, some very irregular in form; yet each one is just exactly as it should be, and cannot be improved. If you were to divide the body in the center, the bones of the right would correspond in number and form with those of the left half; and the same applies generally to muscles, blood-vessels and nerves.

The head contains 28 bones; if we include 32 teeth, 60.

The vertebral column, or back bones, 26; ribs, 24; arms and hands, 64; legs and feet, 62. Then there is the sternum, the breast bone, and a small bone at the base of the tongue shaped like the letter U.

The cranium, or skull, is formed of bones so arched as to form a hollow sub-sphere, in which the brain is lodged and protected. The different pieces are so firmly joined, and in such a peculiar manner, that it is as liable to fracture at any other place as at such points.

This is the watch-tower in which are placed the four principal senses to stand sentry over the temple—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, all in close proximity to headquarters, the brain.

I will speak of this soon, but will now return to, as you term them, "the dry bones."

Bone is composed of ⅔ earthy and ⅓ animal matter.

The ⅔ earthy portion is principally lime, phosphorus, magnesia, flourine, chlorine, and soda.

The other third, or animal, is gelatine and blood-vessels.

The long bones are the levers, and the muscles are the ropes that move them and act as the garments to clothe them. How nicely each muscle is adapted to its office; there so attached as to insure rapidity of motion at expense of force; there, for exertion of enormous force at expense of motion, illustrating, simply as a piece of mechanism, more than has ever been attained by man's skill or wisdom.

The flesh of animals which we eat is muscle. Examine a piece of boiled corned beef, and you will perceive it is made up of little bundles, and these of still smaller ones, until the smallest is termed a fibre. Each bundle and fibre is wrapped in the thinnest, finest tissue, called cellular membrane. Muscle is amply supplied with blood-vessels and nerves, the former being so abundant that the whole muscle is red from their presence. The muscles are concerned in every movement we make.

To mention each muscle, its action and use, would fill a large book.

Every muscle is supplied with two sets of nerves. One controls its action, under direction of the will, and is called the "nerve of motion;" the other receives impressions of pain or pleasure, and is termed "nerve of sensation."

In some diseases the nerve of motion becomes implicated, and the muscle it supplies loses all power of movement, as in paralysis, or is excited to constant, involuntary action, as in St. Vitus dance. When the nerve of sensation supplying a muscle is destroyed, the muscle may be cut or torn without causing pain.

Here I am again interrupted by Master Piper running out upon the verandah, exclaiming: "Quick, quick! Come quick! The world is all on fire!" And in a less excited tone: "I guess the Millerites are right *this* time."

It was an aurora borealis, or northern light, of such brilliancy that he thought it must be the often predicted final conflagration.

The whole northern heavens were aglow with rays of various colors, their base of an undefined sombre hue like the distant haze of Indian summer, with an indistinct, rolling, surging, heaving, with, at intervals, a tumultuous rushing from opposite directions.

Above this an arc of pale yellow, the edges fading away until they rested upon the horizon in rays of parti-colored light, which receded, advanced, disappeared, constantly changing in color and intensity, sometimes slowly, sometimes in an instant.

The base of these rays was usually of vivid colors, and formed the arc of a circle more or less regular. Their points converged to a central line in the horizon, which formed a grand dome of light, by which the finest print could be read with ease. Then would commence a waving motion, and the rays would successively increase in intensity, appearing several times in quick succession; then a sheet of light ran over the whole scene, from east to west, from base to summit. Then they would be bent and folded upon themselves like the stripes in our glorious flag in a gentle breeze, unfolding and folding upon itself in rapid, graceful curves.

The brightness of the rays constantly varied, sometimes rivaling in splendor the noon-day sun, darting out in sinuous, snaky undulations, then as suddenly become stationary, with a base of brilliant crimson or garnet, the middle of emerald green, the remainder a glowing pale yellow, fading into a color like iron at a white heat, painful to the eye if it could long be dwelt upon; but it is suddenly extinguished, to be again and again repeated, with, if possible, more brilliancy and variation. Again the motion resembles dilation and contraction, ebbing and flowing over the vast arc; then with a throbbing, quivering, tremulous motion, it seems to sink to rest within itself.

At times when the auroral phenomenon was most intense in its shifting, phantom or tarantula dance, there would issue a rushing, soughing sound followed by a crackling, hissing noise, reminding one of the fabled Pandemonium or hell of the ancients, filled with writhing, fiery serpents in demoniacal combat.

The Indians of this continent formerly believed the north to be the happy hunting ground for the spirits of the departed, and that the aurora was their shadows playing at football, or while engaged in war, the chase, or athletic sports.

The height of the aurora above the earth is variously estimated at from fifty to three hundred miles.

It is now established to be of electrical origin.

The name, aurora borealis, is derived from a heathen god and goddess, and literally means "morning of the north."

Aurora was fabled as the goddess of morning, drawn by two horses in a rose-colored chariot, as usher of the morn. She was sister of the sun and moon, and mother of the wind and stars.

Borea was god of the north or north wind. This name (aurora borealis) is evidently not as appropriate as aurora polaris, or aurora electrica, for it is observed at the *south* pole as well as the north, and is of electrical origin.

The Wonders of Nature.

No. IV.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"Nature is ever beautiful. To-day and a thousand years from to-day, ever changing, yet ever renewing her gorgeous beauty."

"Ah, papa," said Rosa, thoughtfully, "are not many things very deformed and ugly?"

"Not if rightly understood. We do not see why they are so, and hence think that they are bad."

"Well, if you say so I suppose it is true, but snakes will frighten me, and when a toad jumps out of the dirt in the garden, I cannot but shudder."

"I do not wish you to think so because I do, so much as because your reason tells you so. The toad is perfectly harmless, and even highly beneficial in a garden. The snakes of our climate are harmless. If you will divest yourself of prejudice, you will find there is a surprising beauty in the long tapering form of the snake, covered with brilliant scales. The caterpillar, bristling with hair, is quite as beautiful to my eye as the butterfly. He is the Russian prince, clad in a robe of fur, and his fur is quite as delicate as the down which clothes the wings of the latter. Then just think what a destiny awaits him. Not a year will go by before he will, after a short sleep, awake a perfect butterfly; just as man, after the sleep of death, awakes an immortal spirit. The butterfly is the resurrected spirit of the caterpillar."

"'Foul sea monsters,' 'hideous creatures,' 'horrible, loathsome brutes'—such are expressions Cousin Belle uses, even applying them to our sheep and oxen, and I admit they do not sound well when so used."

"You can judge, then, how such words sound to me when addressed to these so-styled deformed creatures—snakes and worms. Belle, coming from the city, where such terms are far too fashionable, thinks our loved animals very 'horrid,' because she does not know their good qualities. I do not doubt but the cows appear as ugly to her as the silky-furred caterpillar does to my little daughter. These creatures, usually called ugly, are the pet children of Nature. If she gives honey to the butterfly, she gives what is far preferable to the worm—leaves and bark. If the speckled trout love clear water, she gives the mudfish slime and ooze. She lavishly feeds all, loves all like an ardent mother. But my little one has called me from the subject she proposed for her lesson."

"Ah yes, papa, I almost forgot what you were to teach me, so interested have I been in the new ideas you have given. I never supposed any one in the world thought snakes and worms otherwise than ugly. But I see now that I must delight in the beauties they unfold as well as the songs of the birds and the breath of the roses. You have enlarged my field of view. I see, as it were, with a clearer eye, and I thank you for it."

"Never be controlled by prejudice."

"I will try, but I am a child, and am often truant to my lessons."

"Your lesson to-day is the birth of the world. If I tell you how this world was created, you will know how all others were, as the same causes acted in producing all. If I describe the growth of one tree, I have that of all other trees, as all grow alike. So is it with worlds. The stars are all globes, many of them much larger than the EARTH, but all were created by like laws, controlled by like causes. I think I have made the facts plain to you, and hope you understand them. If you do not, before I present you the description I propose, you had best mention whatever appears dark to you."

"I think I understand the facts you have presented."

"Very well, you can then follow me through what you will call my story."

"The earth, moon, sun and stars, everything in the heavens, was a mass of vapor. In this mass, as it cooled, the worlds formed, somewhat as sugar forms crystals in a thick syrup.

"You know that matter is composed of atoms or grains. Now these atoms, when they are different from each other, push each other off—are enemies—and will not unite; but when they are alike they are the best of friends, and rush together. In this mass of vapor, the atoms which had friendship for each other came together, and by uniting, their friendship became stronger and extended farther, and drew other atoms, while their enmity for unlike atoms equally augmented; and where they had, like themselves, united, this enmity became powerful. These centers of friendship became very large, and at length, bursting all restraint, pushed out independent worlds; they were enemies to all other centers, and hence would not unite with any."

"Do the worlds still hate each other so violently?"

"Just as violently, or they would sometimes crash together. They are all related in common, but they are pushed away from each other."

"Then the fears which many entertain of comets meeting the earth, are groundless?"

"Quite so. Comets may, in their course, come very near the earth, but they will then, as we have repeatedly seen, rush away into the trackless realms of space. If the orbit of each planet was an iron railway, they would not move more certainly and truly. I shall leave the history of all other worlds, and tell you only that of our beloved earth. Thus born from the white-heated furnace of creation, it was a mass of vapor. It slowly cooled, and as steam, on cooling, becomes water, it became liquid."

"Then, as ice on a cold night forms over a pond or river, a crust formed over the fiery lava, just as you told me in a previous lesson a crust grew over a current of lava, described by a traveler in the Sandwich Islands."

"This crust, when it became thick and hard, formed what we called the *igneous*, or fire-produced rocks, which I will tell you about in the next lesson."

Popular Education.

[We publish, by the request of several of our readers, the following interesting article from the Chicago *Tribune*. We are glad that the new system of spelling is being discussed. It is time there was a thorough reform in orthography.—EDS. JOURNAL.]

From the days of Milton to the present time the subject of orthographic reform has occupied the thoughts of educators and philanthropists. Our present English tongue is a modern language. The original language was Celtic, which was more or less destroyed during the Roman occupation. About the year 448, the Romans finally evacuated Britain. The degenerate inhabitants of South Britain, after the Roman legions withdrew, unable to defend themselves against the Scots and Picts of North Britain, applied to the German tribes called Saxons and Angles to come to their assistance, and repel the Scots and Picts. The Anglo-Saxons accepted the invitation, drove out the Scots, but, in turn, reduced the natives to submission and took possession of South Britain, and held it until the battle of Hastings, in 1066, when the island fell into the hands of the Norman-French. During the 600 years of occupation by the Saxons, their language was substituted for the original Celtic. The Anglo-Saxons dropped the Runic and adopted the Roman alphabet, with a few alterations, and introduced it into Great Britain. It was during this period that the Saxon-German tongue became the vernacular of South Britain. Literature, however, was in a crude state. The Normans introduced French-Latin, and engrafted it on the Anglo-Saxon language. We always give a Latin word a French form, and then Anglicize according to the usual analogies. Greek words are first made Latin, then French, and then English. Prof. A. J. Ellis says: "In England the original Runic letters of the Anglo-Saxons were gradually disused, and their place supplied, very imperfectly, with Roman letters. With great variety of dialects there was, necessarily, great variety of spelling. Then came the Norman invasion, with the introduction of a language already mixed, and rulers who were ignorant of Saxon. Hence arose a mixture of the language and a confusion in spelling, for 'clerks' of Saxon origin wrote words half Saxon and half French, and others of Norman extraction puzzled over the Saxon words. At length, as the language became thoroughly fused into English, and laymen learned to write and tried their hands at spelling—principally their own names, however—all rule seemed to be broken through. The same words in the same page were written in different ways. People did not seem certain about the orthography of their own names." The language four hundred years ago was pronounced very differently from what it is now, and the spelling was a phonetic attempt at its pronunciation. As there were but five vowel letters to accommodate sixteen vowel and dipthong sounds, all sorts of digraphs and combinations were invented by different writers, some using one mode and some another, and our present usage is a mixture of them all. We have changed the old pronunciation of nearly all the vowels, but retain, in a great measure, the old, crude, mixed-up spelling. The consequence is that our orthography conveys a little idea of pronunciation, and the learner is obliged to memorize the spelling of nearly every word. Words derived from the Latin and Greek through the French, are not so irregular and lawless in their spelling as Saxon words, as the old monks understood the classics, and preserved the orthography, to some extent, of the Latin and Greek words. But the body of our English language is Anglo-Saxon, and its orthography is perfectly chaotic, and imperatively calls for reform.

Dr. Johnson, one hundred years ago, complained most bitterly of the abominable condition of English orthography, but he refused to make any changes for the better, and rejected the poet Milton's spelling of the word "height." The root being spelled high, Milton, says Johnson, "in his zeal for analogy, writes hight"—rejecting the silent and useless *e*, but which Johnson restores, quoting the Latin phrase, "Quid te exemta juvat spinis de pluribus una," [How are you advantaged by removing a solitary thorn from a multitude?]—and adding, "To change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing." Dr. Webster, seventy years later, ventured to remove a few hundred of the "thorns," but left tens of thousands of others remaining in the flesh, to pain and distress the Anglo-Saxon race.

Walker, in his pronouncing Dictionary, first spells the words according to usage, and then phonetically as nearly as our defective alphabet will permit, in order to convey to the reader some idea of their true pronunciation. But this substitute is the severest condemnation of the present orthography, and an unanswerable argument in favor of a reform.

Dr. Webster rejected *k* after *c* in such words as music, public, and *u* from honor, error, which Johnson and Walker spelled musick, publick, honour, errour. Webster says that the final *e* in such words as motive, pensive, doctrine, should be omitted, as absurdities, leading to false pronunciation, as well as violating etymology. He also condemns the practice of changing the final *y* in nouns in the singular into *ie* in the plural, as city, duty, into cities, duties, contending that they should be spelled citys, dutys. In regard to such words as bread, dead, learn, earth, Webster says that it is very desirable that the perplexing and useless *a* in the digraph *ea* should be discarded, as its loss would do no harm but much good. Those words, he says, "should be spelled bred, ded, lern, erth, &c." But the great lexicographer did not venture to introduce these reforms into his Dictionary and Speller, and they remain to perplex and confuse the learner. From the alacrity and readiness with which the American people accepted his rejection of *k* and *u* from such words as music and error, it is evident that he might have safely ventured much farther in throwing out silent letters and discarding absurdities.

Dr. Franklin used to laugh and groan by turns over the irregular, inconsistent and nonsensical spelling of our language. He would say that they alone spelt well who spelt ill, and that embraced a majority of fifty to one. The illiterate girl who wrote of her *bo*, he contended was a more correct speller than the young lady who employed the triphthong *eau*, and wrote it beau. He insisted that the chamber-maid was nearer right in spelling *tf* for wife, than the mistress who wrote it with four letters. He asked, why take the trouble to write tough, enough, laugh, though, through, knowledge, instead of tuf, enuf, laf, tho, thru, nolej? Why not write bin instead of been? bild instead of build, sed instead of said, adu instead of adieu? Why not write beleve, deceve, instead of *believe, deceive?* and so of thousands of other words. Time, he said, was money, and the time wasted in *trying* to learn to spell, and the time wasted in writing silent letters, and in searching the dictionaries to recover forgotten orthography, represented too much money to be thrown away, as was done. During one of the lulls in the political storm that preceded the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, while he was in England as the agent of the Colonies, he amused himself in forming a new alphabet somewhat similar to that which has since received the name of phonetic. Some of our letters he omitted from his new alphabet, as c, q and x, and invented a number of new characters for the sounds which have none. He wrote some quires of manuscript in his reformed alphabet; but the war that followed, and his engrossing duties as Minister of France prevented him from bringing the subject conspicuously before his countrymen. Franklin's system of orthography, however, was somewhat defective. He did not fully discover and systematize the elementary sounds of the language. That was reserved for Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia, who thoroughly and scientifically analyzed the philosophy of the human voice and the English alphabet, and published an elaborate work on the subject in 1832. The book was written in 1826, but he was six years in finding a bookseller that would venture to assume the expense of publishing it.

In 1837, Mr. Isaac Pitman, a schoolmaster of Bath, England, invented a system of stenography to which was given the name of phonography, and which has superceded all other methods of short-hand writing. He next turned his attention to the task of producing characters for printing the language on the phonetic principle. Mr. A. J. Ellis, who had been previously working in the same direction, became acquainted with Mr. Pitman's labors in 1843. They united their efforts, which eventuated in the invention of the phonotypic alphabet. Funds for cutting types were raised by subscription, and specimens were given in 1844, and in 1846 the *Phonotypic Journal* was printed in the new characters, and the words were spelled according to the new phonetic principle. In 1847 Andrews and Boyle started a paper in Boston, called the *Anglo-Saxon*, printed in the same characters. Some changes were subsequently made in the form of the letters by Pitman and Ellis. Subsequently, Messrs. Longley, Prosser and Ben Pitman, of Cincinnati, agreed upon the phonetic alphabet that has since been used in the United States. Longley and B. Pitman have published a large number of books in phonotypic characters, including a pronouncing dictionary, a vocabulary of personal and geographical names, the New Testament, a work on Geometry, besides readers and spellers, and other publications. The American phonetic alphabet differs somewhat from that used in England. It consists of forty-three characters, namely: twenty-three letters of the common alphabet (c, q and x being rejected) and twenty new letters.

The English phonetic system introduces seventeen new letters, and rejects x, q and k—retaining c. The system which I propose, introduces but six new letters, each bearing a close resemblance to the letters which they relieve from doing double and quadruple duty, and four other letters slightly modified from present forms. Pitman's system aims at giving a strictly scientific phonetic analysis of every word in the language; the other aims at effecting the largest degree of reform that habit and conservatism will permit. That is the real problem to be solved. Few will deny that a reform is sadly needed; on the other hand, few will tolerate a sweeping revolution of the common orthography—execrable and intolerable as it is. But something should be done to lighten the present burden of the learner, and remove the underbrush from his pathway, which is thicker, thornier, and more troublesome to penetrate than the worst Mexican chapperel.

Take, promiscuously, a thousand American adults, of all ages, from twenty-one upwards, and they may be thus classified with reference to their orthographic acquirements, viz.:

Number who can neither spell or read	50
Number who can spell easy words imperfectly and read a little	100
Number who can read the Bible tolerably well, but misspell many of the common words	250
Number who misspell most of the long or "hard words"	300
Number who misspell hard words quite frequently	200
Number who pass for pretty good spellers	70
Number who are really "good" spellers	25
Number who can spell almost any word	5
Number who can spell any word	0
Total	1,000

The whole number in each thousand American men and women who can spell decently well through a moderate range of words, will not average to exceed one in ten. And this, too, in the Northern States. In the Southern States the number would not exceed twenty in a thousand of the white adults. And this is all we have to show after nearly a century of national independence, free schools and colleges, and after an expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the pains-taking labor of tens of thousands of teachers who have worn themselves out in the almost hopeless and impossible task of communicating our lawless and horrible system of orthography to their pupils. If we conceive spelling as a contrivance for the easy communication of ideas, we must condemn the present orthography as a practical failure. It has had a sufficient trial, and is it not high time to be casting around for something better? ALPHA.

Fred. Douglass in Baltimore.

Rev. Edwin Johnson in writing to the *Independent*, from Baltimore, speaks thus of Fred. Douglass:

More fortunate than myself, very many of the readers of *The Independent* have heard Mr. Douglass, not once, but often; and these need not that I should attempt to tell them of his qualities as an orator—of his fine manly bearing, his expressive countenance, his rich voice, his clear enunciation, his full and choice vocabulary, his keen discrimination, ready wit, and philosophical wisdom. All these qualities were present in his performance last evening. He apologized for unusual languor, informing the audience that he had been for the last three days and three nights jarred and jolted over railroads; but indeed there was no apparent lack of vigor and vivacity. For over an hour and a half his address continued, partly from the manuscript, but more of it and the most telling parts of it, unwritten. Graceful acknowledgment of the honor conferred in the association of his name with the Institute, a clear and forcible display of the timeliness and usefulness of the movement toward a higher culture, earnest exhortation to the struggle for knowledge and all honorable attainment—these were interspersed with sallies of humor, flashes of scorn, touches of tenderness, and bursts of a lofty or solemn passion, that made the whole an admirable and wonderful specimen of public speech. And how much did the circumstances of the case heighten the effect of what was said! In Baltimore, where a slave boy from a neighboring plantation, he had learned his letters from the sign-boards, and had fished from the gutters leaves of the Bible, and washed and dried that he might read them—in Baltimore, where his liberty and his life would so short a time since have been wholly unsafe—in Baltimore, where the assembly that now meets in perfect peace, with "none to molest nor make afraid," would so lately have been impossible, and the bold, radical sentiments now freely uttered would have been checked by a mob and a halter at the first syllable—this liberated slave, with the marks of his enslavement upon his back, but the demonstration of his cultured manhood in his bearing and his words, stands forth, the orator and prophet of his rescued race. Above him is a full-length portrait of Abraham Lincoln—the martyred emancipator—every allusion to whom calls forth from the dusky assembly expressions of reverent gratitude. Above him, too, the starry banner waves in token of national protection. The past of oppression and shame—the future of awful uncertainty, yet of glorious hope—the momentous, critical present—all combine to make the scene most impressive.

TALLEYRAND.—An exchange says the publication of M. Talleyrand's memoirs is now said to be deferred for twenty years longer, contrary to his original intention, in accordance with which they should see the light about this time, or thirty years after his decease. By the bequest of his niece, the Duchess de Dino, they had come into possession of his private secretary, M. de Bacourt, and on his recent death, were left to certain parties on the condition that they should still be withheld from the public. They are said to be very extensive, embracing memoirs proper, with appendices of documents, and an immense correspondence, extending over the most eventful half century of the modern world. They have been transmitted to England for safe keeping. Whether or not any Napoleonic influence has been at work to keep the contents still a mystery is unknown, as well as the real judgment of the Prince de Talleyrand of the great man, whose fall was, in an important measure, owing to him; but there is no doubt that, if so disposed, many revelations damaging to the Imperial fame were at his command.

The Richmond *Whig* states that Gen. Lee has accepted the Presidency of Washington College.

E. S. HOLBROOK. C. C. POMEROY. J. CLOUGH HAINES.

HOLBROOK, POMEROY & HAINES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

70 Dearborn Street, J. C. HAINES,
Room No. 3—P. O. Box 1412. [1-tf] Notary Public.

GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

10,000 Shares of the stock in the "Prescott Consolidated Mining Co.," embracing Sixty-one Mines, of Gold, Silver and Copper, near the Capital of Arizona, of unsurpassed richness and profitable yield, are offered for sale. Price, $10 per share.

For full information of the solidity and value of the enterprise inquire of

O. S. POSTON
Real Estate Office,
2-1m* No. 2, Smith & Nixon's Hall.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are, by a peculiar process, magnetically charged, one kind with Positive and the other with Negative Magnetism. They therefore act as *vehicles* or *carriers* of the magnetic forces into the very blood itself, and through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Womb, Stomach, Kidneys, Reproductive Organs, and in fact to every organ and atom of the entire body. They equalize all magnetic disturbances, a loss of electric equilibrium, (which constitutes disease,) and thus restore the diseased organs to health. Their operation upon the system, and *their magic control over disease is wonderful beyond all precedent in the history of medicine.*

The Positive Powders Cure:

All *Positive Fevers:* as the Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles.

All *Positive Nervous Diseases:* as Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Colic, Cramps, Nervousness, Sleeplessness.

Positive Female Diseases: as all Menstrual Derangements, Leuchorrhœa, Falling of the Womb; also, the Vomiting, Nausea, Cramps, and Painful Urination of Pregnancy.

Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, &c.

The Negative Powders Cure:

All *Negative Fevers:* as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, the chill which precedes fevers and other diseases.

All *Negative Nervous Diseases:* as Palsy, Amaurosis, or Blindness, Deafness, Sunstroke, Double Vision, Weak Sight, Catalepsy, Hysterical Insensibility, Apoplexy.

All *Negative States:* as indicated by Coldness, Chilliness, Languor, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Relaxation, or Exhaustion.

Negative Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Stomach and Bowels.

Circulars, with fuller lists of diseases, and complete explanation and directions, sent free to any address. All questions and inquiries promptly answered, and medical advice given free of charge. Those who prefer that we should give them special written directions as to which kind of the Powders to take, and how to take them, will please send us a brief description of their disease when they send for the Powders.

WANTED.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—*particularly mediums*—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States and foreign countries. The most LIBERAL terms given to Agents, Druggists and Physicians.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

PRICE, $1.00 per box; $5.00 for six; $9.00 for twelve.

Money sent by mail is perfectly safe, *and at our risk.*

Office, No. 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

Address PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City. 2-tf

THE EASTERN STOVE, RANGE AND FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE BEST, BARSTOW COOKING RANGE.
THE BEST, POND'S MAGIC HEATING FURNACE.
THE BEST, CRUSADE COOKING STOVE.
THE BEST FIRESIDE PARLOR.
THE BEST OFFICE AND STORE STOVE IN THE CITY.
THE BEST LAUNDRY STOVE.
THE BEST FARMERS' BOILERS OR LARD KETTLES.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF KITCHEN FURNITURE IN CHICAGO.
THE BEST TINWARE.

And in short the best place to trade is at BANGS', No. 82 Monroe Street, Chicago. 2-tf

A NEW MANUAL FOR CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THIS VOLUME, recently prepared by Mr. Davis, contains complete details and all necessary instructions for the ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It is comprised in a volume of 316 pages, 32mo., is printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth.

Price per copy, 80 cents, and 8 cents postage, if sent by mail; do. for 12 copies, $8.40; do. for 100 copies, $63.00.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2-tf

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In fact we intend to make our journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

This journal will be published by the

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be published every Saturday at

84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The JOURNAL is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the ordeal of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the same, and no more consideration, from their antiquity and general acceptance, than a fallacy of modern date. Believing that the Divine is unfolding the Human Mind to-day, *through Spiritual intercourse* and general intelligence, to an appreciation of greater and more sublime truths than it was capable of receiving or comprehending centuries ago, so should all subjects pass the analyzing crucible of science and reason.

A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs Governmental. While we stand aloof from all partizanism, we shall not hesitate to make our journal potent in power for the advocacy of the right, whether such principles are found in the platform of a party apparently in the minority or majority.

A large space will be devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, and communications from the inhabitants of the Summer Land.

Communications are solicited from any and all who feel that they have a truth to unfold on any subject; our right always being reserved to judge *what will or will not* interest or instruct the public.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

One Year,.....$3.00. | Six Months,.....$1.50.
Single Copies, 8 Cents each.

CLUB RATES:

Any person sending us $30,00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and ONE EXTRA COPY for the getter up of the club for one year.

Ten copies of the paper will be sent for one year, to one Post Office address, for $27,00.

Any getter up of a club of five or more subscribers, to one Post Office address, will be allowed TWENTY-FIVE CENTS to be deducted from each three dollar subscription, and half the amount for six months.

POST MASTERS everywhere are requested to act as Agents and will be entitled to receive FORTY CENTS out of each three dollars subscription, and half that amount for each six cents subscription.

When drafts on Chicago, Boston or New York cannot be procured, we desire our patrons to send, in lieu thereof, United States Government money.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 20 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.—It is *useless* for subscribers to write, unless they give their *Post Office Address* and name of *State.*

Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the *Town, County and State* to which it has been sent.

☞ *Specimen copies sent* FREE.

Subscribers are informed that twenty-six numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comprise a volume. Thus we publish two volumes a year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above prices.*

All letters must be addressed R. P. PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, P. O. Drawer **6325**, Chicago, Ill.

Matter for publication should be marked on the margin "Editor;" all matter for the corporation should be marked "President;" all matter of subscriptions should be marked "Secretary."

S. S. JONES, President of the
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

AGENTS:

All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States and British Provinces will be supplied with the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Boys in the cities and on the cars.

JOHN R. WALSH & Co., corner Dearborn and Madison sts., Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the United States and British Provinces.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO:

Tallmadge & Co., Lombard Block, next building west of the Post Office.
John R. Walsh, corner of Dearborn and Madison streets.
McDonald & Thorpe, No. 84 Dearborn street.
McNally & Co., 81 Dearborn street.
Graham & Cogan, No. 102 Madison street.
Bamford & Baldwin, No. 121 to 127 Monroe street.
P. T. Sherlock, No. 112 Dearborn street.

☞ *Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the* RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL *one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.*